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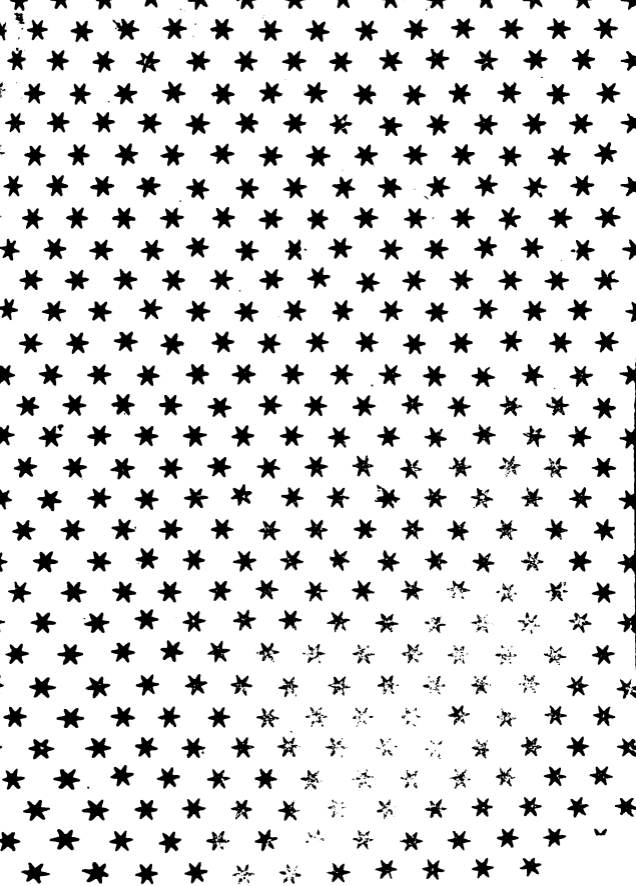


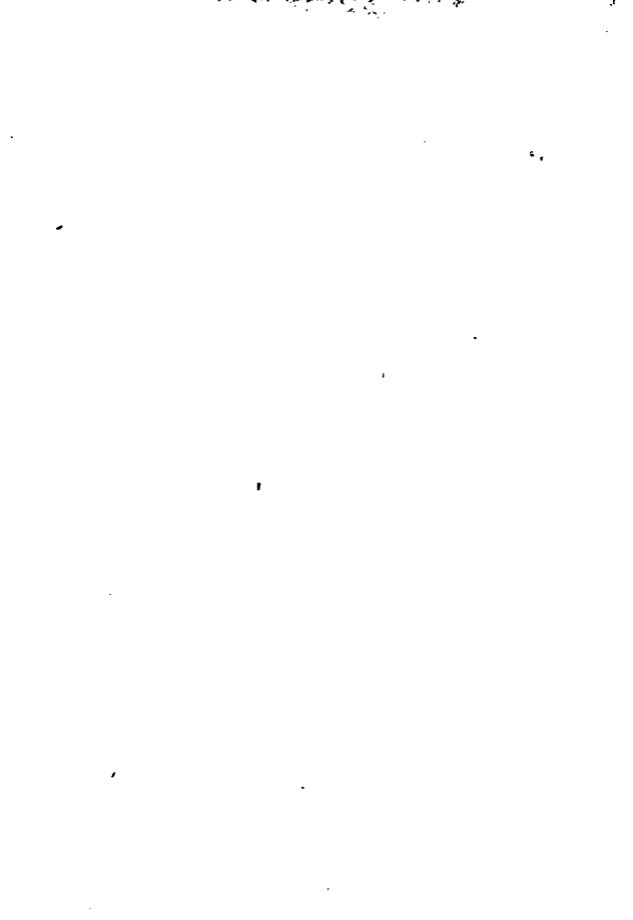
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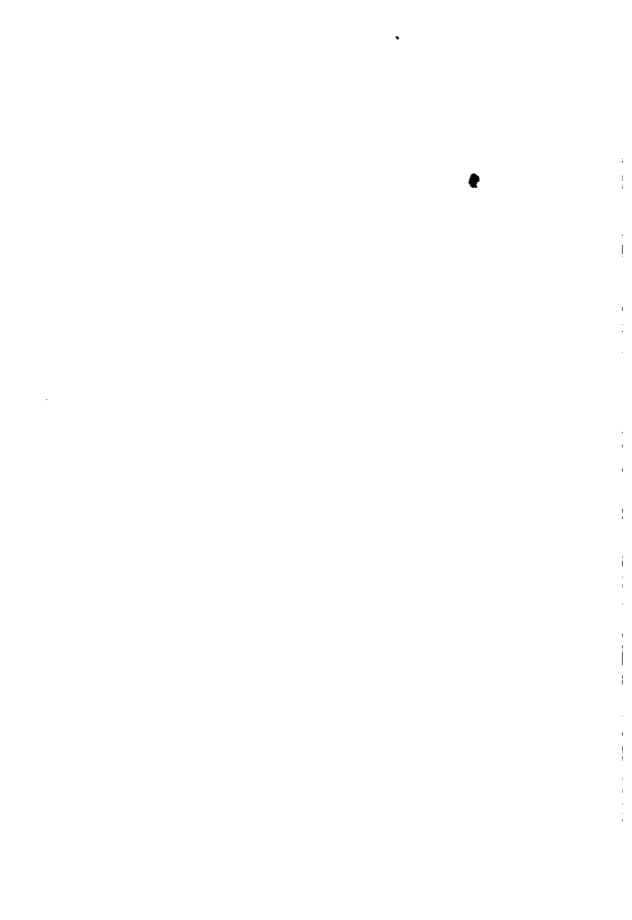


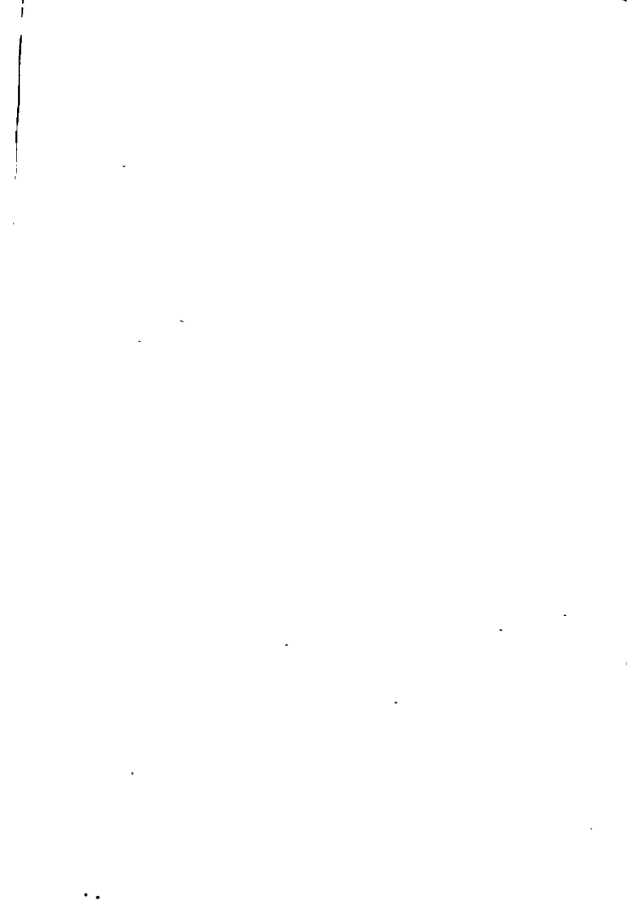
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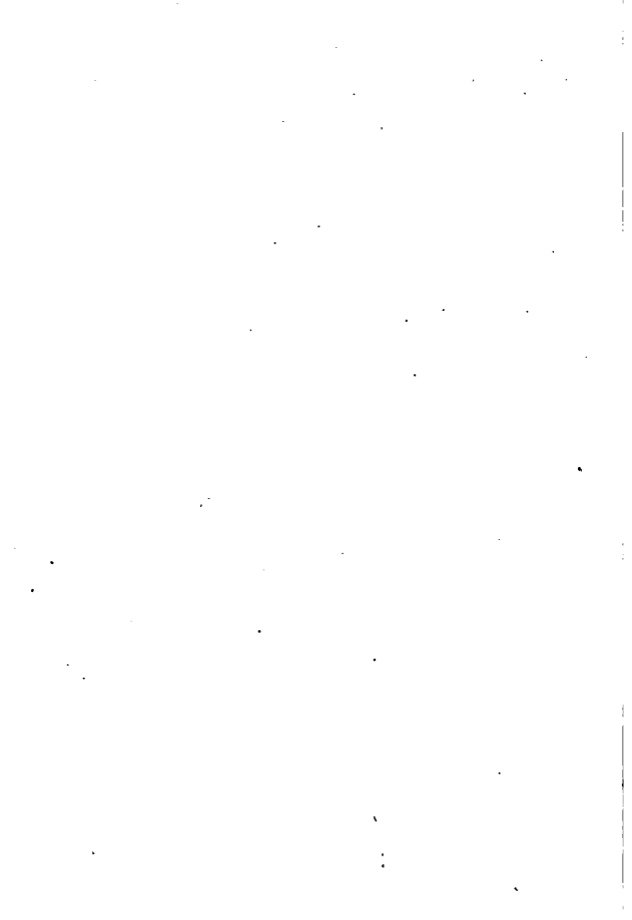




October 10th 1864
Friday
The weather was very
pleasant today.







THE
N O V E L S
OF
FREDERIKA BREMER.

VOL. XII.
LIFE IN DALECARLIA.

LONDON:
H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY.

—
1845.



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LIFE IN DALECARLIA.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER,

AUTHRESS OF "STRIPE AND PEACE," "THE H-FAMILY,"
"THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

BY

E. A. FRIEDLÆNDER,

(LATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN.)

LONDON:

H. G. CLARKE AND CO., 66, OLD BAILEY

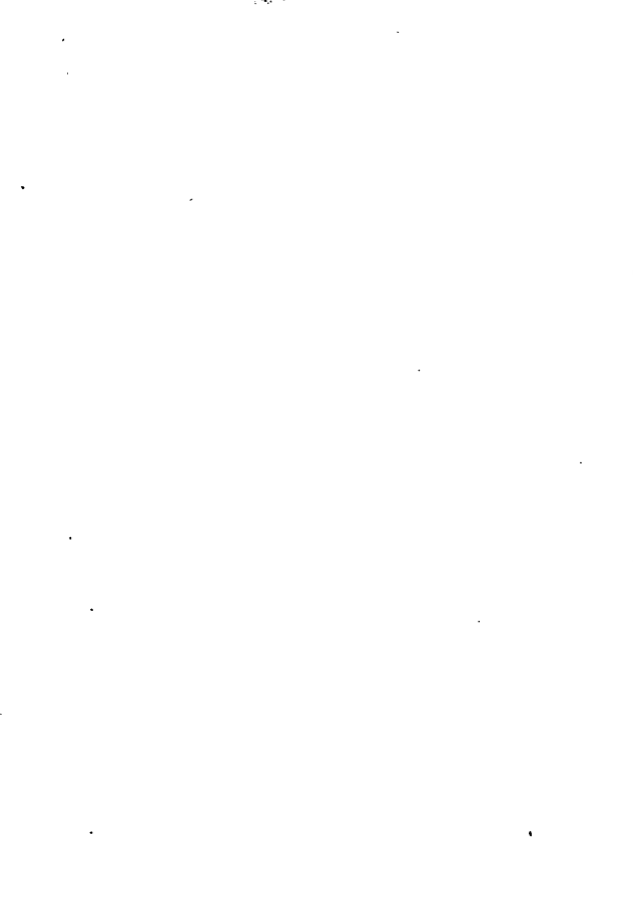
—
1845.



P R E F A C E.

THE Authoress has, in the narrative before us, been guilty of several trifling offences against time and space, the only apology for which she has to offer is— that she has committed them knowingly and wittingly.

THE AUTHORESS.



LIFE IN DALECARLIA.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.*

"GOOD Heavens! how slow you girls are, to be sure," exclaimed Madame Ingeborg Nordenwall, on entering, full-dressed for a walk, the door of a room, where two young ladies appeared hastily preparing for the same purpose. She held in her hand a rod of fresh-budding birch twigs, and, making a threatening motion with it, she playfully added :

"I'll teach you little hags putting hindrances in the way of the Walpurgis-night walk. Do n't you see how the fire is already blazing on the mountains? Siri is already in the court-yard, with Olof and Lasse, and Godelins, tired out waiting for you, has fallen asleep. If you do n't make haste, why...."

"We are ready! We are coming!" replied two young, happy voices; and Walborg and Brigitta hastened to obey the summons of the monitor—a fine, stately lady of thirty and odd years, with an extremely harmonious voice. She might be compared with Ru-

* Night of the first of May, so called from a female Saint to whom the first of May is dedicated.

ben's beautiful productions of the fair sex, if one could imagine them dressed in a northern fur cloak.

On the stairs was heard, proceeding from the court, the yelling laughter of a child and a voice of a half-playful, half-peevisish sound.

"There is another vexation," said Brigitta. "Heaven be gracious to my Adjunct! I hear his amiable voice, and Siri's laughter into the bargain. I'll be bound to say she has been playing him some trick or other again. I really must take care to keep his back clear from her."

And true enough it was the back of Godelius, the Adjunct, who at the time seemed to be in danger, for it turned in the most singular incurvations. Siri, a girl of fifteen, had almost choked with laughing, and two young gentlemen had great difficulty in refraining from keeping her company herein.

"What in all the world is the matter with you, dear Godelius?" inquired Brigitta, with solicitude, seizing and shaking her bridegroom by the arm.

"Indeed I do not know myself rightly what it is," answered he, in a sorrowful tone; "but while I was just now sitting upon the bench absorbed in thought, I all at once felt a sensation all over my back, as if some worm was running down right along my back-bone. I fear that a sort of nervous stroke....some spinal disease....hee, ah, hee! I can feel it yet; it was a most horrible sensation."

One of the young gentlemen, whom Madame Ingeborg called "Olof," gave her, laughing, an account of the occurrence, which was to this effect—that Siri, while the Adjunct was sitting upon the bench with his head greatly stretched forward—grown upon a pretty

long neck—had softly stepped behind him; and let a little stone glide down between his back and his clothes, upon which the Adjunct jumped up affrighted.

“What childish play,” said Madame Ingeborg, shaking her head at Siri. “But let us now go to the Oestnor hill; I see that our neighbours are already assembled there.”

“Yes, let us go,” said Brigitta, “and you, Godelius, you must try to get yourself warm with walking, and then you’ll see that there is not the least danger about your spinal complaint, and that you have merely been dreaming.”

“Dreaming! The deuce indeed! People don’t dream such like things. I plainly felt . . .”

“To the Oestnors-berg!” interrupted Brigitta, “on the way we’ll discuss in Latin.”

“Have you become such a proficient in the ancient languages since last we saw each other, my dear cousin?” asked Olof, smiling.

“Oh,” answered Brigitta, modestly, “my knowledge in Latin I can tell you is a little out of the ordinary.”

“To the Oestnorsberg! We must not linger any longer,” again admonished Madame Ingeborg; and thither now moved the little procession, which issued from the parsonage court of Mora, followed by a Dalecarlian and a little paysant maid, carrying baskets full of provisions, both of eatables and drinkables.

“But you must promise me,” said Madame Ingeborg to her young attendant, “that you will not look round before we have reached the top of the hill. I wish that you should see the *eye* of Dalecarlia* at once in its full

* Another appellation for the lake Silja.

splendour. He who will look round before I give him permission to do so, him do I sentence, not to turn into a pillar of salt, but”

“No punishments, if you please, my sweet mother,” said young Monsieur Olof, interrupting her, seizing her hand, and kissing it; “we shall willingly be obedient without this, and the threat might call forth defiance or some spectre or other. Are not this night all witches, spectres, and spells in motion? Do they do not on that account already, since the age of Paganism, kindle fire upon all the mountains this night? or am I mistaken? I have been so long away from home, that I have almost forgotten our ancient traditions.”

“We’ll refer to our Adjunct,” said Madame Ingèborg; for he can tell us every thing about Pagan times, and shall relate to us the origin of this custom, which is one of the few that still continues to exist throughout our valleys, and, as I believe, also in the rest of the provinces of Sweden.”

With a modest, knowing air, and deep bass voice, the Adjunct began—

“This custom is so old, that there is no perfect certainty either of its origin or signification. It is, however, believed that it derives its origin from a heathen sacrificatory festival, and there is ground for the acceptance that children were sacrificed alive at this very feast; and this, in fact, in order to expel or reconcile the evil spirits, of whom the people believed that, partly flying, partly riding, they commenced their passages over fields and woods at the beginning of spring, and which are to this very day called enchanters, witches, nymphs, and so forth. It is also believed that about this time the spirits of earth came forth from out

of the bosom of the earth and the heart of the mountains, in order to seek intercourse with the children of men. Fires were frequently kindled upon the sepulchral-hills, and at these sacrifices were offered chiefly to the good powers, namely, to those who provide for a fruitful year. At present I should think there is scarcely an individual remaining who any longer believes in such-like superstitious stuff. But they still, as in the days of yore, kindle fire upon the mountains on this night, and still look upon it as a bad omen if any common or ugly formed creature, whether beast or man, makes its appearance at the fire."

"And still, as in the days of yore, bugle-horn sounds and calls resound from the mountains," exclaimed Madame Ingeborg. "Dear heaven! how beautiful that sounds; they are now blowing from off Mount Elfdalen. But no one is yet allowed to look round, remember that."

"*Herr* Adjunct, don't you believe at all in witches and witchery?" inquired the little rogue Siri, with apparent gravity.

"No, not at all; but I believe in Frey and Freia, which here in Dalecarlia were pre-eminently honoured before all other gods, for the god of fruitfulness and the goddess of love remain at all times powerful here. In these I do believe, but not in witchery, for . . . oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! . . ."

"Well, what's the matter now, Godelius?" asked Brigitta, "has some charmer come over you? Why then do you go and confess your belief in the heathen deities?"

"Yes, these are at all events much better than Christian spectres," exclaimed the Adjunct, peevishly,

who, being about to take his pocket-handkerchief out of his coat pocket, found a rose thorn bush in it, but, mark you, without roses, against whose prickly points he wounded himself painfully. Brigitta had to assist him in liberating himself from the thorn-bush, and then pursued with it the "Christian Spectre," who, as was betrayed by the half-suppressed tittering, was none other than Siri; but light as a roe the latter knew how to escape from her pursuer.

In the mean time Olof kept walking by the side of his stepmother. It was a cold evening, the last of April, and snow-flakes dropped down here and there, from the thin clouds, which did not prevent the stars, however, from peering forth even brighter and brighter. The fresh, but mellow tones of the wood-horns, which sounded from afar and near through the region; the undefined, singular, red-flaming reflection, which began to illuminate heaven and earth, the wondrous legends of olden times, which were awakened in the memory—all this contributed to call forth in the young man, as well as in the older lady, a sort of visionary reverie, and both seemed to derive pleasure in enjoying these moments silently to themselves.

On the Oestnorsberg a number of people were assembled together, consisting, for the most part, of peasants from the parish of Mora, in their grave but picturesque costumes. A group, formed of a few persons, whose attire denoted them to be a party of respectability, stood on the summit of the mountain, not far from a yet unkindled pile of wood. This group turned their eyes towards the road leading to the parsonage of Mora, and the little lively lady of the Provost of Sollerö exclaimed:

"Look you there! there we have at length the grandmother of Dalom,* with her retinue! She gives her arm to a young man: most probably her step-son, the young gentleman, Olof, who has just returned from his travels abroad with young Count U——. He is said to be a nice young man. I am heartily glad of the opportunity of getting a sight of him. And what a joy it must be to him to see his father and mother again after an absence of four or five years. Pity, only, that his father is not at home!"

"But his return from the imperial diet is expected, I should suppose, in a day or two," said the Captain from Noreberg; "in that case we shall soon, no doubt, hear him preach again; and it certainly is always a great pleasure to hear such a man."

"If then, indeed, we only do not get to hear that he

* Such was the appellation given in former times to a distinguished Provost's lady in Leksland, with the name of *Zebrosyn-fäsa*, who was wedded to Uno Trollius, the church-rector, and became the ancestress of the Troilian family. "She died," so it is recorded in Westerar's Chronicle, "in the year 1657, bemoaned by the whole of Dalecarlia, where, on account of her venerable appearance and the goodness of her heart, she was honoured with the title of grandmother of Dalom." On the occasion of her funeral-sermon, the minister commenced his discourse with a lamentation which he had heard on the way ejaculated by a peasant coming from Gagnef: "Have I not reason to weep, seeing that we have lost the grandmother of Dalom?" Her memory still continues to be held in profound respect, and her honourable title usually descends to the chiefest and most distinguished provostess of the province.

will soon leave us," said the high provost of Sollerö. "I have already heard some talk about the intention of those in head-quarters of raising him to the presidency of the collegiate-church bishopric; and then:—"

"I can very well imagine that they would like to hear him," observed an old Dalecarlian, who had been listening to the conversation; "but I cannot believe that Gustav Nordenwall will leave us here in Mora, who have loved him as if he were our own father! No, that, you see, I can never believe."

"And if I rightly know our grandmother of Dalen," added the lady of the provost of Sollerö, "I should fancy she would rather remain in Mora, than even to become the partner of the archbishop of Upsala, however eminently she indeed would fill that situation."

"Yes, she is an excellent lady!" said the Dalecarlian. "She attends to and provides for every thing within her district like a thorough man, and towards the sick and the afflicted she is a true mother. When mischief* last autumn robbed me of my cow, she gave me another out of her own stable, that, as she said, 'my children might not be destitute of milk.' God bless her!"

"And not only that she attends to all the secular duties of the parish, that the Professor might wholly and solely devote himself to the care of his parishioners and his learned labours," continued the provost's lady, "she also plants trees, tends her flowers, encourages spinning and weaving; in short, she attends to every

* Such is the term applied by the people in Dalecarlia to the bear, which they do not like to call by his proper name.

thing; and every thing is turned out of her hands with as much ease, as if it were play-work. This is owing to her good judgment in the selection of clever people and prudent conduct in engaging their affections in such a manner as to make them cheerfully run through fire and water for her."

"It is moreover reported," observed the Captain, "that she will soon have a wedding in her family."

"Wedding!" exclaimed the provost's lady, "probably the wedding of Adjunct Godelius and his *Brigitta*, who have already been betrothed these seven years past."

"Oh, no! they will very likely be obliged to go on for another seven years, until he gets into something. And she has nothing. No, a wedding between the young *Herr Olof* and the Professor's sister's daughter, the beautiful *Walborg*, who was in the family there for a long time, and no doubt possesses a very considerable inheritance."

"Why *Olof* is so very young yet," said *Martina*, the provost's lady, he cannot be more than three and twenty years old, and *Walborg*, I believe, is just about the same age. No, in that case, methinks he would do better to wait for little *Siri*, the Provostess's sister's daughter, who is not without property either."

"*Siri*!" exclaimed the Provost of *Sollerö*, "the little wood-witch! To wait for her? Yes, they will have to wait to a certainty. She is much more like a wild cat than a human being, and if she ever will be fit for a housewife, why then... she has now already been a twelvemonth with *Nordenwall*, and they have not yet been able to instil any thing like order into her. No, then I say, give me *Walborg*. That's a

arown of a girl, beautiful like a princess, and domesticated and discreet as . . . all young girls should be."

"Yes, you have a very high opinion of Walborg," said Martina, the provost's lady, half ill-humouredly, "and beautiful, and what is more, excellent too, she certainly is, I do believe; the *only* objection I have against her is, that she is so reserved and inaccessible. I have at least lavished a score of compliments upon her; but she never says any thing to me. Little Siri is . . . a little witch, if such you will have it, but she has a something uncommon, something bewitching about her. She can at times be as lovely as an angel of heaven; that I have been an eye-witness to. You should only once hear her blow the flute, when she thinks she is quite alone. And then she is again a quick youngster, fit for nothing. You should have seen her in the winter, when she was riding in a hand-sledge, with a half a dozen little paysant children in her sledge, and when a great girl, who was mounted upon it behind, jumped off, and in so doing, gave the sledge such a push, that, taking a wrong direction, it glided full speed down a bank; then you should have seen how the quick maid threw the children right and left before her into the snow in order that she might afterwards ride down the bank alone, where she in fact had a famous good tumble, but soon scrambled up again alone, and shouted to the affrighted children: 'Here I am! hurrah!' On another occasion, she exhibited no less agility, when a wild ox had tossed up and east down with its horns a little girl of seven years of age, and was just about repeating it a second time: Siri, who seeing this, jumped forward—although she was quite alone—and with a cudgel struck the beast

between his horns, calling at the same time to the child: 'Jump up, my little girl, jump up!' The little girl did not require twice telling, but ran away; while the ox, stunned by the blow, stood there motionless. Siri, having rescued the girl, threw away the stick, and likewise set off, happy in escaping this great peril. You will agree with me, that such-like feats, betoken no little courage, and no little resolution. But you are always speaking of Walborg, and against Walborg. Well, well! young *Herr Olof* may, I dare say, be a very agreeable young man; perhaps I might get so far as to speak very frequently about young *Herr Olof*!

During this threat, to which her consort listened smiling, a movement arose among the people. The Provostess of Mora came, with her retinue, advancing up the hill, amid salutations from all quarters.

"Here we are at the top!" she called to her people. "Now, children, look around!" and a general exclamation of admiration followed her words. For before them now lay the Silga-lake, "the eye of Dalecarlia," with the Sollerö Island for its pupil, bright as a mirror between the dark heights, illuminated by at least a hundred fires on the hills of Leksand to those of Elfdalen. It was a magnificent sight. The church of Mora, with its copper roof, and high spiral head towered aloft in the fiery reflection upon the verdant neck of land between the lake and the river; and the pyramids of the north, the evergreen pines, which clothe the hills of Dalecarlia, and which then stood arrayed in their fullest beauty, soared their glowing, radiant heads upwards to the sky. But blacker than ever sank the night into the abyss and depth beneath them.

Even young Olof's eyes beamed, while contemplating this spectacle and listening to his stepmother, who enumerated to him the names of the most important hills, pointing at them at the same time with her staff.

"There," said she, "you see the Wasäberg, the Hydge-rock, and the Gogshusberg, where a great mountainous spirit is said to have his abode—all in Elfdalen. There you see the fires of Orsa. Here, directly opposite, we have the Lekberg, where music and chiming of bells is heard performed by invisible beings, and here, obliquely opposite to us, right away over the lake"

"The South-berg, I suppose?" interrupted Olof. "I recognise it again by its pyramidal form and its extraordinary height. I have heard it spoken of by one of my friends, who once wearied himself for several hours to reach to the summit of it. The mountain in its form is not unlike Vesuvius."

"But instead of a fiery crater, it has a silvery cap upon its head," continued Madam Ingeborg. "There you see the isle of Sollerö, with its white church, thereabout you have the Björkberg, and the rest of the hills of Leksand. Look you there, they are now kindling more fires at Rättwick, and the sound of calls is passing over to us. Is it not glorious here in our Dalecarlia, Olof, and have you seen any thing like it any where in other countries?"

"No where in the whole world," replied Olof, "that is to say, when one comes to think of all the grand associations which are at home here! It must have been glorious here, when in former times the bells of Mora pealed their summons against the enemy, and

when the men from the surrounding parishes hastened thither over the hills and across the lakes upon their skates with bow and spear, and here met together in order to repel or take captive the hostile troops?"

"Yes, that was a glorious time indeed, but better still, however, is it at present," said Madam Ingeborg, "for now peace and liberty dwell together in our valleys. But see, there you have a memorial from that period of conflict; yon little white house on the other side of the lake, it is the *cellar of Utmedland*, where the great Gustavus was concealed. To-morrow we will pay a visit to it."

"Oh! that will be interesting!" said Olof; "but what fire is that which burns there quite at the very bottom, near the source of the river? That seems to have selected for itself a modest little place between the other Walpurgis-fires!"

"That is a wicked jest!" answered Madame Ingeborg: "the fire is kindled upon the neck of land where formerly the witches were burnt, and where, directly opposite the church, three gallows stood, so that all the people from the parish of Mora and the surrounding parishes might be able to see that horrible spectacle, as the Rev. Morens calls it, in his narrative about it."

"Ah, then I suppose it must be about there, too, where the species of willow grows, called *Salix Daphnoides*. Oh! how I long to see them! To-morrow I must go to seek them up."

"Yes, I have heard that it grows there on the banks and on the little holms," said Madam Ingeborg, "but we must now go to our neighbours." And, with a hearty apology on account of her long absence, Madam Ingeborg then joined her friends of Sollerö and Nore-

berg, and introduced to them her newly-arrived young step-son, whose pretty exterior, unconstrained, somewhat proud bearing, but extremely polite deportment, made an agreeable and lively impression, especially on the Provost's lady, Martina, who immediately made the declaration to her Provost that her heart was in great danger.

Lieutenant Lasse, Brigitta's brother, who, about fourteen days ago came with his sister to Møra, was likewise introduced. The youthful part of the company collected round Madam Ingeborg; for she loved young people, and it afforded her pleasure to be able to do any thing for their amusement.

A turf torch was then brought, with the request of kindling the fire on the Oestnorsberg. And "the grandmother of Dalom" fulfilled the request, and soon a high, wide-flickering flame arose from the pile of faggots and casks of tar, while exclamations and shouts in the most manifold tones ascended with it into the air.

The men, namely, the juniors, dragged up from out of the wood great branches and logs of wood, which they threw upon the fire; snow-flakes accompanied them and vanished in the flames, which appeared to be more enlivened than damped by them.

Scarcely was the fire of Oestnorsberg flushed up, when from the summit of the South-berg also a little flame was seen, which at first seemed to dance to and fro, but then developed itself into a great fire, which rose higher and shone more magnificently than all the fires in the whole region round about.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame Ingeborg, "who kindles such a fire on the South-berg? I never

remember having seen the like. That must be the king of the mountains himself."

"Yes, that it is, that it is!" exclaimed Siri, clapping her hands, and wildly staring at the flaming fiery reflection.

"Siri, Siri!" said Madame Ingeborg, gently admonishing. Brigitta and Walborg exchanged looks. Siri made off and mingled among the peasants, cheerfully reached her hand to both old and young, and danced with the children.

Madame Ingeborg also then turned to the peasants, saluted pleasantly, and gave them her hand.

"Now comes the *Dalkarl* riding up," said she with a glance at the river, and with the expression usual in that part of the country for the arrival of the spring-tide.

Various remarks were then made about the inroad the stream was making into the sandy shores, and of the danger threatening the church of Mora, to which the stream was continually advancing nearer and nearer. They also spoke of the prospects for the harvest; and several old peasants shook their heads doubtfully, and pointed to the flames on the mountain, which were flickering towards the north, as an indication of a cold spring.

But Madame Ingeborg never believed in evil omens, and even now comforted herself with her usual adage: "Old Frey is still alive!" and the Dalecarlians, who knew that "grandmother of Dalom," was indicating some good by it, allowed themselves to be comforted by her; for her words were to the people in Mora, the authority of a king. On her returning to her party, the peasants

continued to converse in that strange dialect peculiar to the Dalecarlians, which is not understood by the rest of the Swedes, but of which modern linguists have discovered that it is Icelandic,—a language in which the most ancient dialect of the Normans still continues to exist.

The baskets of provisions then began to be looked after for the general entertainment. The ladies of the Provosts of Mora and Sollerö, freely distributed a delicious beer, brewed from Rattwick malt, noted for the best in Dalecarlia. When the turn came to the young people, several voices called after Siri, but Siri was not there; she had “gone into the wood,” as some of the peasants reported, and thither forthwith repaired Olof and Brigitta, in order to seek for her. They had called several times without receiving any answer; when suddenly they heard a strong rustling among the branches, and saw the shadow of a tall man, which withdrew into the interior of the wood. A moment afterwards Siri skipped forth, loudly laughing, from a thick bush where she seemed to have hid herself from them.

“Holla! don't laugh so, Siri!” said Brigitta, half out of humour. “You just laugh for all the world like a magpie; and it is said of the witch-folk, that they can transform themselves into magpies; besides, you should not go so alone into the wood. We have just seen a great strapping fellow, who was sneaking away, and who was coming from that direction where you were, you little frolicsome thing!”

“I should n't wonder, then, but it was one of the mountain-spirits, of which the Adjunct was telling us,

—perhaps the mountain-king himself!" said Siri, off-hand, and hastened to the fire which shone through between the glowing birch-trees. Brigitta shook her head and said,—

"She is not quite right, I am sure. Already, since the time that I was fish and she bird, she is so strange . . ."

"You *fish* and she *bird*!" exclaimed Olof, laughing. "Well, that does sound very funny and strange."

"Yes; but it is by far less funny, and much more strange, than the thing appears," rejoined Brigitta, "but I shall tell you something about it another time, for now I hear they are calling us over there."

The repast, and with it the alacrity around the Walpurgis-fire, was now in fullest play. With great sticks and poles the young lads of Mora raked among the coals, which continued gradually to die away; songs were sung, and violins played, and, on Madam Ingeborg's bidding, they took each others hand, forming themselves into large circles, and slowly moved around the fire, singing:

"Cheerfully we lead the dance
In the olden way—
Hand-in-hand we thus advance,
And join in circle gay;
While upon the mountain's brow
The Walpurgis-fire glows."

This was the brilliant climax of the evening. Madam Ingeborg then leaving the fire, repaired with her own, and the family of Sollerö, on her homeward way to Mora. The peasants also dispersed, and betook themselves in bands, each to his own dwelling. The fires gradually died away. But scarcely had they all dis-

appeared, when another illuminated the tops of the mountains, and chased away the darkness. In the valleys, however, every thing remained still. Sleep extended its pinions over the weary mortals, and frost spread its cold sheet over the earth, and caused the glow in the ashes of the Walpurgis-fires also to disappear.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

It was morning, and the sun, warm and bright, kissed off the night and the frost from the brow of the earth ; and the earth, "the old holy earth," as Edda calls it, lay there in its glory, with her silent powers rising out of the deep, her gilded leafy woods, her green glistening fields, her murmuring waters, her swelling moist verdant life. A pair of beautiful, thoughtful eyes, contemplated the spectacle of the morning. Madam Ingeborg stood at the window of her bed-chamber at Mora, breathed the fresh morning air, and caused her eyes to rest, first on the rising corn, waving to and fro in the morning breezes, then on the clear water-mirror of the Dalelse and Selja, forming the peninsula on which the church and parish were situated, soon on the dark pine-woods, and their trees full of red shooting flowers, and soon again on the distant, blue hills—a perpetual line of beauty in the landscape of Dalecarlia. In these glances lay much ; rapture over the beauties upon the earth, grateful joy over this, and yet a melancholy desire after something still remote, after something "beyond the hills," after a perfection of glory, which as yet was found merely in anticipation, or in the feeling of its absence. She was beautiful as she stood there. Madam Ingeborg, with her dark-brown hair,

which was parted above her light arched forehead, and simply bound up at the back in the fresh light-dress, which closed around the somewhat full, but noble form; she was beautiful also, namely, through that expression of heart-feeling kindness, which composed the chief feature in her physiognomy.

"This evening he is coming!" said she, in a low tone, to herself, and pressed a little letter to her lips. She then looked out of the window again. Suddenly her looks became animated by some agreeable cause; then followed a short, but vehement sigh, a motion of the hand to the heart, as if she felt some pain there; a sudden paleness chased away the blooming colour from her cheeks; Madame Ingeborg hastily drew the window down, and went into another room. A moment afterwards her melodious voice was heard giving orders in the house; man-servants and maid-servants came in motion, and every thing in it was life and vigorous activity.

We now turn to the object which produced in her the changing feelings of joy and disquietude, and behold a young maiden, with a white *kraaka** upon her head, and a number of herbs in her apron, who with light steps hastened on her way from the river hitherward, past the church towards the parsonage. It is Siri. She had just been rowing, quite alone, in a little boat across the river, and appears now to be returning from an early morning excursion.

In an apartment in the parsonage of Mora we find Brigitta, and with her young *Herr* Olof, who is ex-

* A sort of head-dress between a bonnet and a cap, resembling the "flax" of the Dalecarlian girls, by whom it is generally worn in those parts of the country.

tremely busy in unpacking a couple of trunks of books, but is at the same time considerably hindered by the conversation, which takes place between him and his friend and relation Brigitta, who meanwhile is arranging a large breakfast-table, and talking to Olof about all the world, and now last of all about his paternal home and his family.

“Is not aunt really a heavenly being?” said she.

“My mother! Yes, she is just as enchanting to-day as she was ten years ago, when she became my mother, and I formed the resolution—not to endure her. How well I can remember all that! I was then a self-willed lad of about thirteen years of age, and had determined in my own mind never to obey a female, and above all my future stepmother, whom at that time I had not seen at all yet. I resolved to be quite pert and proud towards her; and so indeed I was when she came into the house; but mark—she had scarcely been a week in it, when I already obeyed her slightest nod, endeavoured to anticipate her remotest wishes, and was almost on the bourne of despair when in her eyes I fancied I perceived a somewhat harsh look. Yes, she acquired the most perfect control over me, and yet I hardly know how all this was brought about so. But just so was the influence she gained over my father also and the entire family and household. My father had been a widower for many years, and his temper during that period was not the best in the world. I never was, so to speak, exactly to his mind, for our characters did not seem to be consonant with each other. The paternal home was gloomy and melancholy; but with my stepmother joy and sunshine entered; my father became happy, every one

became contented, and the era of my most joyous time of life then commenced. My parents at that time lived in Westeraas. When, five years ago, they moved to Mora, I was obliged to separate myself from them and go to the university in Upsala, and some time afterwards came the summons for my travels abroad, which were highly interesting. But ah! it is so charming after all to be at home again!"

"Yes, to be sure! and to find beneath the homely roof both old and new objects," said Brigitta. "What do you say about Walborg?"

"Why what shall I say about her already! She is a most beautiful image."

"And about Siri?"

"Ah! as for her, why I declare she is a regular wild creature; and that sort of conduct is far less becoming to her now than it was five years ago. At that period I saw her for the last time at her mother's, the general's lady, in Silverdale. She was then a neglected, wild child, but yet possessed of a peculiar fascinating loveliness. I shall never forget it, how late one evening, when her mother was gone to bed, she stole out into the court-yard, and there quite alone played and danced about by herself with a little kitten. Methinks I see it yet, how her little fair naked feet flew about like rays of light upon the dark, damp ground, while she was throwing up small pebbles in the air and catching them again, or made the little kitten go through her evolutions over her head,—she led me to the thought of the fairy-queen, that is said to dance in the summer-nights—small, delicate, and fair, with golden locks. Nevertheless I then played the part of a very rigid governor, for I went into the court, and

compelled the little dancer to betake herself again into the house and into her bed. She was then extremely angry with me, but afterwards we became very good friends, and called each other brother and sister. She was at that time ten years old, and trained up in the most singular manner. The General had allowed her to grow up like a boy, and taken pleasure in teaching her to ride, swim, and so forth, just after the manner of boys; and her own love and pleasure for such things promoted this sort of training. After his death his wife wished to turn this training into quite an opposite direction, but this proved abortive in powerless attempts which only stirred up her mind. I have been told that they locked her up for whole days in order to bring her to rest and to obedience; but when this was found by no means availing, they let her have her sway again, and gave her then more liberty and unrestraint than ever before. But now these sort of doings ought not to continue thus any longer. She cannot be far from sixteen years old, and has already been almost a twelvemonth here. What then does my father think and say of her wild conduct?"

"He shakes his head at it; but in his heart, I believe, he loves the girl, and is delighted with her. Since she has come into the house he has only been here a few months, afterwards he was obliged to attend the imperial diet."

"And my mother, what does she think and say?"

"Well, yes—that's the worst, you see. There is a something in this I don't exactly comprehend. Aunt, you know, exercises over every body a sort of power, but not, you see, over Siri. Only think, she has not yet been able to move her even once to accompany her

to church. There is a something very strange between them both, but nothing that bespeaks any good. She does not obey aunt any more than she obeys any body in general. She follows her own inclination, which, strictly speaking, is not exactly bad, excepting when she is bent upon playing some mischievous trick upon Godelius. For next to roving about in fields and woods, her most favourite enjoyment is to play with little children, to clothe them, and to make them presents; and besides this, to tame and tend animals. All the servants of the house love her as the apple of their eye; and she spends far more time among them than all the rest of us. Walborg she cannot endure; my Adjunct she almost looks upon as a witch, not undeserving, perhaps, of getting a little taste of hot faggots, but I. . . .”

“Well, and you Brigitta?”

“I like her. And were I a man, why—I should, perhaps, fall in love with her.”

“With Siri? Are you silly? She is not, perhaps, without some wild charm, but—she is not in the least pretty; rather plain; coarse features,—a nose like a potatoe; a rough *teint*: a pale sunburnt complexion.”

“Ah! men with their beauty first and last. I tell you, Olof, that Siri in spite of her features—in spite of her *teint* and complexion, is possessed of a beauty surpassing even the most regular Grecian beauty; she has an expression and a play of looks, which neither more nor less, is downright bewitching. And, besides, there lies diffused over the whole girl, over her body, no less than over her soul, a freshness, a fragrance, a dew—if I may so express myself, which has more charm than all the finest colours and forms. Yes, yes,

you! Mind you only, that you don't some fine day fall in love with that little wild creature with the potatoe-nose."

Olof laughed out right heartily, and in the same instant the door flew wide open, and Siri entered with torn clothes, and her light flaxen air in the greatest disorder, but fresh and smiling as the morning, while with beaming eyes she presented Olof with a kind of bushy plant with blueish stem and twigs, and golden blossoms on every twig.

Scarcely had the young botanist got sight of this than he jumped up, snatched it away, and pressed it to his lips with the exclamation: "*Salix Daphnoides!*"

Siri threw herself over one of the trunks, and laughed most heartily.

"Now I believe that you have all turned silly together," exclaimed Brigitta. And to a rational being it is not the most agreeable thing in the world to live with silly people; for although I have once been *fish*, still I have always conducted myself as a rational human child, and I never had such a thought entering my mind, as to eat or to kiss weeds."

"Weeds! is that a weed?" exclaimed the enraptured botanist. "Why, its the rarest plant upon the whole earth, for nowhere in the whole world it is to be found except here in Mora, and nowhere would it thrive, with its blossoms upon every branch, with its beautiful blueish twigs, except alone in the sands of Mora. I should have been in quest of it already this morning if I had not first slept and gossiped away my time. Where have you found this beautiful twig, Siri? But I believe you have been hurting yourself . . . you are scratched about the eye."

"Ah, that's nothing; the busn struck me as I was going to break it off, perhaps to revenge itself; and perhaps one of the witches had some hand in it, for it comes from that spot near the shore, where they were burnt."

And while Olof went into another lighter room, in order more closely to inspect and examine his willow-branches, Siri, half stretched out over the trunk, and with her head resting upon her crossed arms, continued to prattle away to Brigitta:

"Only think, as I was breaking off the twig, I saw one of those black-burnt whipping-posts projecting out of the sand. Only fancy, if the witches had also come creeping out of the earth, huh—uh!"

And Siri laughed.

"But it was frightful to think of, let me tell you," continued she, "that there, near the beautiful stream, there should be three pillars standing, and that on one St. Bartholomew's day, seventeen human beings were burnt there. But almost the whole of that witch-folk boldly met their death, two only of the number quaked and lamented."

"Good heaven! wherefore were they thus doomed?" exclaimed Brigitta, with horror, little acquainted with the history of that place.

"Because they travelled to *Blaakulla*," replied Siri again, with her cheerful smile; and in a half-whispering tone she continued, "because they had been with Satan. When the witches entered his service, they each received a horn, a knife, and a pin. And when they stuck the pin into the wall it opened with a great noise, so that they could drive through with horses and carriages; but the noise could not be heard by any one

in the house, and when the witch had taken her departure the wall fell together again so closely that nobody could discover that it had ever been opened. But when the witches came into a room, they said to the children: 'Come now, ye little devils, and follow me to the feast.' And the children could not resist, for from the horn there issued such a splendour as completely dazzled them. Then the witch took the children with her and drove to other villages, where she collected more; for if she had not a goodly number with her when coming up to Satan, she was scolded, and frequently flogged into the bargain, with the command at the same time to be off and fetch more children. Now when the witch had collected a good many children, she seated herself with them upon the *Skjuts*-(flying) horse, which was generally a cow, and rode then backwards with them through the air, while she herself turned her back frontways. And riding along thus, she cried:

' Thus ride we up,
 Thus ride we down,
 And straightway to the devil.'

Is not that fine fun?" And Siri laughed right heartily, namely, when she heard Brigitta answering:

"I can't exactly call it so. Well, but what took place afterwards?"

"Why," continued Siri, "on the way she rode into barns, when the witch placed her sack under the corn-bin, saying:

' Let corn corn draw,
 And straw draw straw.'

And immediately the grains flew into the sack, but the

straw remained. On the way the witches also at times rested upon the church roofs to wait for their comrades, and when they came they talked together about the number of children they each had with them, and the children seated themselves upon the roof, where they looked like little lizards. In the meantime the witches went into the belfry, and scraped off a little from the bells. When they made off again, they rode through a blue cloud and there ejected the metal, which they had scraped off, while they cried :

‘ May my soul never come nearer to God
Than does this metal the bell.’

When they came to Blaakulla, the children saw a house, that appeared like bright gold. Into this the witches went, and prostrated themselves before Satan, and called him ‘ Lord and mighty Prince.’ They then conducted and presented the children before Satan, and said :

“ Behold, grandsire, what a beautiful little devil I here bring with me !’

“ Satan then asked the children whether they wished to serve him, and most of them answered, “ Yes,” (for although Satan was always fettered with a great chain, he nevertheless looked so splendid, and every thing around him shone so gloriously, that they could not possibly do otherwise than answer, “ Yes.”) Satan then promised that he would assist them, and that they should have joy and pleasure as long as they lived. He then marked them by biting into their foreheads, into their crowns, their fingers; and a pen was dipped in blood, with which the child’s name was written in a large book, after which the child received a silver

Riksdaler from Satan. But when the child spoke about this, or confessed where it had been, then the *Riksdaler* changed into wood shavings, or into a stick. After the child had received this earnest money, the witch was delighted and said to the child,—

“ ‘ Now, then, you will be mine for ever, and if you are still you shall always go with me to the feast.’ ”

“ Then the witches began to prepare their dishes; to roast, bake, and brew; to make sausages; to distil brandy, and to get ready a sumptuous banquet, over which they enjoyed themselves right merrily, and where Satan sported with his tail under the table, striking it against the floor. When the feast and dance was over, then the chief steward, at Satan’s command, gave notice where the next assembly, or *convention*,—for so this feast was called—was to be held. After this the witches brought the children back again, each to its own home. The children received in Blaakulla also, beautiful horns, and learned to curse all that is high and holy: heaven and earth, all corn in the fields, and all birds, with the exception of the magpie. And new names also they received in Blaakulla, such as the ‘ Ugly One,’ ‘ God’s Death,’ &c.

“ Is not that glorious ? ” and Siri lifted up her head and laughed again right heartily.*

* What Siri here related is, for the most part, found in an imperfect MS., which, together with “ Narrations of Witchcraft Proceedings in Dalecarlia, during the years 1668 and 1673,” was forwarded to the press by C. G. Kröningswård. The imperial council, Lorentz Kreutz, and several honourable gentlemen, were members of the commission appointed to hold an inquisition on that “ nuisance; ” which proved a sanguinary one; inasmuch as during the years commencing from

“Glorious?—No, I cannot exactly say so!” said Brigitta; “and I do not remember ever to have heard

1668 to 15th April, 1671, not less than forty-seven persons appear to have been executed for witchcraft in Fahlum-Lehn. In the year 1673, this peculiar malady revived again in Dalecarlia, and with it the unreasonable treatment, which seemed only the more to increase the infection. The Countess Catherine de la Gardie, *ci-devant* Taube, however, took the part of those unfortunate deluded creatures, and by her interference brought things to such a crisis, that the persecution against them, and consequently also the malady itself, gradually ceased. In our own days yet, we hear of cases here and there of a relapse in this disease; for when the imagination of the Dalecarlians becomes inflamed, it easily grows gloomy and gives birth to wonders. But now other means are made use of to counteract this evil besides the pillory and stake. Some time ago there was a young girl at Sollerö, who maintained that she was conducted every night to Blaakulla. Her parents, honest but simple-minded people, were highly troubled about it. They watched over their daughter, bound her fast to her bed with ropes: but all that was of no avail. Weeping she declared, in the morning, that she had still been in Blaakulla during the night. At length the afflicted parents went with her to the minister of the island, and intreated him amid tears, to rescue their child from the jaws of Satan. After having spoken to the girl several times, the minister one day said to her,—“I know a means, a sure remedy to cure you; but it will cost me a good bit of trouble; but as there seems to be no other remedy left, we must have recourse to it.” With the utmost solemnity he made the girl take a seat upon an easy chair in the centre of the room, took down a copy of “Cornelius Nepos,” from his book-shelf, and began to read a chapter out of it. Before he had finished the girl had soundly fallen asleep. On her awaking the minister announced to her that she was cured, and . . . so she was.

a more horrible story. Dear Siri, from whom have you heard this story?"

"From . . . a magpie!" answered Siri, archly nodding her head. "And this magpie has, moreover, promised to take me some fine day to . . . Blaakulla; for I should very much like to ride thither through the air and the azure clouds, and see how things are going on there."

"Heaven keep us, girl! what strange stuff you are talking! Olof," continued Brigitta, turning to the young man, who was just re-entering again, "what sort of stories are those about the witch-folk and flights to the Blaakulla here in Dalecarlia, of which Siri is prating there? Are they her own invention, or is there some truth in them?"

"There is truth in them, inasmuch as such stories, and a bloody Inquisition about them, actually took place here; namely, in the parishes about the Siljalake," answered Olof. "A number of people, both old and young, were accused of holding intercourse with those evil spirits."

"Yes," interrupted Siri; "and among these there was a young girl who protested that she was innocent, but had no wish to remain alive: and she was placed before the judgment-seat of God. Judgment-seat of God! How wild and solemn that sounds!" And Siri quickly trembled and turned somewhat pale, while slowly she repeated, as if to herself, "Judgment-seat of God!"

"But do, pray, look at the girl!" softly whispered Brigitta; but this admonition was unnecessary, for Olof never turned away his eyes from that peculiar child, whose soul seemed to be agitated by a deep emotion.

"There are many wonderful things here in the world," continued Siri, thoughtfully; "and to me all these marvellous things are, indeed, interesting. I should very much like to see and try all things."

"Even to take a trip to the Blaakulla!" said Olof.

"Aye, that above all things!" exclaimed Siri. "I should dearly like to get a sight of Satan."

"Not one of the most recommendable acquaintanceship, I must confess, my dear sister," said Olof, laughing.

"Only think, if he should set his teeth into your forehead!" said Brigitta.

"Oh!" answered Siri, "I should take pretty good care,—I should not come so close to him as to let him do that. Besides, you know, he is fastened down with a chain: the witches file at it, it is true, in order to get it off; but no sooner had one link been almost filed through and was ready to break asunder, than an angel comes and solders it together again, so that it becomes just as thick again as before. But now I must away in order to feed my animals, and then I shall ride out. Will you accompany me?—I'll take you all round the world."

"Wherever you like, but not to Blaakulla, if you please," said Brigitta; "for thither I certainly shall not accompany you."

With a hearty laugh Siri left the room, but dropped, in going, a few tufts of moss out of her apron, which Olof picked up.

"That's a part of Siri's trash, as Walborg and others of the family here call it," said Brigitta. "She is perpetually going about gathering moss and stones, birds' eggs, dead butterflies, and, if I mistake not,

flies too, and all sorts of other curiosities which she picks up in the wood and in the field. All this she carries together into her room, which for all the world looks like a regular lumber-room."

"Hem!—I must try to get a sight of that lumber-room!" said Olof.

A moment afterwards he heard, in the court-yard, a clear and melodious voice, and saw Siri standing upon the steps of one of the side buildings, surrounded by a lot of beautiful animals, which partly fluttered about her head, partly crowded between her feet in order to receive corn, bread, and cresses at her hands. Among the unwinged creatures, Olof observed a beautiful deer's calf, with little bells attached to its young growing horns; and was informed that its mother had been shot on a bear's chase during the winter, and that the young one then, instead of fleeing, had followed the people—the murderers of its mother. The fawn was brought to Mora, where Siri became its keeper; and the animal soon followed her with the fidelity and attachment of a dog. And Durathor, as the fawn was called, after one of the stags, which according to Edda were grazing upon the summit of Ydragsil, ran about loose in the court; but took no heed of any body excepting Siri. At that moment it licked her hands, and looked up to her with a marvellous fondness expressed in its bright brown eyes.

Whilst Olof is helping Siri to feed her animals, we will accompany Brigitta awhile. We do this with full confidence. Her forehead vouches us for her prudence, and her entire little round figure is such a thorough expression of good nature and cheerful disposition, that we are not surprised that her friends should find

it something very unnatural to see her downcast for ten minutes together. Her roguish little eyes, her good-tempered and merry airs promise us moreover to keep us frequently in good humour. And what still more draws us to Brigitta is—what we know from sure authority—the circumstance that with all the merry humour, she yet possesses a real enthusiasm for the tragic-sublime, and that she has a great relish for all poetry, though she *never* composes verses.

We now come to stop with her before a tall, meagre gentleman, who with an extraordinary abstract appearance, sits there deeply absorbed in a Greek text. Brigitta pauses before him, and says, in a solemn tone:

“Salutem Doctoribus Venerabilibus! comment vous portez vous diesen morgen?”

At this question the abstracted figure looks up, and, smiling, says: “What language do you call that?”

“Does not the learned doctor understand Babylonish? that language is as old as the world. How do you do, *mio caro*? *Comment*? Angry looks! *spleenibus non comfortable*?”

“Speak Swedish, and give me a kiss!” cried the Adjunct, with his deepest bass voice and the mildest look beaming out of his light blue eyes. But Brigitta answered in such a flood of Babylonish, that the Adjunct began most highly to protest against such a “gibberish,” and against the intermingling of noble Latin into it. A hearty laugh resolved this confusion, and the treaty of reconciliation was concluded in Swedish, and in that silent language which is usual between lovers, and must be a primitive one, for it is spoken and understood in the whole world. After this Brigitta left her Adjunct, in order to petition Walborg

—who had the management of the interior domestic affairs—for his favourite dish to dinner, and which consisted of pancakes.

Adjunct Godelius was a learned man, namely in the ancient languages and the conditions of past ages, but he had a great tendency to fall out, as it were, out of time and space of the present every-day life, whence indeed for the sake of counterbalance he had attached himself to a companion in life, who afforded him sufficient *aplomb*, and who besides heartily loved him. In fact it was not possible for it to be otherwise, upon a more intimate acquaintance with him. Friends and superiors had indeed shown him much friendship, but had always overlooked him in cases of promotion so that at an age of nearly forty years, he still continued a plain, poor scholastic divine. During this summer he passed his time in Mora to exercise himself in the ministerial office, but he had little prospect of soon being able to move into a "house of his own." He was too mild and philanthropic to allow any bitter feelings about it to spring up in his heart, but in their place phantoms of disease rose in his body and imagination, and there carried on a spectre-haunt which only yielded before Brigitta's Latin or playful jests and funny grimaces.

Brigitta meanwhile went to seek up Walborg, and there found her brother Lasse, who was making reconnoitings about the beautiful but apathetic female, who quietly and gravely went about with the bunch of keys, followed by the cook, and gave out provisions for the wants of the family. After Lieutenant Lasæ's offers for rendering little services had been refused, and his like attempts to enter into a conversation proved unsuc-

cessful, he then hummed his favourite melody from an old opera to himself :

“ Tho’ life may be short and be dull
Yet amusement may lighten the way.

“ Good morning, Brother Lasse ! ” interrupted Brigitta. “ Already in full activity, I perceive. A beautiful maiden, Walborg ; what ? . . . what say you ? ”

“ Beautiful, handsome as Venus and proud as Juno. Well, well, that will do no harm to begin with. But I suppose you are quite sure that she is a real human being of flesh and blood, as all the rest of us are ? ”

“ Well, I should think so, but cannot warrant it positively. I am just this very moment purposing to seek her up, and to request her to give us pancakes for dinner.”

“ Pancakes ! Delightful ! Walborg, pancakes for dinner ; what prospects ! I will accompany you to aid you in moving her hard heart.”

“ Tho’ life may be short and be dull
Yet amusement may lighten the way !
Then I’ll ne’er neglect to enjoy to the full
Both love and delight in my day.”

Madame Ingeborg had invited her neighbours of Solerö and Noreberg for the afternoon of the first of May, with the intent of undertaking an excursion in the country round about, in order to show Olof several of the principal beauties there, and then to conduct him to Tomtegaard, near Utmedland, where the famous cellar was to be paid a visit to.

There was no little joy and no little merry talk among the young people in the large carriage which, with the “ Grandmother of Dalom ” in their midst, who was heartily rejoiced at the cheerfulness of the

young people, was proceeding on its way. Olof and Siri led the way on horse-back, and thus they set out into the far and widely beautiful country around.

Hills upon hills and valleys in valleys are the origin of the name given to the country of Dalecarlia; and hither one must come, if one wishes to see in nature, a yet existing majestic innocence, and a people still in a patriarchal condition, disappearing as it does more and more from the earth, and which bears in itself so many features of grand and exalted beauty.

As the Dalelfe flows through Dalecarlia—a great and easy thought through a serious and toilsome life—so does that of life or religion run through the active life of its inhabitants; and centuries have rolled away over this people without leaving any rust behind. They are in their exterior, in manners, costume, and sentiments the very same yet as in the time of Engelbrecht and Wasa. Labour and devotion have preserved them in health and youthful vigour. Their dwellings are of low structure. They bend their necks at the door of their huts, but never beneath the yoke of an oppressor. Great historical events have consecrated this soil,—this mother-earth of Swedish liberty—notwithstanding monuments or memorial-tablets are nowhere to be seen. But precisely here is the abode of innocence. They will show you a cellar, a barn, a charming verdant hillock near the shore of the Dalelfe, and tell you :

“ Here concealed himself from his pursuers, here threshed for his daily bread, here addressed the people of Mora the deliverer of Sweden, *Gustavus Wasa*.”

And before your imagination there arises the most glorious romance that history can exhibit, and the

noble reminiscences which no careful conservator preserves, no learned Cicero records, seem to whisper to you from the woods, from the hills, and from the valleys; from the vigorous forms of the people, and from the river, which, of itself, while running its course from its source on the rock of Idre to the Baltic, with the hundreds of rivulets which it embraces in its bosom, with its splendid foam, its deep, beautiful reservoirs, its creeks, its growing power, and its ultimately magnificent waterfall, near Elfkarleby, till it discharges itself into the ocean, is a living picture of those heroic fictions.

Such were the thoughts, which during the ramblings of that day arose in Olof's mind. We will not enter into further details in describing them, but will pause with them at the village Utmedland, where the company alighted from the carriage, in order to repair on foot to the cellar of Tomtegaard, which is situate in a meadow near the shores of the Silja-lake.

The little house which formerly vaulted over it has long since fallen into ruin, but at present a sort of spacious saloon has been built of wood. There a good genius—"The Nisus of the cellar,"—as Madame Ingeborg said, had spread out a table with all kinds of refreshments, which was greeted with universal marks of satisfaction. But Olof wished first of all to go down into the cellar; and Siri, who, with forethought, had taken a tinder-box with her, lighted candles, lifted up a trap-door in the floor, and cautiously descended the narrow little stone steps leading into the cellar. The walls in the saloon above are covered all-over with names which were inscribed, scratched, yea, even engraved with utmost pains by travellers, names in a

measure highly important to—their possessors. In the little room under ground, there are no names to be read upon the black walls, there every thing is empty, still, and desolate, as in the grave; but there lives a great remembrance—the remembrance of a hero, who sat concealed in this dark cave, with his misfortune, his grand schemes, and with Sweden's future prospects in his breast. What feelings, what thoughts had not lived within these walls of earth? Not the slightest ray of daylight can penetrate them from without. Each with a candle in hand, Olof and Siri now stood there, and looking around them on the black walls, the black roof, the black floor, they stared at each other, while the same thoughts lightened forth from their eyes.

On coming up into the saloon again, they heard Madame Ingeborg relating how the Danes, during Gustavus's tarrying in this country, had been in search after him in Tomtegaard, and how he had been obliged to hide himself in the cellar there, and how Tom Matz Larsson's housewife had rolled a large hop-vat over the cellar trap-door, so that he could not be found by the enemy. With a little tincture of pride, Madame Ingeborg remarked that Gustavus Wasa was indebted for the saving of his life at three different times to the patriotism and cunning of Dalecarlian women.

While they were here entertaining and regaling themselves, some maids from Mora came walking up across the meadow, and collected round the cellar with that childish curiosity such as is frequently found among the people of Dalecarlia. Among these were young girls who wore their hair interplaited with red ribbon, and tied up upon the head after the custom of the

country, so that it appeared as if they were adorned with flower-wreaths.

Madame Ingeborg invited them all to the parsonage of Mora; and in boats, which she had ordered to come from Mora, they now rowed back thither across the glass-smooth Silja, while the sun on taking its farewell flung golden mantles around the gigantic forms of the mountains. Pre-eminently grand in appearance on this occasion was the South-berg, for from the lake one side of it was seen in the most replete radiant splendour, while the other stood there dark and grave. Siri also had become quite grave, and never turned away her eyes from the majestic mountain.

They rowed up the stream, and landed near the so-called bell-pit, a verdant hillock near the river side. Here the company tarried a moment, and recalled to memory what had taken place here in former times, for here it was where, on a holy feast-day, about the time of Christmas, when the people of Mora were just coming out of church, Gustavus had addressed the assembled congregation. The low south sun stood precisely over the southward-situate South-berg, and shed a radiant reflection over the snow-covered regions. There was a fresh north breeze wafting over, which was augured by the men of Mora as a propitious omen. They all flocked round Gustavus, while attentively contemplating the famous young man, of whose persecution they had already heard so much talked. With his powerful sonorous voice, he here began to speak:

“I look upon your large assembly with great joy, but with equally as much anxiety and care do I contemplate the condition of us all”

He then proceeded to delineate the unhappy condition of the people of Sweden under Denmark's despotic dominion, and concluded with the following words:

"The men of Dalecarlia have at all times proved themselves free-hearted and undaunted whenever their father-land's cause was called in question, for which, indeed, ye are renowned in our chronicles, and the whole Swedish nation now turn their eyes upon you, for they are wont to look upon you as the firmest protectors and defenders of liberty and their father-land. I will gladly accompany you, and have preserved my sword and blood for you, for more has the tyrant not left me. And he shall then get to know that Swedish men are equally as faithful, as brave, and that they wish to be treated with the code, but not with the yoke."

The little patriotic-minded company, which now at an after period of upwards of three hundred years commemorated the remembrance of the hero, here drank his health and that of liberty, which his exploits had achieved; after which they broke up gaily and merrily sporting, and proceeded to the parsonage.

In the court-yard of Mora the sounds of the chopping-board were already heard on the arrival of the company. They played the melancholy, but dance-inviting Orsa-Polka, which was performed with "uninterrupted bass;" and soon pair after pair merrily whirled about, keeping regular time. It once occurred—but it is already a long time ago—that Charles XI. whirled about in the court-yard of Mora in the polka with the maidens of Dalecarlia. Of that sight we should very much like to have been spectators; now Lieutenant Lasse whirled about here, altogether fire and flame, for his beautiful but unfeeling cousin Walborg.

She was dancing for the most part with the children^{and}, or playing and jumping about with them. All at once Olof fancied as if he recognised the girl of ten years again, who had enraptured him with her dancing that summer's-night. It is true, she had now grown considerably taller, but that delicate elastic form was still childish and imperfectly formed; her curls had still their former golden radiancy, as if a sunbeam was entwined in them. Her dark blue eyes shone so brightly, her feet flew so nimbly and lightly over the ground—Olof was necessarily reminded again of the fairy-queen of which the legend writes, that she was "languishing and delicate, slender as a lily, and gifted with an alluring lovely voice." He looked upon Siri with heartfelt pleasure. Yet he contemplated Walborg also, and conceded to her great advantages over Siri in point of beauty and womanly dignity. This contrast considerably increased later in the evening, when he saw her occupied with the supper, which before open doors was served up in the saloon, when he observed her care for, and attention to all and every thing around her, and when he at the same time saw Siri upon the steps in front of the house, who with the utmost ease, and without the least constraint, was smoking a cigar with the Provost of Sollerö, and drinking punch with the Adjunct, loudly and merrily talking and laughing with them at the same time. He could scarcely conceive it to be the same Siri, whose eyes so beautifully shone at Utmedland, and whose dancing had just reminded him of the queen of the fairies. She now appeared to him in the clouds of tobacco-smoke with the cigar in her mouth transformed into a little witch, and he felt an irresistibly strong inclination to tell her how detestable

he now considered her. Nor did he withstand this desire, but soon stood behind Siri, while whispering to her his humble opinion. He received in reply a cloud of tobacco-smoke into his face, with the assurance that she cared very little as to what he thought and judged.

"Yes, she is the right sort of person for any one to fall in love with," thought Olof; "she is a demi-savage! I might almost be led to think my dear sensible Brigitta had grown a little foolish!" And with a most significant look he turned to whitely-arrayed Brigitta, who offered him a plate with a favourite dish of the Dalecarlians—grits and milk.

The dance continued till ten o'clock, and immediately afterwards the company separated. Madame Ingeborg seemed to be much concerned, that all should retire to rest in good time, and diligently urged them on to it. Olof was somewhat vexed about it. He for his part would gladly, as he declared, have remained up the whole night and entertained himself with her. In the mean time he fell asleep as soon as he got into bed, and soon all in the house were, like him, reposing in the arms of sleep. One person only was still awake, and that was Madame Ingeborg.

In the light night of May she stood at her window, and once more perused the note that she had read in the morning, and the contents of which were as follows:

"MY BELOVED WIFE,

"To-morrow, but probably not until late in the evening, I shall be with you again. Do not say a word to the young folks of my coming; let every one in the house retire to rest at the usual time. I cherish the childish wish to see you alone on that evening, and to

be welcomed by you alone; I do not wish to be disturbed by any thing or by any person. When I arrive in the night, I do not wish to see a light in any other window, except in yours only. That little light from your window—oh, how it shall shine towards, nay into me, into my soul, into my heart! Beloved wife! fatigued, dull, provoked at the little-mindedness and egotism of men, wearied from useless debatings, from unsuccessful exertions, where the most honest intentions founder against coldness and convenience, angry with the world and myself,—thus, my Ingeborg, do I come back to you, in order to lay down my head in your lap, for you to breathe away the clouds from my heart, while laying your warm hand upon my breast. Oh! I have such a partner, and yet venture to complain! My little woman ought, by rights, to punish me for this; but did you but know what I feel at the thought that I shall soon be and remain with you, you would then not be dissatisfied with your

“GUSTAVUS.

“P.S. It seems to me to-day as if the evening would never arrive.”

Madame Ingeborg's heart was warmly breathed upon by these lines, and hence no doubt it was that she felt constrained to breathe warmly on them again, by pressing them to her lips while her eyes beamed in bedewed brilliancy. She believed she had prepared every thing long since for the reception of her husband, and called to aid all the pleasant household gods, that home might embrace him as a heaven full of love. Now she again cast a carefully-examining glance around the fresh comfortable chamber; she hastily surveyed the

little repast, which she had in readiness in the adjoining room, and which was to refresh the weary traveller; she again set in order the new morning-gown and slippers, which, in the absence of her husband, she had made up for him, and then at last cast one more glance in the glass on herself, on the light white muslin dress, on the dazzling little white lawn cap, which, like a white cloud, rested over her dark-brown hair. Madame Ingeborg was one of those ladies, who after a ten years' marriage, still continue their endeavours in a neat and noble manner to please their husbands, and, therefore, never lose their attachment—that flower or seasoning in all human alliances. But Gustavus Nordenwall was one of that class of husbands, too, who make of this an agreeable burden, or rather a pleasure. And now Madame Ingeborg was awaiting, listening, and watching with a feeling which makes the heart throb and the blood alternately colour and discolour the cheeks. At every little noise from without she started up. How much is there not in the manner, in the expression with which one awaiteth a husband, with which one hears his footsteps in the entrance-hall of the house, his hand at the door-handle?—one may read a whole history in this in a moment.

We know a young woman of inferior station who lost her husband, and who, when speaking of her life during her marriage, told us, with tears in her eyes :

“A harsh word may now and then, perhaps, have occurred between us, as is sometimes the case with married people, but never had I any occasion to fear when I heard him take hold of the door-handle.”

How many wives are there who cannot say this! Ah! we have, in such moments, seen cheeks grow

pale, and eyes bewildered and turning yellow as it were. But we are also acquainted with wives, who daily tremble at this electric touch, but—for joy.

The clock had struck eleven when an unmistakable rolling of a carriage was heard, which soon after stopped in front of the gate of the court-yard of Mora. Madame Ingeborg hastened down into the entrance hall, and embraced—her husband.

THE MARRIED PEOPLE.

HOURS had passed, and the conjugal pair were still sitting beside each other on the easy couch. His head was reclining on her shoulder, and the noble bitter feature which imparted to his countenance a peculiar interesting expression, was now softened and brightened into a peaceful affectionate smile.

A mythos in the Finnish national poem "Kalewala," relates of a mother who had lost her son, and who in the depth of the river found the dead again, but torn into a thousand pieces. However, she collected the scattered fragments; she gathered together the limbs of her lacerated dismembered son into her lap, and then singing, rocked him *together* again. Who in the world is there that has suffered and struggled, and does not discern the sense, the truth of this legend? Ah!

Only rock thou the cradle of love!
 Tune sweetly the comforter's heart-soothing lay,
 Let the beating heart tranquilly move!
 And slumber thou restless earth, sleep while you may,
 Only rock thou the cradle of love!
 Lull thou the sorrows that memory brings,
 Call dreams of enchantment alone to the side
 Of the slumberer, heralds to be of good things,
 Rock gently his bark on love's soft-swelling tide

Place Hope at the helm and in might,
Give high thoughts the bold courage to fire !
For freedom, for truth, and for light,
Let the strength of the North-man aspire :
But let accents of tenderness sound
Ever sweetly to earth's furthest bound,
Only rock thou the cradle of love !

And thus Madame Ingeborg had lulled to rest the cares ; thus her sensible, sweet words, had sung health and peace into the soul of her husband. He had related to her the subjects of his exertions and debates ; of the just cause he had advocated, and the wrong he had suffered. And with her whole soul, with her whole heart, she had listened, apprehended, sympathised, expressed her indignation at his opponents, and her joy at his intentions, his endeavours,—yes, even at the fruitless results ;—for we all know, “ what is sown in the snow springs up in the thaw ; ” and by degrees she had turned his thoughts to the quickening spring-side of life. She had spoken to him of that peaceful vocation so dear to his heart, to which he would now again devote himself in the spiritual care of his flock, of the important scientific labours, which he would now be able to prosecute in all quietness, of the blessing which his good purposes must hereby eventually diffuse ; she understood the art of exciting courage and hope, and hence she succeeded in lulling every bitter feeling in the breast of her partner to rest, and to dispel every cloud from his brow. Now, he was calm, and smiling, eagerly listened to every thing that she told him about her yearnings after his return, of her joy on his arrival, of spring, of Mora, about the domestic circle, and of the prospect of the future life they would henceforth enjoy together. Only one isolated feature in this picture

turned into a dark shade. When the Professor asked after Siri, of his consort, and how matters were going on with her, Madame Ingeborg, deeply sighing, answered:

“ Ah, Gustavus! I am very much afraid she will never become a rational creature in this world. I fear, that through her unhappy training, she has once for all become irrecoverably wild and untractable; or, perhaps, also that I do not properly understand how to manage and reform her.”

“ Patience, patience, only, my dear little woman,” commenced the Professor, to comfort on his part. “ You calculate too little upon the influence of the family in the long run. If this is such as it ought to be, it exercises a quiet power which no member of it can eventually resist. Indeed it even renders hostile powers subservient, and makes use of the fire-kindling hell in a family, as a cheering, warming brand, upon the homely hearth. I am not apprehensively uneasy about Siri. She shall be tamed, unconsciously to herself, and it will not require any particularly harsh means to accomplish it. I like to see life and spirit in youth; and when, moreover, this is the case in a girl, she will not rest until she has reduced all ice around her of six yards wide, into a melting state. And such a girl is or will be our little Siri. Walborg’s apathy and reserve is, in fact, much more dangerous. We must try to melt that ice near a suitable fire. But that will not be such a very easy matter; I would much rather have to do with that wild-fire. Whenever this can preserve its proper direction, its proper sustenance, it will become a blessing. It is now about time that Siri should

be prepared for confirmation, and it will afford me pleasure, myself to instruct her during the summer."

"Ah! that would certainly be very good, if the girl only were not so self-willed; and you, my good Guatavus, you always get so easily in a passion."

"I am aware of that, but I am also aware that your voice, your mere presence, can hush me to composure, when I am on the point of flying up in a passion. Be present then during my hours of instruction with Siri, if you please, or give me an amulet, a lock of your hair, or a few words written by your own hand, which I will wear upon my breast, that they may counteract my passionate mind. But now, that I am at home again, it seems to me, as if I should become as harmless as a lamb; for I cannot conceive how any thing should possibly be able violently to excite me, and least of all a young girl with such charming natural talents, as she possesses, and who, besides, is so great a favourite of mine. Mark my words, if we shall not one day live to see the young girl become a source of great joy and comfort to us all. Nor do I raise lower expectations of my son. I am very glad to have him now at home with us. He has for many years past lived more for his head than his heart; and I fear, that the formation of the latter has been neglected. But here you shall be of assistance to him and to me. I coincide in the opinion of that writer, who says: 'There is but one university, which is that where the heart is formed.'"^{*}

Nordenwall had raised himself up while he was speaking, and it was now his wife, who was reclining

* V. UNOS.—'Promenader i Fadernealandet.'

her head against him, while listening to his words, and then spoke :

“ Ah ! how glad am I to hear your voice again, and to feel once more over me the breath of your strengthening and protecting spirit. Ah ! how charming does life appear to me now. If one could now thus breathe out one’s spirit. . . . thus now—thus make one’s transition from the light of earth to that of heaven ! But that would be too much. That were, a life, a death, without night ;—and the night will come. . . . must once come ! ” These last words she pronounced in a visionary, but half prophetic tone.

“ But now it is morning,” said Madame Ingeborg, and rose up, “ and now that my son is here again, I will be in good spirits, and full of hope again. I will become young again, at least as far as concerns the mind for the body. . . . Gustavus ! I have grown old during your absence ; my longing after you has laid its heavy weight on my five and thirty years ; I have received a great wrinkle about my eye ! ”

“ Is it possible ? ” said Nordenwall ; “ may I be allowed to see it ? Yes, I do declare, a wrinkle ! ” And he—kissed it. So heartily had he not kissed the smooth eyelid when a bridegroom.

“ Thanks ! ” said she, affectionately smiling ; “ you have consecrated my old age.”

“ To a more beauteous renewed youth. I love that wrinkle ! ” And he kissed her once more.

The golden spring sun now shone into the window, and shed his glittering rays on the two consorts, as if to bless them.

Oh, how charming it is to love with exalted purity !
How god-like is genuine love ! He only, who, turned

towards the quiet sun of thought, rejoices in being removed from all the storms of the heart, and in having found in its quiet world a peace, a *sufficiency*, from which men can nought detract, to which the fewest can ought add, he only will at the sight of beings who live, enjoy, and suffer in each other, feel his heart involuntarily warmed and—perhaps with a tear in his eye—exclaim: “Oh, how beautiful it is to love! how divine is genuine love!” Ye husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and friends, who love as God loves, beautiful and blessed is your lot; the only one upon earth to which the promise is given—the promise of “eternal habitations” in the land, where love itself is the sun thereof, the sun that never sets.

THE FAMILY AT MORA.

It would be well if the members of a family would, for a time be separated from one another. This effects in many instances a salutary renewal; and re-union is, when resting on the basis of love, so exuberant, so peace-diffusing—a new spring. We do not go so far as the song which says :

“ Always one and the same makes life but a bore,
 And nature looks brighter for change evermore !
 If I made of the sweetest of charms my wife,
 And if she did'nt die soon—I should hate my own life.”

But with the first two strophes we are perfectly agreed.

During the May-life which arose in the family of Mora, in the first part of the time after the return of its head member, the mind and spirits of all revived and blossomed anew; even the reserved Walborg seemed to awake to a degree of life and common interest; Olof was happy in the feeling of being now nearer to his father than ever; and Brigitta was quite out of her head, and danced and skipped about with her uncle, her aunt, her Adjunct, or whomever she could lay hold of; only Siri alone did not participate in the general joy, she seemed to become more coy

than heretofore, fled from the happy family, roved about in the wood and in the fields—one seldom knew where, and a sort of wild melancholy frequently flung its gloomy shades over her youthful countenance, and imparted to her look a dark expression. She was rarely seen at home, except at meal times, and it touched Madame Ingeborg's heart, when she perceived how frequently the eyes of the Professor sought the young maiden, although he did not say any thing. All the exhortations of the rest even to keep more at home were without avail. During two evenings in the week, however, all the members of the family usually assembled in the confidential circle, and those were the evenings when Madame Ingeborg held her so-called *spinning party*. All the female members of the family then came together with their distaffs into the great saloon, where a cheerful fire was burning in the stove. And around this fire they would sit down and spin and spin away, and soon they spun the gentlemen also unto them, for there were some merry doings by the distaffs; then songs were sung, stories related, riddles propounded and solved. Madame Ingeborg possessed an inexhaustible store of these things, and made it her pleasure, either sitting between the spinsters or pacing up and down the saloon, to give them all sorts of head-crackers of marvellous things that she had witnessed "at the King's court," or the propounding of some riddle which she had frequently renewed. Madame Ingeborg was, during those evenings, usually herself very cheerful, animated all, and would not willingly allow that any one should try to exempt himself from contributing his share "to the good of the community," either by the narration of a story, a song, or a riddle. Sir:

generally sung some little merry air, and besides distinguished herself especially in the solution of riddles, which was a great gratification to her. Olof also found pleasure in this, as it reminded him of the primitive ages of the North, when enigmas and ingenious questions was the most favourite amusement of wise men; when the gods themselves came down from their abodes of light in order in suchwise to vie with the giants of earth, and when Odin himself took no rest, until he had tried his strength against the sage giant Vafthrudner, and conquered him. Olof had likewise in his travelling reminiscences valuable contributions for the entertainment of the spinning party. He and Lieutenant Lasse were always present, now and then they made some attempts at spinning themselves, but on the one hand the thread seemed to break so frequently, on the other the spinning-wheel whizzed round so unmercifully all the while, that the ladies soon begged to dispense with this sort of assistance on the part of the gentlemen.

Later in the evening the Professor also frequently came. His arrival usually produced among his own an increased spirit of alacrity and heightened interest; and so it was also in the spinning-room, although he was there only spectator or auditor, or—which also was frequently the case—himself rendered his tribute “to the good of the community” by the narration of story.

A few days after the Professor's return the “spinning-party” and all were assembled in the large family-hall. Madame Ingeborg had propounded difficult riddles which Olof and Siri were vying to guess. Walborg had sung a song. The Adjunct had imitated hautboys and trumpets, Lieutenant Lasse had represented a

steam-boat, setting in motion, by which many spinning-wheels got into great danger, and Brigitta had related various anecdotes about the "woman-Käring," a personage who in Sweden says and performs all sorts of things, as for instance :

"That I must see," said the "Käring-woman," and bought herself a raven, in order to see whether it lives three hundred years.

"Thank goodness, now I can help myself," said the "Käring-woman," when she had gotten on her legs again.

"Yes," said the "Käring-woman," "it was a something in 'ral,' and it was not an admiral, therefore it must have been a corporal," &c. &c.

Every one had contributed his mite towards the entertainment of the evening, and the Professor had laughed, and most heartily enjoyed his family life. Warmly and good-humouredly he answered to the solicitations of the young people to relate a something, with the following sketches from the life of the people in Dalecarlia :

"A father went on a winter's evening with his two daughters across the ice of the Silja Lake. In the twilight they lost their way, and lighted upon a weak piece of ice, which broke under their feet. It broke, in fact, by their exertions to hold themselves fast to get up again. Only one of the daughters succeeded in keeping herself up by a somewhat stronger piece of ice, and to her shoulder clasped herself the other sister in the agony of death, and clinging thus to her, she kept herself above water.

" 'Let go your hold of me, Margaret!' intreated the former, 'or else I shall go down. I can scarcely keep myself up.'

“But the young girl in her death-struggle did not let go her grasp, but continued firmly clinging to her as before.

“Then the sharp voice of the sinking father was heard, saying :

“‘Don’t you hear, Margaret, what Ann says?’

“And in the same moment that the girl heard these words, she let go her hold of the sister, and sank with her father into the deep.

“The sister succeeded in saving herself; but some time afterwards she frequently came to me, seeking comfort for her pangs of conscience, for she attributed Margaret’s death to herself.”

“A father was rowing with his young son on the Silja Lake. A storm arose; their little boat capsized, and was hurled far away from them. But close to them a plank drifted, and to this father and son clung fast. It could not, however, bear them both up. And when the son saw this, he said: ‘God bless you, my father! Live for my brother, and brothers and sisters!’ and sank entombed in the waves.

“In the dreadful famine in our country during the year 1838, a Dalecarlian of another parish, one day came home and said :

“‘Sell me a few ship-pounds of straw!’

“The man was one of those tall, powerful figures, as are here not unfrequently seen, yet he had visibly suffered from the famine. His hat with its broad brim he had drawn down deeply over his face.

“‘I cannot sell you any straw,’ answered I, to his

request; 'I have no more than I need for myself and the poor in my parish.'

"'Sell me but *one* ship-pound,' intreated the man.

"'I cannot even do that,' answered I; 'what I have yet laid up, I must keep for myself and my people.'

"'Well then *half* a ship-pound!' besought he, with importunity.

"'It pains me! but I cannot even let you have half a ship-pound.

"The tall man advanced a step nearer to me, said not a word, but pushed up his hat from his brow, and stared at me full in the face. He let me see that he—*wept*.

"The sight of this pain I could not resist. 'Come with me,' said I, 'you shall have what you desire!'

"He followed me and received the straw.

"'If it were for *me*,' said he, 'I should not be here so readily. For when we mortals suffer, and things go badly with us, it is nothing more than the penalty we have incurred by our sins, and what we must and can bear; but the poor beast—what indeed could it have committed? . . .'

"And now a little love tale:

"A young peasant loved at one and the same time two young maids, and—singular to say—loved both almost with the same tenderness; and they both loved him in return warmly and cordially. But the one evinced to him an over-boundless devotion, and hence perhaps it was, that he all at once turned himself with a decided feeling to the other. But she answered him:

“I will not go to the bridal altar amid the sighs of an unhappy one; and it is now your duty to marry Kerstin. You will ever be held in dear estimation by me, but we must now part.”

“What a field would have been here for the French romantic, what anguish, ravings, explosions, and explanations without end! From this, both self-sacrificing victims, as well as poisonings, and three corpses at least would have been produced. But how simply does the Genius of the Dalecarlians unravel the knot.

“The young man listened to the sensible girl, and obeyed the dictate of duty. He married Kerstin, and as they were both good and worthy people, they became happy with each other. Four years they had lived happy together, and had three children, when the wife died.

“But when she lay on her death-bed, she said to her husband:

“I have one request to make to you, and that is, that after my decease you will marry Anna, whom you have loved and still love, and who, as far as I know, also likes you very much—and that you will give my children no other mother.”

“The husband sincerely bemoaned his wife, but when the time of mourning was over, it was no difficult task for him to fulfil her last request.

“He went to the still unmarried, still beloved Anna, and told her his late wife’s and his own wish; and she answered:

“You are still as dear to me as ever, and I would gladly become your wife, but my only fears are for your children. I fear that I shall not be such a mother

to them, so as to be able to answer the responsibility to myself, and before the departed one, and to your perfect satisfaction.'

"And to this answer Anna adhered, in spite of all the arguments of love and reason that were employed in order to move her.

"Perfectly in despair, the young man one day came to me, related to me the affair, and begged me to speak to the girl, and to persuade her to become his wife.

"'That I shall try to persuade her, that I cannot promise you,' said I, 'for in such serious affairs men must have free decision; but I will speak to her, and tell her what are my thoughts and opinion of the matter.'

"I sent for the girl, spoke to her respecting her future duties, and I succeeded in hushing the excessive scruples of her conscience.

"Soon afterwards I had the gratification of performing the nuptial ceremony over the two lovers.

"A few years after, while on a journey of business, I happened to come to that part of the country where they lived. It was a raw autumnal evening and very cold without. But on entering their room, a cheerful fire was flaking, and four children were playing on the floor happy and pleased in the bright reflection of the flames. Man and wife rose up and came to meet the entering visitor; but when they recognized me they became deeply affected and began to weep.

"'Ask her, ask her,' said the husband, pointing to his wife, 'whether she is satisfied with me or not!'

"But I did not ask; I saw warm tears of joy speak."

"Oh, what a heavenly story, this last one!" ex-

claimed Brigitta, as soon as the Professor had finished.

"And you, Siri," asked he, "which did you like best?"

Blushing and abashed, Siri answered:

"That of the Dalecarlian and his beast."

"That's right, my dear girl!" exclaimed the Professor, and kissed her on her forehead.

"Well, what think you now of grits and milk?" said Madame Ingeborg, on entering, followed by her maids, who were carrying a large dish and milk-basins behind her.

"Next to you, the best thing in the world," answered her husband, delighted. And Olof was ready to express his accordance with this opinion. For that the evenings of the "spinning-party" were at the same time also here in the family the "grits-evenings," and concluded with the collecting of all around a large smoking dish of grits; this, according to Olof's opinion, formed the very crown of them. Olof had the notion that his home was the finest home in the world.

As for the rest there was much within the homely circle which afforded subjects of reflection to his naturally inquiring and attentive eye; and he here met with problems, which were more difficult to solve than all the wonders which Madame Ingeborg had witnessed "at the king's court." She herself was of that number, for Olof very frequently observed in her moments of melancholy, which came and vanished without any cause of them being visible, an expression at times escaped her which seemed to indicate some hidden ground of disquietude. But the heart-felt felicity which she enjoyed in her living with her hus-

band, her open demeanour, her lively, buoyant mind, and her activity, her genuine benevolent disposition towards every one around, and which made both men as well as beast prosper under her care and treatment; the manner in which she enjoyed life and nature—all this seemed to render such a mystery impossible. Olof did not get any further than to seek for the explanation of her gloomy humour—which, moreover, she carefully concealed from her husband, and which never diffused any unpleasant shade over her temper—in an organic defect of the heart, which she had had for many years past, and which only at certain periods was troublesome, but never—so it was said at least—dangerous.

The father was a character manifestly open; his merits as well as his faults were visible to all. Warm, industrious, penetrating in judgment, strong in will and deed, it was impossible for him to exist without restless activity and a perpetual striving onwards. His impetuosity of temper led him sometimes to the commission of errors, but his Christian benignity ever brought him to a confession of them and to ask forgiveness for them. He was one of those beings with whom one's life with them is never free from clouds, but whose absence leaves an intolerable void.

Olof's most favourite intercourse and most agreeable entertainment in the family was Brigitta. To her he gladly spoke about his stepmother, Brigitta's "heavenly aunt;" with her he formed conjectures whether Siri ever would become rational, whether Walborg would ever become properly human, and whether indeed she would ever be able to love, and so forth. With her he spoke about his own future prospects, his

future residence in Fahlun, where at the college for the science of mining he was then most thoroughly to devote himself to those studies in the hope of one day attaining to the office of general surveyor of the mines of the country. Before her he gladly, also, caused the light of his knowledge in every respect to shine, and related his manifold experience ; for Olof was a young man who liked to let people know that he had seen something of life and men, and had a little of that good confidence in himself, which one not unfrequently possesses at an age of three-and-twenty years, but which—with much greater certainty—one frequently no longer possesses at three-and-forty

The family in Mora had a large circle of friends, but none nearer and dearer than the Provost and his lady of Sollerö and their children. Seldom a week passed without a meeting of the two families, either at Mora or Sollerö. Only during a few weeks in autumn and spring was this intercourse interrupted, when the ice, namely, on the Silja-lake, neither holds no breaks.

One day the great Provost and his little lady were on a visit, with their children, at Mora. It was evening, and the young people were dancing in the saloon, while the seniors were entertaining themselves in the sitting-room. Two strange gentlemen, friends of the Professor, from Stockholm, augmented the company. The conversation turned on matrimony, and one of the friends commended the quietness and freedom from cares of a single life. The Professor, on the other hand, warmly advocated the matrimonial cause, and became a little illiberal, since he asserted that man could only in the married state,—always presupposing a happy one,—find his true development, his advance-

ment to the highest perfection. By his zeal he was carried away to the highest pitch of excitement, and concluded with the words,—

“People usually fancy that the first period of marriage was indeed the happiest; but it is not so: that I know very well, and my wife too. I am now a thousand times happier with her, and love her a thousand times more now than I did ten years ago, when I married her; and I know with certainty, that in ten years hence I shall esteem her far more highly still; for the tendency of true love is always to increase: like the love of God, it has no bounds nor grave. Yes, if any were now to tell me, ‘You are free: now go forth free into all the world, and choose you another wife,’ I should then first go to her and say,—‘Will you have me again?’”

“Dalecarlia,” said the advocate of the unmarried state, likewise emulated by the zeal of the Professor, “Dalecarlia must be a good soil for the married state. Even among the common people,—even in the poorest huts, I believe there is found happier connections between the married than is generally found in the world. It is quite tempting to think that so great a felicity as you boast of in marriage may be enjoyed by people both of high as well as of low degree; by the educated as well as,—intellectually regarded,—the uneducated classes of people.”

“Yes—hem! . . .” said the Professor; “but *perfect* equality I still cannot cede here. Education produces a difference; and indeed to the advantage of those who are the possessors of it. A devoted regard for life and its final objects, manifold subjects for reflection, for interest and entertainment, render life

more affluent, and furnish more nourishment for devotion. Such is the unalterable nature of things, just as a larger burning-glass, which collects a greater number of rays into its focus than a smaller one, produces more warmth, and kindles a stronger fire. I, for my part, should not be half so happy with my wife if I could not entertain myself with her,—not consult with her on all subjects that are of interest to me; and if she did not, agreeably to her knowledge as well as her natural talents, assist in directing me to thoughts and views, which of myself I should never perhaps hit upon. How frequently, after hours spent in fruitless study and reflection, did she with a word strike the right nail upon the head, and made every thing clear to me! Hence it is that she is my dearest, my most indispensable intercourse: a veritable half of my life. And hence, also, I look upon education as a something so important, namely, for persons whose life is not called into requisition by much material employment, and for married people in good exterior circumstances. By being able to live morally for and with each other, they become more and more necessary to each other; and the transition from lovers to friends—a change which all married people must undergo—becomes a rising not a declining metamorphosis; for that love that cannot be enobled to a state of friendship, is but little worth."

While the Professor was thus speaking, Madame Ingeborg had gone into an adjoining apartment, and was standing there at a window which presented a view of the closely situated church. The beautiful steeple shone in the evening sun: the melodious bells of Mora chimed at six o'clock. Silent tears rolled down

Madame Ingeborg's cheeks, while her eyes dwelt on the thick trees of the church-yard. Two of her children who had died in their tenderest ages, rested there: and her imperceptibly flowing tears seemed to charge with falsehood the fiery expressions of her husband respecting the happiness of their marriage, but such was not the case; maternal feeling only took at this moment its tribute; and when the Professor a moment after stood at her side, and with tender solicitude inquired,—

“What is it then, that troubles you, my dear Ingeborg?” she merely whispered, with a glance at the church-yard,—

“The children!”

Nordewall was silent, for he knew how to value her feelings; but then, laying his hand upon hers, he said,—

“But HE who gave, and HE who hath taken away, can restore”

“No, no!” said Madame Ingeborg, almost vehemently, “I do not deserve it.”

Madame Ingeborg sometimes made use of such expressions, and this invariably had the effect of disconcerting her husband; for he fancied he perceived in them a diseased state of the imagination. Even now he answered, somewhat impatiently,—

“*No creature deserves God's goodness; but that you should deserve it less than any other being, that I will not hear. Such are chimeras—self-created torments, which you ought not to afflict yourself with*”

“I do not complain!” interrupted Madame Ingeborg, mildly. “If I have no children, why I have you and your love, which I value more than every thing in the world, and that compensates for all.”

Such words Nordenwall gladly liked to hear; and therefore he pleasedly said,—

“And if we do not get children of our own, we have foster-children which shall be to us as our own. Come, let us go and see them dance. Siri dances, as I should imagine, like a fairy-queen. The girl has a most peculiar charm, which”

“But where is Siri?”

Siri was not among the young folks: Siri was nowhere to be found in all the house. Siri—so it was said,—had not been seen ever since after dinner. For the first time the Professor expressed his dissatisfaction with her,—

“Siri, I declare, never seems to be at home!” said he.

“I will be fish again,” said Brigitta, “if the girl does not, some fine day or other, turn to bird again; so that we shall never get to see her again. What a misery it is, to be sure, with that Siri!”

S I R I.

“ I SHOULD really like to know where she can be ! ” said Olof to Brigitta, as the two were talking together in the court-yard, seeking after Siri.

“ Yes ; heaven knows where ! ” answered Brigitta. “ That she is never where she ought to be, that I know well enough. Uncle is now angry ; and then, I can assure you, it’s not well to speak to him ; and poor aunt is in such a state of anxiety I say, my girl, have you seen any thing of Siri ? ” said Brigitta to a maid servant attending the cattle, who was crossing the yard, and who answered,—

“ I saw her, a few hours ago, riding along in the direction of MOKARLEBERG.”

“ Let us go in that direction : perhaps we may meet her ! ” said Olof to Brigitta—and they went. And while they were contemplating the beautiful waters of the Silja and the Dalelve, and the wood-crowned mountains of their shores, Olof fell into his plans and thoughts for the future. Foremost of all stood the wish to become some day or other proprietor of some iron-works in Dalecarlia.

“ What a life,” exclaimed he, “ would one then be able to enjoy ! and how much inducement would one

then have for activity and happiness: the working of iron—Sweden's greatest wealth—the labours for its improvement—the superintendence over the labourers of the mines—the rendering of their condition happy—the power of diffusing so much joy—the intercourse with nature, which of itself is already a world to live in; and, finally, the family life, which in these glorious valleys'

"Family-life?" interrupted Brigitta, archly; "only hark at that fine boy; he thinks of his papa and mamma, and, perchance, of his little cousin too—it positively is quite touching!"

"How do you mean? Ah! yes, yes! but I was not thinking of family-life alone," said Olof, smiling and blushing.

"Of what family-life then?" inquired Brigitta in a tone of innocence, but with roguish winking eyes.

"Oh! for instance, of my own . . . I should get married."

"For instance!—if the future, for instance, were already taken in sight? What do you say?"

"Not yet!" said Olof, laughing; "but I think that that time will come without fear. Ah! look you there, —there is Siri, I do declare!"

And it was Siri who was coming, riding along towards them—the spirited Brunhilde thoroughly sweating, and she herself with an expression of great excitement. The ends of her collar fluttered like a pair of wings about her shoulders. On getting sight of Olof and Brigitta, she started, jumped from her horse,—which she left standing by itself,—and ran up to them both with all speed, who were sitting not far from the road, upon a little green rising ground.

“That was a splendid ride!” exclaimed she, throwing herself down beside them upon the grass. “Olof, you must have a ride once on Brunhilde; you just ride away as on the wings of wind!”

“Ah!” said Brigitta, “if you once had a little less passion for wind and storm, and little more for sitting still, it would not be amiss at all. But do not lie so, pray, upon the cold ground, Siri, if you are heated.”

“The ground is not cold,” said Siri; “it has a warm heart—a warmer one than men. I wish I were lying in it,” added she more softly, kissed the earth, and pressed it to her burning cheek.

“The heart of the earth?” said Brigitta; “but, dear Siri, what a mad way of talking that is.”

“Not quite so mad,” said Olof. “One may certainly say of the earth that it has a warm heart, for in all probability it glows within her bosom. The further one descends into the earth, the more does the degree of warmth increase. In the copper-mines of Fahlun, for instance, it is so warm in a depth of about two hundred fathoms, that the people there work in the coldest time of winter without upper garments. But what, then, does my little sister know about the warm heart of the earth?”

“Ah! I know much; yes, I, little as I am!” said Siri, archly nodding.

“Yes, since you have become a mountain-spirit,” said Brigitta, “you are, of course, very well-acquainted with the wonders of the earth, and of the mountains, and their hearts, and have gotten such notions of them—how splendid things must be there, that it positively is awful! But now, Siri, you must not be lying there so any longer, you sweet, ugly, most lovely,

naughty, little girl! Come here, and let me throw my shawl about you, I am almost angry, and"

But before Brigitta had scarcely finished her speech Siri was already with her, and clung to her with the gentleness of a dove with filial love, and laid her head upon her shoulder.

While Olof, intent upon botanical researches, was withdrawing himself from them, Brigitta began with sisterly, or rather maternal kindness, to remonstrate with Siri, how wrong she would be doing, if she were to be away so frequently just at this time, when they were so glad to see her home, and since uncle most particularly wished to see all assembled around him.

"Ah!" answered Siri, "precisely on that account, because you are all assembled and happy together, I am constrained to go away. There is no rest for me there among all the others where I stand so quite alone, where I have none that loves me. Nor can I love them either,—I always feel so uncomfortable, so unhappy with them. They have told me once that I am a singular being; that I am not as other beings are; and, perhaps, I am really a changeling, as they called me when a child. But what is it you wish me to do? I cannot be otherwise," and Siri began to weep bitterly.

"Perhaps, my sweet girl," said Brigitta, mildly, "perhaps you might be a little different, if you only would; and, perhaps, indeed, you would readily become so, if you"

"If I what?" said Siri, intently, and looked up.

"If you were only more with us, and in aunt's company."

"Oh, no, Brigitta!" said Siri, gloomily, shaking

her head. "Between her and me things will never go on altogether smoothly; that I can feel within myself, but cannot tell whence it comes. No, no, things will never be any better."

"Oh, yes, that they will, never fear," replied Brigitta; "it cannot be otherwise; but, be not unreasonable, Siri. Who would not be able to love aunt when once he has become rightly acquainted and lived longer together with her. She is an angel of kindness. And you also will one day get so far as to comprehend it, and would already have comprehended it, if you had only kept yourself very nicely at home, and not been constantly flying about like a wild bird in the mountains. And, uncle, if you only knew what a man that is, you would also love him. And you will soon get to know him, for you will in a short time receive religious instruction from him."

"Ah!" cried Siri, alarmed, "that's the worst of all—that's abominable!"

"What do you say, Siri? To receive instruction from uncle Nordenwall, to hear him explain the Word of God, that, I should think, would be the greatest honour and pleasure that could possibly be conceived."

"Yes, you!" said Siri, and buried her face in Brigitta's shawl; "but I . . . I am afraid of—I dread him. His looks, his voice, all affright me, and then—how will it be when I am alone with him, when he is to stand before me like a master and high-priest, and perhaps requires me to believe in things which I cannot at all comprehend, and which appear to me so abominable and wonderful? But that, you see, I cannot do, and I won't let myself be commanded and controlled by any one. Free, free I mean to be, as the

bird in the air, and if they shut me up, then! Do you recollect the little chaffinch, of which you have been telling, that was so tame and so contented as long as it received permission freely to hop about the room, and which, when they put him into the cage, resisted and flew against the wires, till it dropped down dead so it will be with me, for I would rather die than ah! it will be a hard time for me that is now coming!"

"Heaven forbid! Only do n't make yourself so singular, dear Siri! As far as I know, you certainly are not a chaffinch now, but a human being; and therefore be like a human being, my good child, and not like an irrational bird. And what you now say has neither rhyme nor reason in it. You will see that it will be a good, an excellent time which is now approaching."

But Brigitta still could not help entertaining secret apprehensions, when she came to think of the violent character of the uncle and the singular and irrational manifestations in the character of the young damsel, which now, almost trembling, clung to her.

"It seems to me," said Siri, "as if I might get silly from all this. But what think you if I were to betake myself off altogether, and ride to Blaakulla?" and Siri looked at Brigitta and laughed out right heartily.

"That you shall not do," said Brigitta, seriously; you would not wish to inflict such pain on us?"

"Pain?" cried Siri "any one to mourn over me? No, that I never will believe. And if perhaps even you were concerned about me for a short time, you would still be happy afterwards to have gotten rid of me. There is no one that likes me! except ONE perhaps," added she, more softly, and turned her eyes, full

nearer and nearer to our boat. Siri laid her flute aside, took the oar, and we set all our powers to work in order to get away. But it seemed to us, as if we heard the roaring of the lake-host, who pursued nearer and nearer to us. We were then not far from one of the holms, and fancied we should be able to get away, when our boat all at once would proceed no further. We rowed and rowed, but there was no moving from the spot. I cannot assert positively whether it was sea weeds or sea-witches which entwined themselves round our oars, riveted themselves to our boat, and held us fast;—it is possible that it was sea-weeds; at that time, however, I firmly and inflexibly believed that it was witchery, and that it was the evil river-spirit himself who was pursuing us in the form of a black horse, in order to attract us to him.*

“In my anxiety and fear I called for help, and heard also a voice proceeding from the direction of the South-berg, which answered me. But now the black enemy was quite close to us, and the boat set fast as upon the ground. Siri stood forth courageously, with an oar in her hand, as if ready for the battle. I then saw a horse-foot—or those claws of the evil one—rising out of the water and resting on the edge of our boat; in the same moment it turned over, and—I saw nothing more, but heard Siri’s voice calling Brigitta! in a tone that thrilled ‘through my very soul, in the same moment that I sank into the deep.”

* According to the popular belief in Sweden the “Wicked one” sometimes transforms himself into a black horse, in which form he is said to have carried off many a bride, who on their return from church were crossing any water or adjacent field.

Brigitta was silent awhile, as if shocked at the very thought of that event.

“And you lost all consciousness, I suppose?” asked Olof.

“It seemed to me as if I were asleep,” continued Brigitta, “I do not remember to have felt the slightest pain by it; but on my re-awaking, I found myself very sick, and lying in a little fishing-boat on one of the holms near Sollerö, from whence the fishermen, who had heard my calls, had rowed up to our aid. As far as I can remember of that time, I called immediately for Siri, and asked after her. But Siri was not there, and nobody knew any thing of her.”

“But the people who had saved you?”

“Nor had they either seen one shadow of her. On their coming up to our boat they found it lying overturned; and on their reversing it, it became entangled in a bow-net, and in this they saw a great, large fish lying, and that fish—was I, who, heaven knows how, got my head fast in it; and they pulled me out and conveyed me to the shore in a fishing-boat, just like a poor captured fish.”

“And Siri?”

“Yea, Siri was gone, and it was not possible to find her that evening, nor that night, nor even the following day, although every possible search was instituted in order to find her. Uncle himself was out the whole night with a many people and torches, who were seeking and calling; for as Siri can swim very well—and was thus far more like a fish than I—it was not unlikely that she had swam ashore somewhere. But she was not to be found any where. It was a sad, lamentable sight. Aunt was beside herself; never have

I seen her so pale ; methinks I see her yet running to and fro, as she did the whole of the night at the riverside, with the torch in her hand, regardless of the violent storm, and doing nothing but calling 'Siri! Siri!' with a heart-rending voice, and looking as if she were ready to dive into the lake in order to seek for her in the depth of the waves."

"Thus the night passed. During the day Siri was fished for in the lake, but as you may now easily imagine, in vain. She was just as if she were vanished out of the world. But in the afternoon one of her little shoes were found in the vicinity of the South-berg. Ah! that shoe! how aunt did kiss it! for it was a proof indeed that Siri was still alive. I, however, could not rid myself of the thought of an account I had lately read in the newspaper about a young girl (in Smaaland, I believe) who did not come home one day, and after a long search had been made after her, they found in the proximity of a mountain, first one of her shoes, and a little further off the other, and then her neckerchief, and at last, in a cave, herself; lying there, quite still, with her head resting on a stone pillow, and apparently sunk in sweet sleep. But on approaching nearer to her it was seen that she was sleeping—the sleep of death. Yes, she was dead; but never was it ascertained how it had happened. And now I thought of nothing else but of finding Siri in a cave, with her sweet flaxen curly head resting on a stone, and sleeping the sleep of death; and this seemed to me so awful, so lamentable! Yes, since that time my eyes have grown about a third smaller than they were before, so greatly were they swollen by nothing else but crying.

“With this anxiety, and those researches, it had grown ten o'clock in the evening. We were all then assembled in the saloon; uncle was speaking to aunt, and endeavouring to comfort her, for she was as if she had lost her reason, calling as she did in one incessant strain: ‘Siri, Siri, my child!’ And behold! all at once, Siri stood within the door, with the reflection of the moon upon her pallid countenance and her flaxen tresses, and said: ‘Here am I!’

“We first believed it was the apparition of a ghost. But it was really and truly, Siri, her very self, and not any ghost. You should have seen the joy which then followed! And now Olof, now my story is finished.”

“What, finished? precisely on the eve of the most important part? How then was Siri saved? how was she. . . .”

“If you were to ask me the whole night through, I should still not be able to give you any other answer than; I don't know. Siri has never been willing or able to give a satisfactory explanation about it. All that she said, was: ‘That when the boat capsized, she hit her temples against the edge of it, and lost all consciousness, and that, on coming to herself again, she found herself lying at the foot of the South-berg; feeling herself sufficiently recovered, she repaired to some fishermen's huts, situate near the river-side there, and then returned to us with the assistance of the people.’ At this little satisfactory explanation she stopped, and could not be moved to any other, although uncle had rigidly interrogated her. On her temples she had in reality too, a large contusion, so that her statement about the hit against the edge of the boat, may all be correct enough, but as for the rest—it still

appeared, that there was something about the whole story that was not altogether right. Never, however, had she at any subsequent period given any other explanation about herself, and when any of the rest of us questioned her relative to the occurrence, she talked such silly stuff about it, or related to us some stories about the giant in the South-berg, about his palace and all the glories of it, that she had seen, and a host more of such-like things, all which sounded like ghost-tales."

"Hem! That is very remarkable."

"Well now, is it not? Is it not enough to make a man almost believe in the ancient stories about witchery and mountain-spirits?"

"Hem! I am rather inclined to believe that my little sister is a little cunning, and I have a good mind to examine her a little in the matter. And what about the supposed monster which pursued you on the lake,—did you obtain any light on the subject? It was very likely a horse, I should imagine?"

"Yes, it was said to have been a horse, which was grazing on one of the holms, and which was desperately fond of jumping into boats—a most extraordinary passion for a horse, as it appeared to me. But in other respects also, the whole of this occurrence is so singular, that I do not know what to think about it. And the worst of all is, that Siri, in spite of her jestings about the matter, is yet, in earnest, greatly altered since that time. She is frequently disquieted, sorrowful, as she never before was, and makes sometimes in perfect seriousness, most singular remarks. It seems also, as if she had received a sort of longing impression after death, and a desire for acquaintance with the

bowels of the earth, or of the mountains, which is incomprehensible to me; for although I was a fish, I have yet by no means become partial to the bottom of waters, nor have I any longing after them whatever. Siri has always had a something of the nature of a nocturnal butterfly about her, and been fond of roving with the moon, the stars, and—according to my belief—even with the bats; since that event, however, she is yet far more set upon these things than before, and. . . . Heaven knows what she will turn out to be in the end. I sometimes get quite fearful, and have awful misgivings about her. And withal, I cannot help loving the wild child so very heartily.”

“Yes,” said Olof, after a short pause, “I cannot say whether they are good or evil spirits that are at work in her, but I confess that she engages my interest too, and I should be glad if any way I could be of use to her, I should be glad”

“Only not become a lover!” said Brigitta, with her roguish expression of countenance; “for I don’t believe that there is a bond between you formed in heaven!”

“Ah, what nonsense!” said Olof, a little vexed: “why should one always be thinking of love and matrimonial alliances? I might just as easy be thinking of falling in love with a cloud-image, or any fantastic legend-form, as with Siri. I merely wish to become a brotherly friend to her, and if as such she had a degree of love for me, I do not think that she would be any loser by it.”

Olof looked a little haughty, and somewhat offended; Brigitta coughed with embarrassment, and in the mean time they had arrived at the parsonage, where in the

court-yard the "window-gamble" was in full operation, but where Adjunct was sitting solitary upon a bench, looking quite melancholy, and feeling his pulse.

"I must have a little fun with him," said Brigitta, and rouse with a little Latin." She then cast sympathetic looks at Adjunct, and with much pathos addressed him :

"O, amicus meus carissimus ! Tornera yourum Nasus versus yourum serva humilissima ! and say whether your thoughtsibus are occupied with youris belovidibus."

"What gibberish, to be sure! How horribly that sounds, how grating to one's ear!" exclaimed the Adjunct, and shook himself.

"Prosit!" said Brigitta. Don't you think it possible that I should speak Latin too? All the difference between your Latin and mine is this, that few people understand your Latin, but every body mine. It is, therefore, quite clear that mine is the most sensible, and that I speak clearer and plainer than you. Don't you consider that a logical conclusion? What? You don't speak? You confess yourself then conquered both in Latin and logic. Well. You may, therefore, prepare yourself for my next attack in mathematics."

The Adjunct laughed short and horsely, but looked like the mildest sunshine, and was after this quite animated, indeed to such a degree as even to take a part in the gamble, where his long legs gave him a particular advantage, so that he never failed in overtaking his partner, which seemed to afford him much amusement. Siri was in her element, because she could jump about to her heart's delight. Even Waldborg was led to join in, and thereby excited and heated,

became so much more beautiful. Lieutenant Lasse picked up a little shawl, which had dropped from her during the game, and concealed it, sighing, near his bosom.

Madam Ingeborg sat upon the steps of the house-door, by the side of her husband, and looked at the gamble of the young people. She perceived in his countenance a smile of satisfaction, and this reflected itself in hers.

It was a happy picture; but already a few days after another appeared, to which we might apply the term of

SEPARATIONS.

Are they perhaps of rare occurrence in this home of earth: these separations which sever spirits and hearts from each other; and let a sort of moral draught enter into the family which steals in through the narrowest breaches, chasing away comfort from every nook and corner, and making the Penates tremble? Ah! few there are in a family who do not visit each other either for a longer or shorter period; and the impressions which most deprive life of its comforts, are never thus found again. There is an invisible cement running through the world, whose effect ever tends to amend injuries and to join breaches. This operates with us, operates with others, operates in great as well as in small connections; and we do best to suppose that all would go wrong, for then usually is all right, and often better and more undivided than before. Hence *loving* and *anticipating* is an excellent philosophy of life within a family.

A fresh and earnest attempt had been made to pre-

vail upon Siri to take to a more settled manner of life, and occupation with female labours; but this had put her into a bad humour, and roused a spirit of rebellion in her which particularly vented itself against Madame Ingeborg. One day Siri answered her earnest maternal exhortation, in such a way as made her turn pale and convey her hand silently to her heart, while Siri petulantly left the room. A moment afterwards Olof opened the door to Siri's room and entered. He found her occupied with her moss and stones, of which she was forming grottos and bowers, and filled them with all sorts of forms of men and animals, who then lived in golden peace in a paradise in which Siri loved to transpose herself in her imaginations. On Olof's entering she went to meet him, and playfully reached out her little fist, saying,—

“Will you take a pinch, Olof? Life is at times so dreary that one must try to cheer one's self the best way one can.”

“No, I am much obliged to you, no pinch for me,” said Olof, laughing; “I am not come to take a pinch, but in order to bring one myself.”

Laughing, Siri asked,—

“What sort of one?” and Olof answered,—

“A *Spanish* one;” but on his then lowering his jesting tone, and beginning to remonstrate most seriously with Siri respecting her perverseness of conduct, Siri hastily wanted to leave the room: Olof, however, quickly intercepted the door-way, turned the lock, and put the key into his pocket. Siri was now obliged to remain and listen to him, whether she would or not; and for a long time she did listen to him with sullen silence and knitted eye-brows. But with Olof's brotherly rigid,

and at the same time, mild expostulations, the stubbornness of the little one resolved, and she began to weep vehemently. Olof would not allow himself to be softened by this, and continued to speak to her more and more seriously—more impressively to her of the real object of her existence as a human creature and a woman, and of her relation as a child in this family, where she had been received with affection. Olof was himself quite affected at his own eloquence; and suddenly Siri rose, and stretched forth to him her folded hand, while she exclaimed,—

“O speak no more! I already perceive my error—I have acted wrong!—Ah! if I had only some one to speak to me very frequently in this way! But I have been a neglected child; they used to treat me more frequently like some young wild animal than a human being, and I have turned out accordingly. But repel—reject me not!—have patience with me and I will do my part towards it. Be my friend, and do not let them demand too much from me. I am . . . I am . . . not happy!”

And with these words Siri's head rested on Olof's breast. He pressed her with fraternal benignity to his bosom, dried her tears, and spoke words of comfort and consolation to her. He felt himself so full of warm interest, so full of brotherly attachment to the young damsel, who resigned herself to his guidance and protection, that in his heart he formed the resolution entirely to become her friend and protector; yet, in his own mind he was truly glad that Brigitta was not a witness to this scene, and could not, therefore, make her comments on it.

A few days after this scene Siri was lovely to look upon. Pleasantly and mildly she did all that was

wished; she sowed with Brigitta, she took a part in the domestic affairs with Walborg, she was at home when the family were together, but she did not feel in a happy state of mind the while; she was paler than usual, and her eyes often filled with tears. One evening but to this we will apportion an especial chapter.

SOUNDS AND FOREBODINGS.

WHITSUNTIDE, which fell in the beginning of the month of June, was approaching. It was then the time when the people in Sweden say that the angels of God ascend and descend between heaven and earth; the morning was approaching, the morning of Whitsun Day, of which they believe that, as on the morning of Easter, the sun was dancing in the firmament of heaven, when the children contemplate him through blackened glass, and call to one another: "Only look, look, now he begins to dance!" the time, when countless flowers, like beaming eyes, look upwards to the clouds, when

" All spirits alike herein accord,
And raise their hallowed voice ;
To behold the beauty of the Lord,
And in his glory rejoice."

Olof was walking on a beautiful evening in May along the river-side of the Orsa, and enjoying in full inspirations, both mentally and physically, the glorious life of nature. Narrow tracks of cultivated land shone forth emerald-green from amid the dark pine wood high upon the mountains; for the hills, which in this region mostly consist of sandy earth, are often in cer-

tain places cultivated right up to the very summit, and the *Dal's* autumnal destroying angel—frost, is less devastating there above than in the valleys beneath. The Elf meandered so clear through the verdant fields, and the magnificence of the *Dal*-meadows, *Campanula palula* already began to open their beautifully-coloured flowers, drooping from high stalks. And Olof contemplated the sparkling creeks of the Elf, contemplated the distant mountains which were mantled by an azure mystic darkness, and thought of Siri; for this landscape with its varied physiognomy was to him a picture of the lovely, mysterious maiden who occupied his thoughts more and more. In addition to this, sympathy was now excited within his heart towards her, for he remembered her after-yielding temper and her tears. And while he was thus walking and reflecting, he all at once heard sweet tones of a flute. They played one of those northern melodies in which melancholy gravity is crossed by some—I know not what—innocent joy, and which conclude with a *moriendo*, wherein the tone seems not to finish, but, as it were, to vanish like a spirit in space, hastening away in order to continue his song upon another shore. Olof's heart was deeply affected by these tones, and by this sacred, peaceful life—the life in Dalecarlia—which one fancies to hear in it. The feelings of the young man were so warm and so solemn, that it seemed to him as if some profound and glorious secret of life was about to open to him at that moment.

He knew well that the Syren who charmed forth these tones was none other than Siri, and he followed them in order to find her. He was not long indeed before he discovered her, resting as she did in the soft

grass on a verdant hillock near the shore. Wild thorn-bushes—which in these parts so richly adorn the banks of the *Dal-Elf*—rose round about her, and the little fawn, Durathor, lying at her feet, pricked its little ears when it heard him coming along from a far distance. Siri, too, looked up; she blushed a little at Olof's arrival, and pleasantly saluted him. She looked mild, but not happy.

“That was very pretty, that you have just been playing!” said Olof.

“Do you think so?” said she; “then I will play you some more.” She then again played several beautiful melodies, and said: “Do you know what that is?”

“No.”

“That is an air which the river-man, near Husberg, sings in the night, when he sits upon the rock above the waterfall. The words are:

‘And I hope, and I hope, that my Redeemer still liveth.’

And ah! how dearly I should like to hear him when he is singing this!”

“Does he really, then, sit there at nights and sing?” said Olof, smiling, while seating himself upon a stone opposite to Siri.

“Yes, so they say,” answered Siri, vacillating. “I am well aware that others say, all this was only superstition; but there is many a superstition which for all that is very charming, and which has all the semblance of truth. For instance—”

“Do tell me, pray, a little more about those sorts of things,” intreated Olof, cordially.

For instance, then, about the mountaineers,” continued Siri. “Do you know who are the dwellers of

this hill? Why, they are hill-men, for the hills are the habitations of the spirits. When on a Saturday evening one stretches one's-self out on such a hill, then one can hear the music in it. Those are the hill-folk who play upon their harps, and plaintively sing over their thralldom, and call upon mortals for emancipation. And when this is promised to them, they then merrily play the whole night through; but if they are answered: 'Ye have no deliverer!' they then with a woeful cry strike their harps, and a perfect silence ensues in the hill. And are you aware, that there are virgins said to dwell in the springs that are very beautiful, but captive, and who under their silver roof long for the day of judgment; for then, it is said, they are to be free. They are mute, and look very sad; they raise their eyes melancholy, and shed large tears. In all streams and lakes, in the hills and woods, beings are said to have been discovered that are captive and sigh for deliverance. Ah, Olof! how I pity them all, and how gladly I would set them free. I have often felt—and especially the last few days—how painful it is to be captive; and now imagine for a moment to be so throughout one's whole existence," and Siri buried her face in her hands and wept.

"But, my sweet child!" said Olof, "all these beings about which you are so troubled, are creations of the fancy. They have no existence whatever."

"Yes, so many people say," answered Siri; "but I feel that in some way or other they still exist, although I cannot make it clear to myself. Frequently when I am abroad alone, by day or by night, it seems to me as if I must address every thing around, as if every thing would speak to me, and that I should comprehend

all, if . . . yes, I cannot say what it is that hinders me, but it often appears to me so as if I too were bound and needed deliverance; then I should comprehend all, and become good and happy. Ah, Olof! then I frequently feel so strange; and when I then see aught around me that suffers, goes to ruin or dies, then I fain would help and save, and then I feel so grieved that I cannot."

"Heaven knows, my little sister, whence these gloomy fancies of Nature have risen with you. To me it seems that every thing in Nature is glorious and perfect."

"Yes, at times it appears so on the mere surface. But I have cast a glance beyond, and there—there is much that is bad and awful! I have seen how every thing reciprocally consumes and annihilates itself, how animals pursue each other, and I have seen what cruelties men daily and hourly exercise towards animals. Ah, Olof! every thing is not good in Nature! But cannot you tell me, Olof, whether the animal has a soul,—I mean a soul that outlives the body?"

"Hem!—no, that I cannot tell you; but I wish you would speak with my father about it, for he is a learned man, and has very deeply reflected and studied on many subjects. And, by-the-by, while I happen to think of it—to-morrow is Sunday, and my father will preach—shall we not go to church to hear him?"

"To church?" said Siri, looking darkly; "to that old dark house, and that crowd of people? Why should we not rather be under Heaven's free canopy, now that things are so beautiful? The church makes me timorous and heavy-hearted."

"Come with me at all events to-morrow: do so for my sake!" intreated Olof, heartily.

"For your sake? Well, then, I will. But, Olof, speak with them at home, that they do not tie me down to needlework and books. I am so very young yet: let me enjoy my liberty for awhile longer."

The look and the tone with which Siri intreated were so heartfelt.

But Olof answered:

"Promise me, then, that you will be compliant to those at home as much as you can, and I will undertake to arrange matters so that you shall have as much liberty as is possible. In the summer we will rove over the mountains together; you shall be my guide, Siri, and we will make great excursions by land and by water, and have much pleasure together."

"Ah, that will be heavenly!" exclaimed Siri, beaming with joy. "Ah! how glorious that will be. And thou, Durathor!" continued she, playing with her fawn, which laid its head upon her knee: "thou shalt go with us, thou little silly thing. Yes, yes, that will be glorious! Hast thou a soul; Durathor? Canst thou not tell me whether thou hast a soul that never dies? Yes, thou hast such a soul; I see it in thy beautiful eyes. Thou wilt one day come into Paradise, and partake of the tree of life, and the water of life. And thou shalt have little gold bells hanging to thy antlers."

"Promise no more than you will be able to perform, my little sister!" said Olof, smiling.

Siri was now again, child-like, contented, and playful; and while she was walking home with Olof, she

* Siri's playful words remind one of the words which Luther said to his dog when he growled: "Growl not, my little doggy; in the resurrection thou too shalt get a little golden tail!"

showed him flowers, and graminous plants, that he was fond of, and he in return told her the botanical names. Once she held him back, and said: "Take care you don't tread upon this grass here; here the fairies have been dancing." And she showed him a round piece of blue-green grass, which she particularly distinguished from the rest of the grass. And Olof informed her that that grass was called *nesleria cœrulea*, and that just so in the Swedish botany it had the name of: "fairy-dance-grass."

"With the idea of Paradise I always associate that of the fairies dancing on the grass in the summer nights, and that all animals and men are happy and live in peace with each other. Is it not written in the Bible, Olof, that it was so in the world till the serpent beguiled Eve to bite into the apple? Ah! what a sad thing that she should have allowed herself to be so seduced, and that so much mischief should have resulted from it!"

"Yes," said Olof, "that was a disagreeable affair!" And the two young people laughed in innocent levity, just as men would do who for the moment felt no effect from the disagreeable affair."

"In the terms and understanding with each other Olof and Siri, with Durathor, came home together.

Olof's thoughts were that evening much occupied about Siri, and they were something to the following effect:

"What a peculiar mixture there is in that girl of child-like simplicity and depth of thought, what singular forebodings and inquiries sally forth so unexpectedly from that childish being, that half-wild existence! Will Siri, indeed, ever be quiet and do-

mesticated like other women? And if not, what will become of her? But Siri is so young yet. Young girls often have fancies and problematic queries, which vanish as they grow older and get married. Yes, perchance it will be love precisely that will develop the woman in her, and collect the floating scattered sparks into a beautiful flame, for . . . for the man who wins, her heart who knows how to lead her with prudence and mildness. This wild Undine may perhaps one day be transformed into the most faithful and amiable of women, and, if the right man comes!" Olof smiled in self-complacent reflection. Siri's late compliant temper and spirit of cordiality towards him, had induced him to think highly of his influence upon her. Indeed she had not smoked any more cigars since that evening when he said that it made her look detestable; she wanted, therefore, to appear agreeable in his eyes; that was clear as the sun.

"But our good Olof really is a most conceited young gentleman!" one or other of our readers may be induced to think, and thereby find themselves induced to withdraw all their favour from him.

That, however, they would not do, if they knew, as we do, how many great and little follies men puts off as he grows in deeper into life, or up into his better self, just as the one or the other folly may at the same time be found in a man, without injury to his worth, at least to a higher eye. But if they know this, or are willing to believe us, and do not wish to take over strict notice of certain expressions in Olof's character, they will by and by also not unwillingly follow his further development. But we resume our story again and betake ourselves to—

CHURCH.

The bells of Mora were ringing. These bells are far-famed around, for they are tuned in triad, and their peals have a peculiar charm and fulness. They now were ringing for divine service.

It is a magnificent sight which the Silja lake presents on a Sunday. Leksand, Rättwik, and Mora, are the three parishes, which in a circle of wood-wreathed mountains enclose the "eye of Dalecarlia;" and which, together with the diocese of Orsa, with a population of from thirty to forty thousand souls, compose the heart of Dalecarlia. Mora, however, is properly the mother-parish; large churches, white and adorned with steeples, lie on the banks of the lake, and shine forth in the far distance from blue waves and green fields.

On Sundays flotillas of long small boats, with nine or ten pairs of oars, and filled with forty or fifty persons, are seen crossing the lake from the populated villages to the churches. Frequently upwards of twenty boats are seen approaching the shore at once. The costumes of the people are neat and smart, and indicate an almost pedantic nicety in cut and style. In Leksand the yellow colour is predominant; in Rättwik, red; and in Mora, white and black. Every where, however, the head-tire of the women, and the lawn about their neck and arms is of a dazzling whiteness. Their round faces have a particularly striking, interesting effect, on account of their ruddy complexion—their bright *teint*, their blue, gay-looking eyes; their white teeth, and an

expression of unruffled good-temper. Among the men one meets with portly figures, and their not unfrequently noble head is adorned by a rich growth of hair, which, parted over the forehead and temples, hangs down about the neck in those abundant natural curls with which romance loves to grace its heroes, but which, in reality, we no where else remember to have seen, except among the peasants of Dalecarlia. As for the rest, the people of Dalecarlia distinguish themselves not merely by their dress, but also by their physiognomy, character, and manners, which have their particular peculiarity in every parish.

They usually assemble together for the celebration of the Lord's Day. The poorest then receives from the wealthy the loan of clothes, in order to go well-dressed to the House of God. And thither the whole household family is seen to repair, from the hoary-headed man that leans on his crutch down to the suckling lying in the cradle, which is carried by its father or mother, wrapped up in the softest snow-white fur-cloak of lambskins.

Housewives and children, great and small, are frequently seen carrying in their hands a large bouquet of a species of onion called "butter-onion," to which the people in this country are very partial, and with which the children are treated during the church services.

Beautiful it is, to see at the river side this crowd of thousands of people, in whose variegated dress there still prevails a grateful harmony to the eye, from whose forms shine forth health and strength, and interesting it is to see, how amid this throng, this dense concourse

of people, who are stepping out and into their boats, not a single oath, not an improper word is heard escaping their lips, nor an unfriendly look observed expressed in their countenances. Yet, let the people here not be thought an idyl, nor bands of herdsmen and shepherdesses. It is easily perceived that powerful and warlike men are here met with as worthy of the descendants of the ancient Scythians. The plough and the battle-axe, which according to the legend of the "burning gold," fell down from heaven into the hand of their ancestor, are to this day the symbols of their life and characters. Endowed more with reason than with fancy, and yet enthusiastic for liberty, the people in Dalecarlia are ever ready to exchange the plough for the sword in its defence, and are distinguished by a power and perseverance, which in the heat of conflict frequently rises to a pitch of hard-heartedness and cruelty.

But their life is a laborious one. No luscious fruits ripen for them; no comfort of culture sweetens and effeminates their existence. Contending with a severe climate and an ungrateful soil, they gain their harvest with toil, and not unfrequently mix their bread with the bark of the birch-tree. Separated from the rest of the world, except in cases of emigration, when they, however, faithfully keep together, and long back after their home; strongly enclosed in their valleys, they would be paralysed in soul and spirit, if they had no family and religion. With inmost affection they stoop to their children, and with inward consolation they look up to heaven. They love also to enter into the dogmatics of religion; and many a profound dogma

which appears incomprehensible to the educated, but in many respects misguided worldly men, is as easily and clearly comprehended by these simple, penetrating minds. To their spiritual pastors they are devoted with filial attachment, (unless by their conduct they show themselves totally unworthy of it), and of their churches they are proud, and cheerfully make sacrifices for their embellishment. "You value and make much of your churches. It is a surprising thing to me how you can find means to do all that you are doing to them," said a traveller once to a Dalecarlian, as he was contemplating the new, glittering copper roof of the church of Mora. "We lavish, you see, all the less on our own houses," modestly answered the Dalecarlian. And so it is. The huts which these vigorous, tall people inhabit are, perhaps, smaller and more lowly in appearance than in any other part of Sweden.

The people of Mora distinguish themselves in appearance from the populace in the other parishes by a more serious demeanour, a more gloomy, defined physiognomy, and a sharper look. One hesitates, perhaps, at times, to accost a grave-looking man of Mora, but when he answers, one is surprised by the melancholy, full pleasing tone of his speech. A sort of child-like innocence sounds forth from it, and the familiar "thou," with which he generally addresses others, is grateful to the heart, and transposes it into more remote and simple ages. Every parish in Dalecarlia has, besides its agriculture, yet another separate branch of subsistence for itself. In Mora the people are noted for their mathematical and arithmetical knowledge, and they manufacture watches which are current all over

the kingdom. In the eastward part of the parish (along the Silja Lake) there is a little watch-making workshop in every other peasant's room; in the westward part cabinet-making work is carried on. The females also are here, as throughout the whole province of Dalecarlia, distinguished by their cleverness in handiworks. Skilful productions from horse-hair, the finest and prettiest watch-guards and necklaces are turned out of their coarse hands. But I fear we shall in this way never get to church at all.

The family from the parsonage of Mora had from the shore contemplated the boats filled with church visitors, which arrived in great numbers. For not less than ten bridal pairs were to have been betrothed that Sunday in the church of Mora. Among the people who were collecting on the shore Madame Ingeborg observed a young female peasant who wept bitterly, and straightway walked up to her to inquire into the cause of her grief. The young woman then related that "She was a widow for several months past, and that to-day, as the rowers were changing their oars, at the Bytesholm, her wedding-ring—the only relic she had left her from her husband, and her short but happy marriage—had fallen into the lake, and she had no hope of getting it again, for the spot where it had been lost, was of a "bottomless depth."* Madame Ingeborg consoled

* Among the people of Dalecarlia, there are various legends about the extraordinary depths of the Silja Lake. In one of these it is related that the genius of the lake has once been heard calling, "If thou wilt know my depth, thou must measure my length."

the young widow with her cordial sympathy, while at the same time she invited her to dinner at the parsonage, where every Sunday several peasants with their wives were invited to the Provost's hospitable table.

But now the harmonious bells pealed their summons, and the long bridal procession, which had already arranged them in order in the parsonage-court, now began to move to the church, headed by the slender Adjunct. Next in order behind him followed the married men, two and two, all in blue dresses. Then came the bridegrooms, one after another, in blue coats, yellow buckskin breeches, and white stockings, each with a fine white handkerchief, with a tassel at the end, bound round his right arm. Behind the bridegrooms came the brides-maids, great and little, all in green dresses, and their hair interplaited with pearls and ribands. Behind these followed the brides-women, that is to say, married women and otherwise related to the brides, who were to assist in the ceremony. Then came the brides, each by herself, walking behind the other. Among these were only two *Crown-brides*, or "fine-dressed brides," and the rest eight *Green-brides*, (*gron-brojdi* in the language of the Dalecarlians.) The first-mentioned, who were two wealthy peasants' daughters, wore dresses of black bombazine, with short sleeves and white ruffles. Their dresses were, as usual, decorated with all sorts of finery, with chequered aprons and beautiful loose-hanging ribands; their bosoms and necks were decked with variegated pearls, silver chains, and silver medals attached to them. On their heads they wore each a gilt silver crown, together with a wreath and a three-quarters upright-standing twig put together from various colours of stuff patches, which represented

flowers. Besides this, they wore yellow gloves, embroidered with various colours, and a muff, from which a number of handkerchiefs of different colours were hanging down. Red stockings, and ordinary shoes with high heels, completed the costume.

The dress of the "Green-brides," equally respectful though less decorated than the "Crown-brides," consisted of a light-green spencer of common fashion, a coat of glittering *chalon*, and a chequered apron. Round the neck they, like the Crown-brides, wore several silver chains, and on their heads the usual head-tire of married women, of fine white Dutch linen, and over it the triangular head-kerchief of unmarried damsels. In pursuance of a most ancient custom, which is still kept up though with a tint of superstition, every bride as well as bridegroom, wore a silver penny in the left stocking. A few soldiers in full uniform closed the procession.

At the church door they were met by the verger, who made way for the entering crowd and gave the signal for the commencement of the service by the introductory chant:

"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord," &c.

The assembly that day consisted of several thousand persons. The pews, benches, and walks of the church were all full, and in addition to these a crowd of children, great and small, who were either running about the walks, or getting something to eat from their mothers in order to keep them quiet, or were quietly sleeping on their laps.

And as soon as the service was in operation, the old sexton went with soft steps and dark face through the walks, while he sent about long spying looks in every direction, and held his wand under the nose of any

dozing old woman, at which she (or rather the nose) started up affrighted, or gave a little tap to any that were emitting suspicious sounds from them; but the young and strong fellows who were sleeping, why them he let—sleep in peace.

Olof, who had such a seat as to be able to see Siri, regarded her from time to time, and observed with pleasure that she appeared animated and attentive.

The sonorous, beautiful church-singing, for which these assemblies are far-famed round about, and which bursts forth with a power that renders all organ-tones superfluous, and far over-sound it, made a sensible impression upon her. And when she heard those words proceeding from the altar:

“For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

“For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.

“Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

“For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together,” &c. &c.*

—Then Siri involuntarily looked at Olof with flashing, inquiring, and most anticipating eyes.

But when the Professor's most emphatic, energetic discourse, proceeding from the very depth of his soul, sounded down from the pulpit, when he thanked God who causes his sun to rise and his gospel to shine on the most hidden valleys just as much as on the highest mountains, then the hearts both of the youth and of

* Romans viii. 18, *et seq.*

the maiden grew warm, and their radiant, tearful eyes sought not—each other but—the invisible one.

The bridal pairs, who were sitting on the choir near the altar, were each furnished with a hymn-book of party-coloured ornamented binding, out of which bridegroom and bride jointly sang. During the prayers they stepped forward and knelt down at the altar. The benediction was pronounced upon all at the same time, while each knelt beneath her bridal cloth. This was a beautiful and grand sight. After the divine service the bridal procession returned to the parsonage, where it tarried awhile, and was entertained by Madame Ingeborg.

The rest of the people dispersed about the waterside, and refreshed themselves with the provisions brought with them. Little boys went about with baskets, out of which they offered little black bride-cakes for sale, with the laconic cry, "Buy!" The sun was shining, the scene was animated and agreeable, though attended with little noise.

Siri went to Olof, and asked him for the signification of the epistle read aloud from the altar. Olof referred her to his father. It was really Olof's intention that Siri's heart should through the service of that day, and the impression which the speaking talent of his father seldom failed to make, turn to him and devote itself to the relation which, as between tutor and scholar, would soon take place, and which he so greatly dreaded. But now, when Olof begged her to speak to his father, she shook her head, and withdrew herself.

In the afternoon Siri accompanied the young widow who had lost the ring across the lake, and made her show her the place where it had dropped. Meanwhile

Olof had a long interview with his mother about Siri, in which they deliberated on the plan to be pursued in order to operate advantageously on her development. They agreed in employing mild and prudent measures; and Olof calculated thereby more, and with greater certainty, on the influence which he exerted upon her than he himself would express.

A short time afterwards the Professor began those lessons of instruction and entertainment to which they had looked forward with so great an apprehension.

It was not without a mixture of trembling and defiance that she subjected herself to this instruction, of which she believed that it was to be a restraint and fetter to her free spirit. But these feelings soon vanished, and made way for quite different ones. Nordenwall was not one of the judges of Zion who may be called watchmen of the tomb, and who prohibit all searches and inquiries; he was a man of progress, he followed the development of his time, and wherever he found people who were falsely instructed, his sole aim then was to impart better and more correct views. But while he set no bounds to the liberty of reason, he strictly demanded purity of sentiment, sincerity of intention, which alone lays open to view the sanctuaries of life. He knew that human reason—this ever inquiring, of divine origin—may find (though not find out) eternal ideas, immortal conceptions, and he was inclined to admit with one of the celebrated fathers of the church, that the words "seek and ye shall find," were chiefly said to those who seek eternal truth through reflection.

"Ye shall know, *comprehend*, the truth, and the

truth shall make you free!" was the gospel, were the words of the great teacher, which he frequently addressed to young inquirers; "yet," added he, "seek to abide his true disciples."

Without fear he now also allowed the inquiring and bold spirit of his youthful scholar to rove about in the whole circuit of life, and stir up a whole ocean of inquiries and doubts, assured that he would be able to impart that light to her that would yet set in order that world to her view which still appeared in confusion to her. He himself even experienced, through the vivacious maiden, a salutary encouragement and stimulant.

Siri on her part, who felt that her spirit would rather be freed than fettered by that tutor and his instruction, who saw new regions, new objects of interest open to her, laid hold with eagerness of the new life, and precipitated herself, as it were, into that world.

But the adage is true that "one fool can ask more than ten wise men answer;" and that "the fortress of truth cannot be taken by storm."

Siri's self-willed and impatient character frequently gave proofs of this to her as well as to her tutor. The manner in which the truth becomes dear in the human mind, the gradual progress which lies at the root of all development, the uneasiness which is inseparably connected with it,—that was much too little suited to the little patience of the young maiden. Whatever she did not at once comprehend, she believed she would never get to understand, and when a ray of light, which she had once seen, becomes again overcast by a cloud, then she despaired and rose against her master and against the whole world.

During such a fit of temper, Walborg found her one

day weeping, lying upon the grass beneath a lime-tree in the garden. Walborg asked her why she wept, and Siri answered,—

“Because life seems intolerable to me. It would be better to be dead; then there would be an end of all one's troubles. There is no pleasure in living; and I don't know of what use it is.”

“We must still live!” answered Walborg, with a somewhat bitter resignation, which is peculiar to a class of pitiable people, whose life is as it were soured by long seclusion.

“Ah, it is intolerable!” said Siri, beside herself, wrung her hands, and bit into them. Walborg cast a proud and disdainful look at her, and went away.

But Siri's preceptor remained tranquil in her mind, amid all the gusts of wind,—and this calmness, together with his mildness and continued direction, produced by degrees a salutary effect upon her. She became possessed as it were with a sort of fanatic longing for the holy communion, which was to complete her consecration to a more profound life. Siri's opinion was that then clearness and new life would enter into her soul; and in childish ignorance softly begged that she might be allowed to receive it and then die.

Olof's company, and the great rambles which they undertook together, were a salutary diversion to her; and the instruction in the natural and physical sciences which he imparted to her, afforded her particular pleasure. But when she kept asking and inquiring, ever entering into the original causes of things; and when the young teacher gave her the fullest answers which he had hitherto been able to give, she was astonished that even here, with the most common

phenomenon of nature, she was obliged to stop at a mystery.

From this arose fresh inquiries, fresh misgivings, and a disquietude of which Siri then had no forebodings that she should bear within her the germ of a higher peace.

Meanwhile her life was affluent; and amid the change of storm and sunshine to which she was perpetually subject, her heart was by degrees brought nearer to her paternal instructor, the Professor, and that was fresh joy to him; for the young maiden continually increased in his affection and esteem; and her timidity and coldness had been a source of great grief to him.

Surprising it was that the young girl withal did not seem to feel quite comfortable in this family, where, indeed, so much benignant care and attention had been devoted to her; and notwithstanding her late close attachment to the Professor, there yet seemed to be an invisible and inexplicable barrier which stood in the way of her heart, and that of two parents who desired nothing more dearly than to draw her to their breast as a beloved child.

Olof was perpetually reflecting on the possible cause of this; just so on the melancholy humour which frequently came over Siri in the very midst of her gayest moments, and on the mysterious expressions which sometimes escaped her. Siri ever remained reserved to him as to all others in these matters; and Olof began and ended with mystery.

MAD TRICKS AND RIDDLES.

BRIGHTA had observed that Siri, for some time past, had been rowing out early every morning on the Silja lake, accompanied by a peasant girl out of the village, of the age of about twelve years; and when she asked Siri one morning whither she was rowing so early, she answered,—

“Out a fishing near the Bytes-holms.”

“And what sort of fish do you catch?” asked Brigitta. “I don’t remember to have eaten any fish of your catching.”

“I angle for a gold fish!” said Siri, laughing; “and that’s difficult to catch.”

“A gold fish! that I must see!” exclaimed Brigitta. “I shall go with you.”

“Ob no!” said Siri, blushing; “it is not worth while; there is nothing much of interest or amusement to see in it; and besides that, you know how timid you are on the water.”

“But still I must see what kind of gold fish there is in the Silja lake, and how you catch it: and, therefore, I shall escort you.” It was perfectly useless to resist when Brigitta had once determined upon any thing.

But the ride was not very agreeable to Brigitta; for the wind was blowing rather fresh on the lake, and

naughty Siri could not refrain from aiding the waves secretly, rocking the little boat, and thereby frightening Brigitta to the uttermost, who all the while held herself fast to the side of the boat, and exclaimed,—

“Don't, I beseech you, for heaven's sake, don't!—Are we to be fish again just now?—Do, pray, sit still, Siri! Must you then capsize the boat again? you ugly, sweet, naughty little Siri! Sit still, I tell you, or else . . . I have nothing more to say; but this I can tell you, that when I am silent and turn pale, then I am very angry.”

But when Siri saw Brigitta grow “very angry,” she threw herself upon her knees, kissed and embraced her; but then the little boat vacillated still more, and Brigitta shrieked and scolded her, that she was obliged to cry, for sheer laughing. But worse still it was when they arrived at the next Bytes-holm. And when, instead of pulling to shore, the young peasant maid held in with her oars at a deep place a little distance from the shore; and Siri, quite composedly and seriously, began to undress in the boat. Brigitta looked at this with suspicious looks. At length she said,—

“This much is certain, that you have some singular ways in fishing. What is the meaning of all this? what is to be the result of it? Do you suppose that I am going to sit here and see you drowned? Not from the spot shall you now stir, if you do not wish me to shriek so that the whole parish of Mora shall be set in motion.”

Siri had almost choked with laughing at this monologue; but all at once she grew serious, and said,—

“Hush now!” and that in such a decided tone that Brigitta started. But in the next moment Siri plunged

head foremost into the depth of the waves. Brigitta did not at that time shriek, but made a motion as if she would follow her—to which the little peasant maid said,—

“She will soon rise again—she has done the same thing already these three weeks past, regularly; she is diving for Marte Stine’s wedding-ring.”

“Good and gracious Father in heaven! That’s the gold-fish, then, is it? Ah! what a girl!” exclaimed Brigitta, delighted and alarmed at the same time. And now a fair arm rose forth from the waves, and immediately after Siri’s fair head. She laughed at Brigitta, heaved a few deep breaths and laid down her capture from the bottom of the lake into the boat—a handful of mud, with a few glittering stones in it, but—no ring. Notwithstanding the entreaties of Brigitta, she dived down twice more, and on her rising the third time, behold!—bright gold glittered forth from the black mud, and Brigitta and Siri exclaimed together:

“The gold-fish, the gold-fish!”

“The wedding-ring after which Siri had now been seeking for three weeks long, with unwearied perseverance, was found at last.

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed Brigitta, “now one may breathe freely again. Now dress yourself quickly, Siri; you are quite blue with cold and restraint of respiration. You really have the most unaccountable awful designs, and ought not by rights to be left to yourself. You will never rest until you have, in some way or other, put an end to your life!”

But Brigitta loved Siri so very much, although she was cross with her; and Siri was so delighted with the recovery of the ring, and the joy that it gave to the

poor woman, Marte Stine, that the passage homeward was just as peaceful and pleasant as the outward was unquiet. Siri then straightway repaired to the young widow on the way.

Brigitta, meantime, went to her brother to relate to him the occurrence of this morning, and on perceiving his eyes sparkle all the while, she exclaimed :

“Lasse, you are my own brother, and you have your heart in its right place, although it sometimes sits somewhat loosely. Now I beg you would do me the favour, and not fall in love with Siri, that I can tell you ; for then I am sure there would be nothing else but mad doings resulting from it. I'll be bound to say there is enough already without. Look you there now, your waistcoat is torn ; I'll mend it for you....But what's that ? From whom have you gotten this little silk handkerchief ? Why, I do believe—yes, upon my word, that's Walborg's, to a certainty !”

“She dropped it while she was playing the ‘Widow's Gambol,’ the other evening !” said Lasse, somewhat blushing, and exculpating himself.

“Lasse ! Lasse !” said Brigitta, shaking her head. “It seems you will never be wiser. Three month's ago it was the sandal of Josephine's silver shoe, which you wore, like a blue riband under your waistcoat, and now it is....”

“Ah !” said Lieutenant Lasse, “this is quite a different thing....”

“Quite different ? Yes, to be sure, for this is a handkerchief, and not a sandal, that I see very clearly ; and a very pretty little handkerchief, of very heavy taffeta, into the bargain ! Walborg, I am sure, would not part with it for a trifle. I shall take care too, to

deliver it to her, again, duly and rightly. She is a right sort of person, Walborg. . . .”

“Person! Brigitta, you really speak very little. . . .”

“Well, of course, is she not a person? Or what else is she? I should not wonder but you would like me to call her a goddess; but knowing that she is a poor sinful being, as all the rest of us are, but a very nice girl withal, I shall take care that she shall have her handkerchief again, as soon as possible.”

“Brigitta, you are downright cruel! Have you then no fellow-feeling at all for me, your own brother?”

“No, not the least, when it concerns the restoration of things stolen by my dear brother, but very much on the other hand for your wearing untattered waistcoats. I will, therefore, take this along with me, to make it whole again; but Walborg’s handkerchief, in order to restore it to her again.”

“She will then get to know that I have worn it next to my heart.”

“Under your waistcoat, you meant to say; yes, to be sure, but she shall also get to know that a certain sandal had occupied the place before it.”

“No, Brigitta, no!”

“Yes, Lasse, yes! don’t think that you can make young girls believe that there is more about your heart than there really is. I love you too dearly to allow that weightier sins rested upon it under the sandals and handkerchiefs that lay upon it, and which will yet lay upon it in future. My dear brother, thank heaven that you have a sister who takes more heed of you than you do of yourself. The waistcoat you shall have again in a quarter of an hour. But I will now first go to look after my Adjunct, and see if he is yet within

time and space. It really is dreadful to think of the many things I have to take care of! It is a surprising thing that I do not get confused withal." And Brigitta laughed and nodded to her brother. As she left the room, Lieutenant Lasse, however, sighed, and consoled himself by humming to himself:

"Though life may be short and be dull,
Yet may cheerfulness lighten the way!"

Lieutenant Lasse was one of that class of men who by means of their gay levity become agreeable company, by and by frequently, alas! fools, and sometimes even rogues. Pity, a thousand pities, that any thing so agreeable and interesting should frequently end so lamentably." And Lieutenant Lasse had such a good heart, that it would have been a very great pity if such had been the way with him; hence it is that heaven had given him a wise sister, whom he heartily loved, and contrary to whose pleasure he did not like to act. Besides he was like her in outward appearance, though he was less pretty: he was pock-marked, had flaxen hair, dazzling white teeth, and a humorous, merry expression of countenance, which made a cheering impression.

Not without a degree of embarrassment did he see Walborg again late in the day. But as Walborg was just as cold and polite, and equally tranquil as ever, Lieutenant Lasse soon got out of his embarrassment, and uncertain whether Brigitta had betrayed his little secret, he soon jested, sighed and laughed, just as before.

The Professor, astonished at Siri's up-fishing of the widow's ring, said to his wife:

"The girl is no ordinary being! a glorious nature!

you will see that we shall some day live to see her our hearts' delight and joy. She must have her full liberty, my dear little woman! All men are not cast after one mould. This girl is guided by a good spirit!"

"Would you were right!" said Madame Ingeborg, with a shining, tearful glance.

"If we could only succeed," continued Nordenwall, "in getting her to be less shy, and become more attached to us. There is something in her infinitely regaling to me, and it only grieves me that I cannot win her attachment as much as I could wish. Yet in time, and with patience, we shall be able to accomplish it.

On the evening of that day there rose a strong north-east wind, and a number of grey, rent clouds moved about the sky, and covered the summits of the mountains. In order to counteract the influence of the uncomfortable weather Madam Ingeborg called the young people together to tea, plucking of feathers, and social games; and as the young folks from Sollerö happened just then also to be at Mora, the summons was received with particular pleasure.

During the plucking of feathers, riddles were propounded and resolved. Madam Ingeborg asked:

"Who is the great one who drives over the earth, robs bill and wood, and defiles the sun, being afraid of the wind, but not of men?"

And to this it was quickly answered that the "great one" was the "fog."

Madame Ingeborg asked again:

"What is that that is better than God, and worse than Satan, that the dead eat, and of which the living, were they to eat it, would die?"

This riddle required longer time for consideration,

but at last it was also answered with triumphant looks. Then followed a general demand for "more riddles."

"You are over-clever this evening," said Madame Ingeborg. "I must consider a little if I can think of some difficult riddle for you. Now, then, hear this. What wonderful thing was that that I saw in the King's Castle, that turns its feet up towards the sun, and its head——" But here Madame Ingeborg suddenly started, as if alarmed at something that was passing outside of the window at which she stood. She heavily drew breath, passed her hand to her heart, and quickly quitted the room. Siri, also, curiously looked out of the window. Olof likewise followed with her eyes, but they saw nothing particular except a tall-figured stranger, who was passing by on the high road before the parsonage, and disappeared behind the buildings situate below there. But scarcely had Olof seen the black dressed stranger, when, with an exclamation of surprise, he quickly hastened out of the room, and with such a violent motion, that all the feathers flew round about.

"Bless us! bless us!" cried the workers. "What wonderful thing was that then, that Olof got sight of there?" Then they too looked out of the window and beheld—nought.

"That must have been the mountain-spirit himself," exclaimed Olof, when after ten minutes he re-entered quite out of breath. "It seemed to me, positively, as if I recognised an acquaintance of mine in the passing stranger, and I, therefore, hastened to overtake him; but he was completely vanished, and I cannot conceive what road he has taken."

"What *he*? What acquaintance?" they inquired in all directions.

"Ah!" said Olof, "merely a wonder that I had seen in the King's Castle; or—more correctly speaking—at Hygyfors; but I certainly ought to have related to you the adventure about that place, for it is almost the only interesting one that I have met with on my three years' travels."

"An adventure! an adventure! Do tell us it!—pray tell us it," cried the young people.

"Let me only have a look at you, Olof!" cried Brigitta; "you must be a real lion, or a tiger, or some still more curious animal, since you have met with interesting adventures on your travels. King Solomon certainly was wrong when he said, that there is nothing new under the sun. And now for your adventure. Let us now see that it was a highly remarkable one. We are all ear and attention."

And Olof began to relate:

"About six weeks ago, on my journey hither, I was on the Osmundsberg, close to the Boda Chapel in Rättwik, and lingered there a little in order to botanize, and in quest of petrified objects, such as I knew were to be met with there. I had also a great desire to see the so-called "*Flog*," or *Drakeldar*, which are said to make their appearance during certain nights there. I then also took a walk to the Stygg-fors—I hope you are all aware what the Stygg-fors is?"

"Well—yes, somewhere thereabouts."

"Yes, so it is, for it is difficult to describe it so precisely. In the first place, and before all things, it is not a waterfall, for the fall of the water is in proportion to the mass inconsiderable; it is nevertheless, however, a most awful place in the midst of a wild wood, to which one only arrives by very troublesome

roads ; and a more desolate and wilder scene of nature, steeper precipices, and more rugged acclivities, one does not get to see in many places. Right into the midst of the strangest roaring and rushing noise, leads a narrow and steep cliff, in the shape of a crooked back, and terminates crossway before the abyss. And it is said that a magistrate of that part of the country, who was tired of life, had been riding out there in full speed upon that rock, in order to precipitate himself down headlong from it. But just at the moment when the horse came to the extremity of the brink where the abyss is perpendicularly thirty fathoms deep, it whirled quickly round, and galloped back, bearing its astonished rider with it. On the west side of the fall there is a sort of grotto, as if it were burnt in, or excavated in the mountain, which is called the magic cave, and of which it is said that it was formerly a resorting place for witches and robbers."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Brigitta, "that begins very prettily, at all events. I most assuredly expect many, but awful things. I am getting quite warm already."

"There is, there too," continued Olof, laughing at Brigitta's warmth, "a high sharp sandbank, which is called the 'Goat's-back.'"

"Goat's-back! that does not sound so pretty," cried Brigitta, by way of interruption, "Go, I beg, and get upon the goat's-back. That sounds unromantic."

"By the side of the Goat's-back grows a flower, of which I was anxious to get a specimen."

"Oh, dear! there we have it. Our hero tumbles down from the goat's-back."

"No, he did not fall down; he went, or more correctly speaking, he crept down quite bravely, and crept equally as brave up again with an *Epipactis atrorubens*, as a victorious banner in his hand."

"Well, thank goodness!"

"I then repaired towards that side where the magic cave is situate."

"Well done!"

"Above it projects the narrow ridge of a hill, which is called the "Rat's-tail."

"The Rat's-tail? Abominable! If you go and tie yourself to the rat's-tail, why then I'll have nothing more to do with you."

"And on reaching the acclivity, I espied an extraordinary little species of clasper which grew a few fathoms beneath me at the end of the. . . ."

"Rat's-tail, perchance?"

"Yes, quite right! of the Rat's-tail. I could not forbear to climb down the declivity with my hands and feet."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! that's terrible going on, to be sure!"

"No, it certainly did not go particularly well; under my feet stones were continually rolling away, and little bushes to which I held fast with my hands, gave way with the roots and all. Thus I slid several yards downwards, and I saw the moment before me when I must either hang myself unto the Rat's-tail, and forfeit Brigitta's good graces for ever, or slip down full speed into the abyss. But just as I felt myself a-going that way, a hand was stretched forth from the mountain—a hand seized me by the neck, or more correctly, by the coat-collar; and almost in the same instant I found

myself transposed into a sort of grotto in the middle of the mountains, and directly opposite a figure, that looked so strange and fantastic, that it might fain have been the genius of Stygg-fors."

"Ah! charming, perfectly enchanting! That cannot be better!"

"After having recovered myself from the astonishment of the first moment, I could not, while contemplating my delivery, forbear thinking of Sir Walter Scott's "Belfour de Bourleigh," and other gloomy figures of his novels. He was slender and of high stature, meagre, and wore a coarse, but yet tasteful black dress. His dark and grey mingled hair hung disorderly over his forehead. His face was tanned, and—if one may say so—ugly, but yet interesting through a trace of sufferings, which seemed to have hardened and rendered it prematurely aged, for he could not have been much more than forty years old. There was a something of decay, something of a wreck in that countenance which led one to think of seeing in him the ruins of some great character. His eyes were singular; and I hardly know what to say, whether handsome or plain, but their glance was awful; and there was throughout a something about the man, that was impossible to inspire confidence. I should certainly never have chosen him for my travelling companion, although my present encountering of him in the mountain was quite welcome to me. He addressed me, not in Swedish, but in German, and in a voice which sounded both melancholy and sullen at the same time. He was a traveller; by birth, a Tyrolean; was familiar with all the relative sciences of mining and metallurgy; and was here, like myself, from curiosity. After having led me out of the

magic cave to a more convenient road than that on which I had reached thither, we botanized awhile together, during which he threw out different questions respecting my home and circumstances of life. From him I meantime did not ascertain any thing, except that his name was "Augerman," and was then on a journey to Norway. I invited him to Mora, and he promised that if his time should permit of it, to salute me there. His conversation was remarkably interesting, and I was sorry to be obliged to separate from him so soon; but we had different ways, as he said, and he did not seem to care much about my company.

"So much, then, dear Brigitta, for my adventure. And just at that very moment I fancied I saw that man, the Tyrolean, my life's-deliverer of Stygg-fors passing by here; and, indeed, to this very moment I cannot yet conceive that it should not have been him, and whither he has so suddenly disappeared. Only think, if it should really prove to be the Genius of Stygg-fors, and no Tyrolean! What do you think of that?"

"For my part he may be whatever he likes," said Brigitta, "if he only comes hither and I get a sight of him, for he must look very curious, and I think much of curiosities."

"But my mother surely, I hope, has not been taken unwell?" inquired Olof; "she left us so suddenly."

"I do believe that she did not feel well," answered Brigitta; "that is a case of occasional occurrence—it is one of those paroxysms of the heart which always torments her; and at such times she usually prefers to be alone for a little while. When the pains are over she

will come back, and likes it best then for nobody to pity or inquire after her."

Yet a little while longer they continued talking about Olof's adventure, and the mysterious wanderer, then Brigitta and Lasse set the gambols a-going. Later in the evening Madame Ingeborg also came, and enlivened them by her interesting stories, and the "Genius of Stygg-fors" was entirely forgotten with the "Wadmel weaving" and "fire-lending."

A violent storm was raging during the night; the window panes in the parsonage quivered and shook, and the Silja roared tempestuously; but through the midst of the night and the storm, sweet flute tones were heard moving, as it were, on the wings of the wind. Siri, the wonderous maiden, was abroad in the stormy night. But this was nothing uncommon with her; and she was now suffered to follow her inclination.

EXCURSIONS.

WE begin with this ourselves, while we pass over a few weeks in which the family-life at the parsonage of Mora rolled along calmly and gaily, as the Bife between its shores. Midsummer was passed, the month of July was at hand,—a period of rest for the clergy in that part of the country; for about that time the peasants, with their whole household, move out into the cattle-tents (called *Säter*-huts) frequently from six to seven miles distant from their respective villages, into the interior of the woods, where they find fresh pasture for their cattle, where they make their milk into butter, prepare cheese, and generally stay till the end of the month of August. Already in the beginning of July you meet the emigrating families in every direction with their cattle and household furniture. The father of the family drives the waggon, on which blooming children peep forth from between wooden milk-vessels and labouring implements. The housewife generally walks alongside, carefully watching over every thing. Sometimes you meet with a solitary old woman, industriously occupied with knitting stockings, who walks along briskly and lightly, as if old age was no encumbrance to her, alone, surrounded by a few goats, which follow her like faithful dogs; she, too, is Nomade, she, too, emigrates to the “cattle-tents.” If she stops and

converses with you awhile, then the goats flock closely around her. And soon you see here and there light blue columns of smoke rise from the dark, inhospitable fir-woods which cover the heights. There the emigrated family, there the solitary old woman with her goats has arrived in the "*Säter-huts*," and kindled a fire upon her hearth. And travellers from the great world who from a distance see the peaceful prognostics rising from these, to them, frequently inaccessible habitations, send perhaps a longing sigh to these lonely dwellings and to this nomadic life, where the fresh air which the body perpetually inhales, also flows into the soul; where the daily simple and healthy cares of life shuts out the care "which consumes the heart."

But while the peasant goes forth and migrates, the "*Herre-man*" does not sit still either. The clergymen and the few families of the gentry, who besides him have their little dwellings here and there in the valleys, generally visit each other during that season, or undertake a journey also, in order to become acquainted with those parts of the country yet unknown to them. And now it stands there in all its beauty, with its lakes, its hills and valleys—both uniform and varied, like Rousseau's *Tricordium*. The fields are interwoven by *linnéa*, and evergreens, wood-asters, fern, and all those white flowers that love the shade of the fir-woods, now fill them with their fragrances, and bloom forth in modest beauty at the feet of the very high-aged giants. Nowhere do we find more exuberant flowery meadows, nowhere do we get more beautiful strawberries, and through the sun-warm valleys flows the Daleke bright and clear in countless incurvations, and with over-

hanging fir-trees, over the high "*Mjelgars*,"* and with wild roses and "*Spirea Ulmaria*" on the low turf near its banks.

The family of Mora had already long ago purposed undertaking a journey to Elfdalen, which none of the members of the family had seen yet, but of whose wild beauty they had heard frequent and abundant descriptions; and when, in the middle of July, the weather began to be quite settled and beautiful, they determined upon devoting several days to this little excursion. The youthful members rejoiced indescribably to see the beautiful wild country, the porphyry-rocks, and porphyry-works, and to get to the place where "the land roads terminate," and where wild, pathless woods begin which extend to the Norwegian boundaries. Siri was enraptured to be allowed to perform the journey, together with Olof, on horseback, and thus to be able the more boundlessly to roam all over the country. The Professor feasted on the joys of the young people, and Madame Ingeborg rejoiced moreover to be able to pay her respects to *Fräulein* Charlotte, one of her youthful acquaintances, who had a little farm in Elfdalen, where she resided, and whither she invited the whole family of Mora, for there are no inns in the whole of that part of the country. *Fräulein* Charlotte, however, was hospitality itself, and herein vied with

* *Mjelgar* is the term applied to sand-cliffs, which are formed of portions of the falling in of earth, such as occur every year on the banks of the Elfe, and which in their downward course tear large fragments of earth and trees along with them into its depth. By these falls sometimes arise—as near Leksand—the ancient picturesque formations of ruins, dilapidated vaults, pillars walls, pyramids, grottos, &c.

another family in Elfdalen, which we shall not mention here, but which we hold in most grateful remembrance. Brigitta also rejoiced in anticipation of getting a sight of *Fräulein* Lotte.

“But who, pray, is that *Fräulein* Lotte?” asked Olof, somewhat impatiently, to whom it seemed as if for the last few days he could get to hear of nought else but everlastingly about *Fräulein* Lotte, “what is it then that is so remarkable in her, why should one be so greatly rejoiced to see her?”

It was on the evening before the departure when Olof thus made that inquiry, as the family was collectively sitting on the steps in front of the house, and there enjoyed the cool, beautiful evening.

Madame Ingeborg, who, after having well furnished the provision-baskets for the journey, cheerfully tarried with her family, gaily answered:

“Who *Fräulein* Lotte is? a most peculiar person, who possessed the courage to wander her own way through life, and prepare a portion for herself by her own energy. I will briefly relate to you

FRAULEIN LOTTE'S HISTORY.

“*Fräulein* Lotte was of an ancient noble family.

“She had lost her father; but she had a mother, a sister, seven uncles and seven aunts. The whole of her relations lived in the city of W——.

“She had also had a brother, who, according to the still legal right of inheritance in Sweden, had, after the demise of the father, taken double as much from the bulk of the inheritance as the sisters, and who afterwards got through twice as much and more, for after he had squandered away his own property he seized

upon the little property of his mother and sisters, whose latter guardian he was, and would have finished with their complete ruin had not death prevented him from it. From the remainder of the former fortune the mother re-established a little dwelling for herself and her two daughters.

“*Fräulein* Lotte’s sister was handsome and possessed of talents which she diligently cultivated; she played the guitar, sang the scale, drew flowers, was by all her kindred called the ‘highly-talented,’ and was looked upon as if destined to make a great fortune in the world. *Fräulein* Lotte on her part had been presented by nature with a vigorous body, a tolerably plain face, a warm heart, and—mustaches, whence she had frequently been jestingly called in the family ‘*The Major*,’ but in earnest not unfrequently ‘*Poor Lotte*.’ For Lotte was possessed neither of talents nor charms, but no one believed that she would ever make any fortune in the world. Lotte herself, however, did not consider the matter in such a melancholy light. Already from her earliest childhood she said to herself: ‘I can never be a fine and genteel lady, I shall therefore try to make a thorough woman of domestic management of myself.’ But this was not so easily practicable, for Lotte’s mother lived on a small income, which was just sufficient to allow her to live in a ‘humble way’ with her two daughters, whence Lotte, therefore, found no field at home for practice. Her mother, besides being an agreeable companion, and her sister a highly-talented girl, was frequently invited to coffee and tea collations in the family. When our poor Major was obliged to go with them, she was herself overlooked in the dance, and silently constrained to swallow a cup of,

coffee or tea and sugar too by herself. Our poor Major got so far as to fall into a fixed idea about herself, and sat there quite melancholy and pensively, while her sister Emily sang romances, sketched flowers, and exercised her talents all the day long.

“One fine morning, *Fräulein* Lotte went to her mother, and said :

“ ‘ Dear mother, I will no longer sit there and eat up your scanty bread. I can no longer continue in this state of inactivity without falling into brooding thoughts and follies. I am grown up and strong—I am upwards of twenty years old. I will now go forth into the world and work, will enter into other people’s service, till I have acquired as much as will enable me to rent or purchase a little farm, which I will manage myself, and in which I will provide for myself.’

“The mother at first thought that her daughter had grown silly, but upon a more mature consideration of the matter and a further deliberation about it with her daughter she found that it was quite reasonable, and said (for she was a good and sensible woman) :

“ ‘ I have always seen it before me that my children will have to determine their own lot when they have arrived to a sufficient sense for it. Do as you please, my dear Lotte! Unmerited poverty is no disgrace. If we can work ourselves out of it, it is an honour. I am only afraid of our relations. What will they say ?’

And there was an uproar among the relations.

The seven aunts struck upon their snuff-boxes, and said :

“What an out of the way idea that is! Can she not sit still and live in a humble way, as so many others do,

spin or knit, and attend to the little household concerns of her mother, and occasionally amuse herself at our coffee *fêtes*. One ought never step out of one's family line, and one's given connections in life. We ought to remain with our own kindred. When one can live so well and so tranquil as she does, why then should one throw one's self out into the world? Others sit quietly and go on living in such a humble way. Why cannot she do the same as others?"

And the seven uncles shook their heads, and said :

"She wishes to rent a farm, and manage it herself, and attend to her business affairs herself. There will be nothing but foolery, stupid nonsense, and absolute ruination come out of all this. We must give our most serious advice against it."

Fräulein Lotte, however, became daily more decided in her own mind. She successfully exerted herself in obtaining a situation as housekeeper in some large establishment in the country.

And in the family there was a poor unfortunate little boy, whom none of the relatives were willing to receive, because he was afflicted with a grievous, incurable, but not mortal disease. [And one day when *Fräulein* Lotte met the boy bitterly bewailing his destiny, of being obliged to be a burden to men, and to suffer so severely, and still not permitted to die, she said to him :

"Weep not, Theodore! I now intend to go forth into the world and earn money, but after a few years I mean to buy myself a hut and a garden with it on the banks of the Dalelfe, and then you shall come, and live with me; then you shall bathe in the clear and fresh river-water, and get strong and well from it. And

you shall help me in cultivating the garden, and we shall live happy together. Be of good cheer, Theodore, and only have patience—I shall not forsake you.”

And our *Fräulein* went forth into the world, and served in a large establishment as stewardess, where there was much work, but where they also paid high wages. Auxiliary to this, she purchased a stock of flax, had it spun and woven, and thus in a few years accumulated a pretty little capital. Our *Fräulein* had what is called “business-tact;” and of the different tacts in the world this is not the very worst—that is to say, if directed by a good and honest heart.

Eight years had passed over when *Fräulein* Lotte again saw her native city. Yet every thing there still looked quite like itself. Her mother still went about to coffee and tea collations as before. “The highly talented one” still exercised her talents, sang the *Scala*, drew flowers, and waited for the great fortune which was to come. The seven aunts continued to take snuff, and the seven uncles still shook their heads, each in his own way, and argued about Lotte’s purposes.

Now, Lotte was there, saluted her mother and relatives, and informed them that she had purchased a farm in Elfdalen, where she purposed establishing a little trade, and whither she intended to take the afflicted Theodore to herself.

This announcement created universal astonishment in the family, yet then she generously exerted herself, and clubbed a sum of money together as a sort of pension for the boy, with whom they should no longer be burdened.

In the year following *Fräulein* Lotte sent her mother a present of a monstrous large cheese, and a gigantic

salmon, from Dannarefors, on the Dalelfe, and wrote that she was getting on well, that she certainly had a great deal to do, but was thankful to God for it. Theodore was bathing in the river; felt his bodily strength thereby considerably strengthened, and was so happy in mind, that he no longer complained of a disease which now no further prevented him from being a useful and happy man. While *Fräulein* Lotte attended to her rural and domestic affairs, he almost alone carried on the little trade, in which he took great interest, and which proved very successful. *Fräulein* Lotte closed her letter by inviting her mother, sister, and all the family to be sure and come soon, and pay their respects to their fortunate "Major" in his own house.

The mother shed a tear of joy over the happiness and character of her daughter, commended her wisdom, never to have opposed the reasonable wishes of her daughters, and invited the whole family to a treat of the cheese, the salmon, and the letter.

The aunts took snuff and said: "Who would have thought that Lotte would get on so well! Our exhortations have not been fruitless after all. Delicious cheese!"

And the seven uncles all nodded together with their heads and said: "That's just the way all females should do; if such were the case, then things would be better in the world. An incomparable beautiful salmon!"

Five or six years have now already elapsed since *Fräulein* Lotte's first residence on her farm in Elfdalen, and... however, you will see her to-morrow evening, and then you will be able to see and judge of her your-

selves, how far she has succeeded in her undertaking.

"Ah! I am enraptured with *Fräulein* Lotte!" exclaimed Olof; "I long to see her, long for the time when I shall see her, and be able to express my respect and admiration."

"May heaven only keep me from proving inconstant to my Adjunct," said Brigitta; for I feel that I am in a fair way for falling in love with the Major. I am very fond of energetic men, and I always maintain that it is the want of real energy only, that occasions so much misery in the world."

"Ah! what a pity!" said Lieutenant Lasse, "if she only had n't any mustaches, I would then soon make love to her. But I fear that I should get a little frightened of them...."

"Fancy that you merely see your own in the glass, that you see your other self," said Brigitta, laughing.

"I, for my part, should have no objection to get *Fräulein* Lotte for my sister-in-law."

"Well, to be sure!" said Madame Ingeborg, humorously; "only, fancy if we should bring about a match on our little journey! But as we are to get up to-morrow morning, before the cook has put on his shoes; yet, don't you think it would be advisable for us to betake ourselves to bed?"

"The motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

"But it was not written in the stars that Lieutenant Lasse should get to see *Fräulein* Lotte. Through a false step on the stairs, that very evening, he had sprained his foot, and was therefore obliged to submit to a proper care of it, and consequently desist from the journey, while by so doing he kept the Adjunct com-

pany, who also stayed at home in Mora, as he did not care much for travelling, but on the other hand, much for fishing; and now, during the absence of his bride, he thought to be able to gratify this passion, day and night, to his heart's content. He promised to take Lieutenant Lasse with him in his boat. Lieutenant Lasse, however, considered this a very poor sort of pleasure, and sang with a heavy heart:

“Though life may be short and be dull,” &c.

Siri, on the departure of the following morning, was extremely busy with Durathor, who was determined to follow her; and being hindered from its purpose, kept wrestling about with one of the stable-maids, till they were both rolling on the grass, to the involuntary laughter of the spectators. Lieutenant Lasse promised to compose an elegy on this scene, which he would publish with the musical accompaniment, under the title of “*Les adieux de Siri et de Durathor, Elegie harmonique,*” par Lasse Doloroso.

The way from Mora to Elfdalen, goes first upon a ferry across the river, towards the neck of land, where the witches' pillory formerly stood, and where at present the *Salix Daphnoides* caused its golden blossoms to glitter, and arrayed itself with beautifully sparkling sap-green foliage; afterwards it leads for a few miles through deep sand and unsightly wood region. Thence, however, it winds into the picturesque beautiful Elfdalen, and almost constantly follows the banks of the Dalelfe, soon rising, soon sinking, between high wood-crowned mountains, which, like fearful giants, meet the travel-

lers with threatening look and gestures, but stand still or pass by with the proud composure of superior strength. Thus the Suttur-rock, the Gosphus, Hykge, and the Wasa-mountain, and other storm-pregnant clouds, which thundering pass over the mountains, the quickly vanishing, quickly re-opening, prospects into an immeasurable distance, the manifold sport of shades and light in this grand, but concentrated scene of nature, the solitary idle life, solitary even to awfulness, the wildness of the surrounding country, all combined to make a grand and lively impression on the travellers. Woods are met with on this road which appear to have been standing there since the beginning of the world. Trees fall, remain lying, and rot, without a hand stirring to make use of them; indeed, the Dalecarlian frequently cuts down the most splendid stems of trees, merely to peel off a little bark from them, which he mixes with the fodder of his cattle, and then leaves them to rot afterwards, unconcerned; so great is here the abundance of, and indifference to, this mercantile commodity, which others pay with its weight in gold. But this gold does not reach so far as the primitive woods of Dalecarlia. The waterfalls of the Dalelfe, of which it may be said that they are the bulwark of the innocence of the country, prevent, indeed, its connection with the mercantile world, and seem to say: "Keep thy poverty and thy riches to thyself, and with both—thy peace." Wood-combustions frequently devastate great extents of these woods, even to the very summits of the mountains, and they are suffered to burn till they become extinct of themselves, as nothing can be done to extinguish them. Thus whole tracts of them are seen transforming themselves into ashes, or, more

correctly speaking, into dead woods. The tree stands there, with stem and branches, but no green foliage hangs thereon, not the very smallest blade of grass shoots forth from the ash-covered earth; not a bird, not an insect, moves its wings between the burnt trees; every thing—the fields, the wood, the hills,—all is black and grey as ashes, as far as the eye can reach; all is dead—it is as if blasted by a curse. Sometimes, you have on the right side of the way one of those dead woods, while on the left all is thriving in verdant, joyous splendour; and while gigantic lofty fir-trees stand prominently upon fresh green hills, you see in the depth beneath, the river, which in this valley grows into a playing stream, foaming along solitary, over stony ground, and embracing little light-green, leaf-covered islands, while murmuring wood-brooks come down from the rocks, and like wild fellows, rush on to his bosom.

Olof rode by the side of Siri, and was very much occupied with her; she too turned herself sometimes to Olof with an expression such as, for instance:—

“ Oh what a splendid morning!—How fresh it wafts through the woods!” and her eye at the same time beamed with joy. Sometimes she sang a verse or two of some air. It seemed to Olof as if the personified morning were sitting by the side of him on horseback. He was involuntarily constrained to think of Brigitta's words,—“ There is over the whole girl a prevailing freshness”

Generally speaking, the charm which Siri possessed and inspired, proceeded in a very great measure from her every expression of life being free from art, and without calculation. She possessed much of that

straightforwardness which from the objects of nature operates so freshly upon our mind : and Siri's first constraintless training, or more correctly speaking, total want of breeding, has, with its evils, yet had this good, that she remained free from those mental stays which tightly lace the rest of us, poor worldings, together by chamber-education and constraint, that renders our breathing short, and our every movement confined. Notwithstanding, this natural education would still, perhaps, not have led to any very happy results, had not Siri been endowed with charms by nature. We have seen other young girls, who have been brought up in golden liberty, and have been alarmed at the motions of their arms and their long strides. A most difficult thing—education ! We thank heaven that we have no daughters ; but we love young girls still for all that, as the most glorious fruit which earth bears. Ah ! were we but always sowing full, good seed !

Upon a green elevation, near a silvery clear rippling brook of excellent drinking water, the dinner table was covered with provisions from the well-stored basket. No one who has himself never tried it, can judge how delicious is the enjoyment of taking one's meal in the open air and upon the green table-cloth of the earth. Yet it is necessary, at the same time, that a cheerful heart and good appetite should go along with it : and this the family of Mora possessed, and consequently enjoyed a hearty meal. They were not even disturbed by a little unasked-for overshowering of ash-rain ; for in the first place and before all things, this occasioned a rapid and lively flight under some large fir-trees ; and in the second place, that beautiful play of clouds that was going on in the sky, gave Olof an opportunity of

delivering a little lecture, pleasurably hailed by all the rest of the party, on the principal formations of the clouds, which were at first observed and mentioned by the learned quaker, Howard, and afterwards generally received into the science. As may easily be imagined, the discourse did not come off without a little Latin ; and Brigitta, who, as we are already aware, was quite expert in that language, soon spoke of nought but "*Stratus, Cumulus, and Cirrus*:" while the rest contented themselves with getting to know and calling them in Swedish, "couch-cloud," or "night-cloud ;" because this form of cloud generally makes its appearance at night,—"mass-cloud," and "feather-cloud." They likewise observed, during the storm and consequent clearing up, how these formations of clouds pass over into one another. Even the laws which take place here Olof had to explain, together with the names which the cloud-images receive during the transition. To Madame Ingeborg this was a subject of most particular interest ; for the clouds and their phantasmagorias, their image-abounding chequered life, have always had a great interest to her : frequently of a prophetic nature. She fancied she could read in them, as was formerly read in the stars ; and in reference to these, she was not quite divested of a degree of superstition. She now ascertained the names for these forms, and with fine, *i. e.* significant names for things is—a great point gained.

The whole day, during the journey, they were looking up to the sky, and making reflections on "*Stratus, Cumulus, and Cirrus*." Brigitta complained that her head and neck were getting quite a wrong turn by it, of which no one could calculate the consequence ; and

in order to counteract this, Olof turned her attention to the "*Lafreseda*," which with its purple ray so beautifully adorns the stones near the high-roads in Dalecarlia, and whose smell is delightful, and sweet as the roots of violets when passed over by the sand. Brigitta admitted, that the head and face of man were, after all, wisely formed in order to be able at some time to comprehend all the wonders of heaven and earth.

Rather early in the evening the travellers arrived at the farm of *Fräulein* Lotte. She stood on the steps in front of the house to receive her guests, and over her countenance there moved such an expression of tranquillity of mind and happy benevolent disposition, that no one saw or thought of her mustaches. (N. B. Lieut. Lasse was not with them). Olof almost fancied as if *Fräulein* Lotte was pretty.

Fräulein Lotte received her guests after the manner of the Dalecarlians; that is to say, with pleasing cordiality. Siri immediately attached herself to the unfortunate patient, and soon chatted and laughed so heartily with him, that *Fräulein* Lotte made large but pleased eyes; for the boy, or youth, was generally extremely embarrassed in company with strangers: he excited the interest of all by his eyes, so full of expressions of feeling, and his suffering but patient appearance, which nevertheless now brightened up into a cheerful smile.

After having heartily refreshed and invigorated themselves with the best of every thing that the land could present, they then went to inspect *Fräulein* Lotte's little estate and all its arrangements.

By-and-by, while sitting on the steps of her house, looking towards the river side, she was relating to the

Professor and his wife about her life in this dale, about her labours and enjoyments, about her joy over Theodore and her plans for the future, which had for its object the adoption of several young people who were in a similar situation to Theodore, and causing them, if possible, to participate in the joys of life,—the young people strolled to a high, closely situate porphyry-berg, in order to take a view from thence of the going down of the sun : then at the top they found stones on which Olof's connoisseur's eye discerned crystals, agates, and red and brown jaspers, which are frequently met with in Elfdalen, and collectively have the porphyry for their main substance. Brigitta then called upon her friends to sing something, and Olof responded to her wish with the beautiful old Dalecarlian song :—

“ In the charming summer on gay blooming fields,
In *Dal-land* two streamlets so clear,” &c.

Walborg then sang the song of the moon, composed by a Dalecarlian of the fair sex, and which young maidens so gladly and beautifully sing ; but on Brigitta's complaining of their selection of such melancholy airs, and desiring more cheerful ones, Siri sang with a spirit and ardour such as to make the wood re-echo :—

“ Through chasm and mine
I will seek the rich ore :
The treasures which shine
In the old mountain's store
Doth my phantasy swell—
They tempt me below.
And my glad sight shall glow
With wonders most rare,
'Twill cradle me there—
There will I dwell.” *

* “ The Miner,” by E. G. Geijer.

A slight thrill ran through Olof as Siri was singing the last strophes with all the power of inspiration, and stamping the ground at the same time with her little foot. With emotion and admiration he regarded the young maiden as she stood there upon the mountain, so light and yet so powerful with the fiery glance in her dark blue eyes, and her light flaxen ringlets beaming in the evening sun.

"Siri!" said he, "you are born to be the wife of a miner!"

Siri, smiling, shook her head, and said:

"Not of a miner, but . . . of the miner's king, who would lead me into the heart of the mountains, and let me there reign with him. Then would I do nought else all the day long than sing, speak with the dwarfs, guess their riddles, gather diamonds out of the mines, and wander about in the great halls. That would be splendid!"

"If it were but possible!" replied Olof, laughing. "Yet I prophesy, that if you once were to get into a mountain, that is to say, into one of our mines, you would very soon long to be back again upon the earth."

Siri was silent, shook her head, and an expression of melancholy quickly darkened her countenance.

The following day they were bathing in the river in *Fräulein* Lotte's little bathing-house, and afterwards made a tour on foot through the dale. Olof and Siri were delighted and almost as wild as children. With this it happened that Olof all at once felt a violent pain in one hand, and jestingly said he had gotten a "dwarf-bite." Such was the term applied by the common

people to a pain suddenly felt in any member of the body, the cause of which is not perceived.

To this Siri observed :

"I know an antidotal apothegm against dwarf-bite, so that it shall not do any harm."

"Indeed?" said Olof. "I discover more and more that at bottom you have a something of witchery in you. It's a fortunate thing that you are living in the nineteenth century. However, do you wish to try your craft upon me?"

"Yes!" answered Siri; "but you must promise me not to inform against me to the consistory, not to laugh, and to look at me full in the face."

"These conditions are difficult to fulfil, notwithstanding I promise to try."

Siri then took Olof's hand between both hers, looked awhile fixedly and gravely in his eyes, then inclined over his hand, and said :

"Dwarf and sprite! how long wilt thou jump?
I bind thee under land, under strand!
There shalt thou be fixed in God's hand!"

With this the charm was concluded, yet Olof stood a long while after; still quite lost in thought and as it were spell-bound.

Unobserved by him and Siri, a pair of eyes, with raven-black threatening looks, had meanwhile stealthily contemplated them from out the darkness of the wood. Those eyes belonged to Walborg.

In the evening Olof said to Brigitta :

"It is a decided fact that Siri possesses a wonderful power in her eyes; there is a something in them which

is hereabout in the country called—becharming or bewitching.’”

“And what is that, pray?” asked Brigitta.

“It is asserted that there are persons who through the power of a glance can so captivate a thing or person that he gets up of himself or falls down impotently. Thus they can ‘becharm’ men, animals, or inanimate things, as, for instance—a clock, or a mill to stand still; a brook that it should cease to flow. Plinius relates that women with such looks have been found among our ancestors, the Scythians, and were called ‘*Bithyae*.’ I could not help thinking of them to-day when Siri pronounced an antidotal apothegm against my dwarf-bite—not that the sentence had been particularly availing; but those are remarkable, almost awfully charming eyes that she sometimes has.”

“My dear friend!” said Brigitta, “take care that those eyes do not sometime or other spell-bind you in earnest. Siri is a dangerous girl, yes more dangerous than. . . .”

“Ah! don’t be uneasy as far as I am concerned, my best Brigitta,” interrupted Olof, somewhat sensitively. “Siri may be as dangerous as she pleases; to me, however, she is not dangerous, that I can assure you. I merely observe her; I contemplate her, as I would a curiosity, a phenomenon of nature. . . .”

“Yes, to be sure, as for instance, a new species of antique stone, or some *Stratus* or *Cumulus*?” interrupted Brigitta, rallying.

“Yes, somewhere thereabouts!” said Olof, smiling though somewhat piqued at the idea that Brigitta should look upon Siri as dangerous to him—to him, the great traveller around the world, and much experienced

young man, who moreover was her chosen monitor, who might rather be looked upon as somewhat dangerous to her, and to whom she ought necessarily to look up, both with affection and profound respect. Olof would not by any means listen to a secret voice within his breast, which, jointly with Brigitta, whispered to him that precisely here there was a danger for him to escape.

And night came and flung its veil over the thoughts and impressions of the day.

The next day the journey was slowly pursued to Aasberg, where the road terminates. They performed long distances of the wild picturesque way on foot, and made themselves acquainted with the inhabitants of the date. The people of Elfdalen no longer belong to the dwellers of Dalecarlia; they more resemble in appearance the Tartars. Their eyes are brown and fiery, their complexion dark, their features ignoble. Here one meets with beggars, and people in rags and tatters; in the poorish dwellings, uncleanness is prevailing. But their language is still melodious, and sweetly sounding; and nature there is beautiful, although already severer. Birch and fir-woods are predominant. Leaved wood grows short and crippled.

The travellers visited the porphyry-works, where patience seems to be worn out against the brittle hard stonies, where the labourer prematurely grows old from the dust of the glittering masterpiece, wrought by his hand. In the afternoon they arrived at Aasberg. Here the river forms a large demi-circle around the beautifully situated place, with its fruitful fields, and on its

opposite side rises a magnificent amphitheatre of fir woods, intercepted here and there by foaming mountain-waterfalls, which rush down into the river.

The vehicles could not proceed any further than here. Our travellers traversed on foot through the pretty large place, and beyond it, where upon a meadow, a little chapel is erected of wood, solitary and desolate, wherein several times in the year divine service is held. In the interior of the chapel also the appearance is no less desolate; reindeer-horns there serve as candlesticks and chandeliers.

Madame Ingeborg, who was somewhat fatigued, wished to rest a while in the chapel, while the young folks proceeded in order to find out the "full end" of the road. Her husband also stopped with her. They seated themselves upon the steps in front of the chapel, and soon a crowd of people from the place collected around them, making all sorts of conjectures, and contemplating with astonishment the venerable preacher and his beautiful lady, for very rare are the occasions of travellers reaching so far up in Dalecarlia.

The Professor amused himself in conversing with the people about bygone ages, when Gustavus Wasa, failing in his attempt of inducing the parishes about the Silja to revolt, fled with a half-despairing heart to these parts of the country, over the hills and the solitary woods, which separate the East and West Dalarns from each other, passing the nights in solitary earth-huts, which have been erected here and there for lonely wanderers; and thus following the Western Dalels in its course through boundless snow-covered woods. "Continually more desolate grew the country, ever more wildly rushed along the stream, over the

stony ground, ever poorer and smaller became the human dwellings near its shores. Already stood Gustavus at the foot of the Norwegian rocks, which were soon to separate him from his unhappy fatherland, when, turning round, he beheld in the Lima wood, the expeditious skaters who were sent from Mora to prevail upon him to return, and to place himself at the head of its people, who, as soon as the intelligence had reached them of the massacre in Stockholm, breathed forth no other wish than to fight and be revenged. It was here Gustavus's fate was turned.

The Professor also spoke to the people, who were gathering around him in continually increasing numbers, about his learned and brave fellow-minister *Daniel Buscovius*, in Elfdalen, who in the year 1644, at the head of the students of Elfdalen and Mora, blocked up the enemy near Serna, and thus peacefully conquered that whole parish for Sweden; and how "*our Daniel*," as the people called him, on the day after the conquest held divine service in the chapel of Serna, and by baptism received a number of children into the Christian church, of whom many were already so old as to be pulling about the prayer-book, and tearing leaves out of it; and the Professor, to his joy, perceived that the remembrance of his learned and brave fellow-minister was still alive in the memory of the people of Elfdalen. He then put several questions to them in reference to their knowledge of religion, and was then again on their part examined, and asked by them whether he would not rather be the "counsellor of the preachers;" namely, the "*Grandfather of Upsala himself*!"

Mean while the young people wandered round the peninsula in the direction of Serna, where the river

already flowed wider, and where the sun shone towards the distant blue rocks. An awful, apprehensive life, seemed to pass through nature here. It was still and calm, but dense, tempestuous clouds, lay gloomily over the country, and through them the sun cast long radiant looks over the earth, and into the slow flowing water of the river; singular clouds and vapour forms rose between the mountains, beams pierced bright shining paths through dark masses, veils lifted themselves up, and in the depth beneath opened beautiful, glimmering . . . such are the movements, such is the life in the mysterious region to which love leads, the earthly, as well as the heavenly, in her flaming moments.

Olof and Siri, who were quick pedestrians, had soon left Brigitta and Walborg behind. They went, allured by the uncommon beauty of the way and of the passing scenes, without thinking any more about the "end of the way." At length, however, they were obliged to think of returning, but determined first to wait for Walborg and Brigitta, near the river side. Here they stood lost in the aspect of the magnificent decline of the sun, when Siri suddenly exclaimed: "Olof!" and with the rapidity of lightning sprang forward and pushed aside. Olof felt himself in the same moment made to spin round—he himself knew not by what; he heard a violent fall and a rustling, and saw, on turning round, Siri lying on the ground under a fir-tree, that had fallen down from the steep sandy cliff, and whose downfall upon Olof, Siri had averted by her interposition. As it happened, only a part of the crown of the tree had swept by over Olof's head; but Siri lay under the branches, and bled profusely from a deep scratch in the neck.

But only for a moment did she lay thus; in the very next she had already disengaged herself, and stood before Olof, exclaiming with mingled joy and anxiety:

“Olof, have you received no hurt? No, thank heaven! I see that you are uninjured!”

“But you, Siri, you are bleeding—and that on my account!” exclaimed Olof, and took her into his arms.

“Ah!” that’s a mere scratch!” said Siri, passing her hand to her neck; “I shall wash myself in the river, and then it will soon be well again. Don’t be uneasy. I am so delighted!”

But this moment became a dangerous one to Olof, for as he was holding the laughing, bleeding, and yet joyfully beaming girl in his arms, there met him—he himself knew not what fragrant waft of youthful and rapturous spirit of love which ran through his heart, and through his blood into all his veins.

The strange fire of enchantment which surrounds the fair daughters of the Giants, of which the northern legends speak, flamed forth from her and enchanted his soul. Affected, enraptured, embarrassed, stood he there, and inclined over his youthful deliverer, as if wishful to drink the blood spilt on his account, and drew her at the same time nearer and nearer to himself; but ductile as an eel, Siri wound herself out of his embrace, jumped down near the water, dipped her pocket handkerchief into it, and bathed and washed her neck with it.

Olof followed her, and contemplated her mutely. He could not speak, scarcely think. An ocean of feelings heaved tempestuously in his breast, Siri appeared enchanting to him; he could have wished to have been the water that purred between her fingers; he could

have been the handkerchief that she laid about her neck. He could not tell himself what was going on within him. Olof stood on the bourne of one of these passions, which are the more violent, and the more dangerous, when grounded merely upon a blind inspiration. And when he came to think that the charming maiden had bled for him, risked her life for him, then his heart beat more and more violently; and with the pride of a higher being—oh no! of a weak mortal—he softly exclaimed, “she loves me! she loves me!”

“I should not wonder but you are studying some phenomenon of nature, some *cumulus* or *stratus*? Hem?” Brigitta was now heard to say, who softly and unobservedly had approached, while Walborg silently and pale stood still a few paces further back.

“But, good heavens!” continued Brigitta, as she was contemplating Siri, “what’s all this fresh piece of work about? What has been the matter? What has occurred here? Have you been fighting a duel, or scuffling with bears? Or”

Siri set up such a hearty laughter about it, and then related the little occurrence with such alacrity and ease, that Olof became both surprised and almost disconcerted. To him the world had undergone transformation within ten minutes.

“But what a strange thing, to be sure,” said Brigitta, scolding: “one can never leave Siri a moment out of one’s sight, but she either endures neck-breaking adventures, or the greatest peril of death. A little time ago you went down into the depth of the earth, so that you were considered already dead and buried; then

you went down to the bottom of the sea, so that I thought you would never be seen again, and now you let the wood fall upon you! What will be the end of all this? If these things don't some day bring you to *Blaakulla*, why then you have more luck than wit."

"And if certain people would think less of studying *curiosa* and natural phenomena, and, on the contrary, pay more attention to a poor, silly girl, it really would not be amiss at all."

Brigitta's manner of scolding and jesting always had a particularly animating effect upon Olof, and overcame him this time like a cold shower-bath, so that he recovered to full consciousness when, she gaily pursued:

"I just intended myself to present to you a phenomenon that I have discovered myself—one that is quite peculiar of its kind—a phenomenon that for seven years long has boiled chocolate upon the cat's-back in the southern part of Stockholm. Come, where are you, little old woman?"

A gipsy-like woman, with fiery-brown eyes, then came forth out of the bush, and was introduced by Brigitta as the above-mentioned "phenomenon." The remarkableness of her character, however, was, on closer examination, found to be limited to this: that during a long departure from Dalecarlia, she had been servant to a lady residing in that quarter of the city of Stockholm called the Cat's-back, and for seven years prepared the chocolate for her; at present, she had found her way to the travellers to obtain some information respecting her former mistress and family.

Followed by this talkative old woman, the young

folks now returned, in order to rejoin the seniors of the travelling party. They found the Professor somewhat impatient at their long loitering and stay.

Soon they were again mounted on their horses, and seated in their carriages. Siri immediately began to propound to her aunt the following riddles for solution :

“What wonderful thing was that that she had seen in the King’s castle, that for seven years long had been boiling chocolate on the Cat’s-back, and was at present cooking grits in Elfdalen ?”

And again :

“What wonder above wonders was that which goes down into the mountain and river, and draws down the wood over it, and then rides away quite merrily on the highroad.”

And when it was guessed that the last wonder was Siri, and the Professor had learned what she had done for Olof, he was so rejoiced, that he ordered the carriage to stop, called Siri to him, lifted her off the horse, took her upon his knee, and paternally embraced and blessed her. Madam Ingeborg beheld this with tears in her eyes. Olof felt a great desire to embrace his father; but Siri, a little alarmed, and somewhat embarrassed, seemed merely anxious to get out of the carriage, and upon her horse again.

“That is a glorious girl !” exclaimed the Professor with warmth ; “she can make the ice around her melt not six, but twelve yards wide. If she were my own child, I could hardly think more of her.”

“It is singular,” said the Professor, a little while after, “how chance carries on its game in the world, and brings together things and persons that have, as it were, no connexion with one another. Siri, for instance,

reminds me sometimes quite involuntarily of a person, a man, whom I have often seen in my youth, (for we studied together,) and who then engaged my interest. It was a certain Julius Wolff, who is dead now already these many years. There is something in her eyes and in her looks that is very much like him; and—remarkable incident—he had just such a mole about the left eye as she has.”

“This man,” continued the Professor, quite absorbed in reminiscences, “was a singular character, or rather a singular nature, for character was precisely what he wanted. He was a highly-gifted, interesting, fantastical being, demoniac, enchanting, but dangerous, for he had violent passions, but was destitute of all order and steadiness. ‘*Gods signifies Orderers,*’ said the ancient Herodotus, but that man had made disorder his god, and valued life merely in his moments of passion and ecstasy. At bottom he had a warm heart, and exercised a great influence over men and animals, (just as dear Siri, who greatly resembles him in this respect likewise,) by a sort of ghostly magnetic attraction, which is peculiar to certain natures. Ambition and arrogance brought him to his fall: he entered into an engagement with a roguish adventurer, committed a heinous crime against the laws, and—fled the country. It was a great pity for the man, and when I think of him, and his many fine talents, and the want of character which was his ruin, I am ready to say with Brigitta: ‘The want of true power it is which produces most evils in the world.’”

When the Professor had ended this monologue, all was so still in the carriage that one might have thought his auditors were asleep. And if that was the case,

they were soon very disagreeably roused, for on a violent jolt which the carriage received in going down a hill, both hinder springs broke, and the carriage came to sit quite comfortably on its hind wheels.

To the riders, however, this was by no means comfortable, and so much the more disagreeable now when they were so far distant from a place whence they might have procured assistance, and could not pursue their way in the carriage on the mountainous roads, although the springs were tied together again with ropes. Added to this, it was more than ten o'clock at night, and the clouded sky rendered it uncommonly dark. After some consultations, it was resolved that the Professor's coachman should drive the carriage to the porphyry works, which was about three miles off from the place where they then were, and that a peasant youngster, who had followed them, and who was well acquainted with the parts here, should conduct the travellers to a hut in the wood, near an adjacent porphyry quarry, where they could remain over night. In the morning the carriage, after being repaired again in the porphyry works, should come to fetch them.

With this all were satisfied, and, carrying with them what they wanted for the night, the company took the road towards the wood. They had not, indeed, gone more than half an hour when they came to a sort of stable, which lay in the very midst of mighty chasms and steep quarries. Here they went in, and as most of the company were tired, they soon spread out their cloaks and procured for themselves resting-places as convenient as possible, yet not without all sorts of humorous conversations and laughter.

When Siri was couched, the Professor softly rose and spread his mantle over her, to protect her from the cold night air. Siri observed this, seized the paternal hand, and impressed a fiery warm kiss upon it. This first token of attachment that he received from the beloved but shy maiden affected him deeply, and happy in his heart he went to share the hard couch of his son.

Soon all was still in the hut, and the fir-trees of the wood only seemed to rustle over the sleepers.

But one individual there was still in it who did not sleep, and that was Madame Ingeborg. Tormenting thoughts or perhaps also some bodily suffering kept her awake. In an upright posture she sat there and watched the breathings of the sleepers and the soft rustling of the wood around and over her. But this did not lull her to sleep. With continually increasing feverish symptoms her blood was in heated motion, and more and more violently was the beating of her heart. Incapable of enduring any longer within, she softly rose and went out.

Straight before her lay an open place, and she walked slowly forwards, while she looked around her on the porphyry-quarry, of which large pieces lay scattered round about, and which in the nightly twilight assumed fantastic and threatening forms of the figures of the unshapely giants and drakes of the northern legends. It was a storm-pregnant summer's night, and the thunder rolled hollow from the black clouds. But the moon had risen, and—the almanack may say what it will—it shone in the nights of the month of July; that is to say, in the latter part of it—quite visibly, and did so, especially during this night, when brightly it beamed forth out of the dark clouds.

The wood was quiet, and wafted forth a fragrance such as is peculiar only to the fir-woods of the north. The redolence of the south is a musty exhalation in comparison with this fresh, sweet smelling waft.

Gentle night-showers passed over Madame Ingeborg; the freshness of the wood breathed more powerfully on her spirit. Life rose before her in a high, melancholy beauty with its, night-shades, its veil of mourning and shroud of death; the pangs of her own heart resolved themselves, as it were, therein; and as the moonbeam through the night, so did confidence in that power, that love that can see all things, sustain all things, and reconcile all things, pass through her soul. Ever lighter, ever freer, she walked forwards; but all at once she started back struck by the gloomy sport of shades that met her view. Straight before her at a distance of about thirty paces, lay one of those woods of which we have been speaking. The moon, which now shone more brightly, illuminated its black-grey burnt forms; death-sighs seemed to pass over from thence. It was like a spectre-tale out of a desert, and Madame Ingeborg felt very strange with it, but still more strange and awful, when quite distinctly she perceived a black shade gliding away between the dead trees. She discerned the form of a man, and that form, . . . she fancied she knew, and there arose a thousand associations—frightful recollections, as it were out of the grave. The apparition then stood still, and seemed to be looking in the direction of where she stood. Like cold steel it ran through her heart: its pulsation stopped. Again the black form moved; withdrew, and vanished like a shadow in the dead wood.

“Was it only a shadow, a fabric of my feverish

fancy's vision?" Such was Madame Ingeborg's self-interrogation as she returned to the resting-place, with her forehead and breast bedewed with cold dew that proceeded neither from the clouds, nor from the earth.

Morning came, and with it the carriage likewise. All was now life and motion; yet no genuine cheerfulness prevailed. Madame Ingeborg was visibly unwell, although she endeavoured to conceal it; and her husband was uneasy on her account. This disconcerted the rest, and the journey homeward was by far not so lively as the journey hitherward. Siri rode constantly by the side of the carriage, and Olof gained little opportunity to converse with her. Brigitta's observations, and the cloud-formations, were the sole objects which still maintained a little cheerfulness in the company. Every one seemed quite satisfied when they arrived at home in Mora again, especially Brigitta, who greeted her Adjunct with a cordiality which excluded every possibility of confusion of language; but when she wished to hear from him lamentations about her absence, she only heard encomiastic acclamations in honour of the fish-capture, and she bewailed her unheard-of unhappy fate, to be obliged "to be jealous of pikes and perches."

Siri, however, was visited with a serious mournful calamity, for her fawn, Durathor, had died during her absence; and, as it appeared, from sheer longing after her. Immediately after her departure it refused to take any more food; and on that very day they had found it dead about the dinner-hour. Siri wept so bitterly over it, that Lieutenant Lasse completely forgot to speak about his *elegie harmonique*.

With Olof, Siri had now become quite different:

Olof found her, since that beautiful, wonderful evening in Elfdalen, embarrassed, and—as it were—shy before him. She evidently avoided him; and this mysterious demeanour pained him deeply, and fanned up the dark flaming fire in his heart. He lost sleep and peace of mind, and burnt with desire for an explanation on her part. A few evenings after the return to Mora, shortly after the going down of the sun, and when the shades of night had already begun to spread over the earth, soft tones of a flute were conveyed by the wind to the parsonage of Mora.

Impeded by an irresistible feeling, Olof went in the direction whence they seemed to proceed. They issued from the other side of the church, and thither Olof proceeded with hasty steps. But the sounds had ceased long before he got out to the neck of land whereon the church stood. Olof went forward to the church-yard. The iron trellised gate stood towards this side upon the jar; and Olof was just on the point of going through it, when suddenly an ice-cold hand was laid upon his, and Walborg, pale and grave as an angel of death, stood before him on the other side of the wall, and pointed towards the church. In the protection of her shade a man sat upon a tombstone; and upon her knees before him, in his arms, on his breast, lay in most affectionate devotion a young maiden. Her face was not to be seen; but her light flaxen hair, her whole figure, her dress, every thing betrayed . . . what Walborg also softly pronounced. . . . Siri!"

For a moment Olof kept himself back; in the next he wished to rush forwards, but was held back by Lieutenant Lasse, and almost carried away by him with

force, and in a condition that almost bordered on distraction of mind.

THE JUDGMENT.

DANA burned the lights in the room of the Professor, when, late in the night, the family were assembled there. It was visible in the countenances of the several members of the same, that a serious consultation was at work. Madame Ingeborg sat by the side of her husband, and her countenance was overcast almost by a paleness of death, while her looks were directed, full of anguish, on the door. Nordenwall seemed to have exerted himself in putting on an air of composure: his voice was calm;—in his entire demeanour lay resolute gravity; but the bitter feature in his countenance now bore the trace of deep pain, which a consolatory hope seemed in vain desirous to dispel.

Brigitta's poor little eyes were red and swollen, as if from excessive weeping—those of Walborg were dry: she sat there pale and apparently cold. Olof stood at the window with sunken head, and covered his face with his hands; a more bitter feeling crossed his soul than he would betray to any human being: the rest had turned their eyes towards the door.

And now light and quick footsteps were heard from without. The door was opened, and Siri entered with a countenance which was indicative of an agitated but yet daring state of mind.

"Uncle has summoned me to appear here," said she, looking around, and added, with an affected smile:

"But here, I declare, things look remarkably strange and solemn—for all the world like a court of judgment!"

"And such indeed it is," said the Professor; "but," continued he; and his warm open heart manifested itself in his looks and voice, "I should not have summoned you to appear before it,—if I had not hoped you . . . if in my soul I were not convinced; that you . . . my child . . . can not only vindicate, but also justify yourself with regard to the accusations laid against you."

"What accusations?" asked Siri, exerting herself to appear unconcerned; while she, however, by seeking for some support, betrayed an opposite feeling.

"You have," proceeded the Professor, in the same mild but deeply penetrating tone: "You have been seen at a late hour this evening with some stranger—a man . . . you have been seen in his arms; and it is said that this has not been the first time of your meeting with that man. Is that the case?"

"Who is the accuser that said so?" asked Siri, and cast a threatening look around her.

"No matter *who* it is," answered Nordenwall; "I tell you *what* has been reported, and ask you once more, is that true?"

After a moment of reflection, Siri answered with effort, but resolutely,

"Yes!"

A shuddering shock passed through the whole assembly.

"Who is the man?" asked Nordenwall.

"That I cannot say," answered Siri.

"Why do you hold secret conference with him?"

inquired the Professor, and his voice began to assume a tone of severity, and his interrogations became more and more rapid and violent. Siri said,—

“Nor can I make any reply to this question.”

“Why do you make a secret of the matter?”

“Because I am obliged to do so.”

“Wherefore?”

Siri was silent.

“Wherefore are you obliged to do so?—Answer, girl!”

“I can—I *will* not!”

“Siri!”—(threatening)—“Siri!”—(moved)—“that I never could have anticipated from my penitent towards her confessor.”

Siri was silent—she dried, however, her forehead with her hand.

“Siri!” asked the Professor, “do you wish to be alone with me?”

“No! . . . no! I should say nought different from what I now say.”

“You confess yourself therefore guilty?”

“No; I am innocent!”

“Innocent?—Say something that can prove it.”

“I cannot!”

“Innocent!” continued the Professor in an angry tone; “innocence that holds secret meetings with a strange man—which conceals itself before relatives and friends, and then refuses to give an explanation: for such an innocence I don’t give much.”

“And yet I am innocent! Heaven knows that I am so!” exclaimed Siri, with an expression of truth, which sent a ray of hope into the hearts of those who loved her.

"Do you love that man?" asked Nordenwall again.

In a low, but deep heart-felt tone,

Siri answered, "Yes!"

"And he loves you?"

"Yes, but not not as"

"Cannot he then quite honestly come to your family and say so?" exclaimed the Professor. "Has he committed some crime that he acts so secretly, that in concealment, and in darkness, he allures her whom he loves to himself, fearless of her reputation and her happiness?"

"I cannot, I cannot make any reply!" Siri wrung her hands, and looked unhappy; "but," she added, "do not think any thing bad of him, do not think him guilty of any thing that is bad! He is unhappy, and so am I too."

"Girl! girl!" said the Professor, "the case has a bad look with it for you!"

He was silent for a while, and all the rest were silent likewise. At length he resumed his speech.

"Will you promise never to see the man again, or at least never see him any more privately and secretly,"

Siri was silent. The Professor was obliged to repeat the question. At length Siri answered:

"No! that I cannot promise."

"You cannot?"

"No!"

"Not if I command you to do so?"

"No! not if all the kings in the world command me not to do so! No! In storm, in rain, in cold, in the night, in the depth of the earth, in hell itself, where he ever is, I must come to him, were even infamy, even death itself to be my lot!"

“O, good heaven!” said Madame Ingaborg, in a low tone, and pressed her hand to her heart.

“Unhappy child!” thundered the Professor violently, starting up from his chair, “are you indeed aware what you say? Are you fallen, so irrecoverably fallen Can you dare to defy the Deity, since you desecrate the resting-place of the dead? Do you not feel, then, that you are unworthy to stay in this house, that you must be cast out of the home that received you, that you are unworthy to lie another night under the same roof with those whom you have so cruelly deceived?”

“I shall go away!” said Siri, in a low voice, but with a look, of such touching expression, so comfortless, as to pierce the very heart of her judge.

“Yes, you must go!” exclaimed he, violently. “If you persist in your defying obstinacy, you must go out of my house, but, in the meantime, you shall tread upon me, as at this present moment you have trampled upon me, as a father and instructor. Within the door of my house will I lie before your feet, and conjure you to have compassion on your own soul and mine, which, neither now nor hereafter, will have peace when yours is lost. Go, go, go! But you shall not go any where whither I shall not follow you. If you are not afraid of night, and storm, and of hell, neither am I to wrest thee from it. Never shall you have peace before me, as you now rob it from my heart and from my family. Ungrateful one, go! and with a curse retaliate the blessing which you have received!”

He thrust her from him, and was about to retire, but Siri fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and entreated, with tears:

"O, reject me not! I shall not, I will not go! Repel me not! Deem me not ungrateful, believe me not guilty; I am not so. Look upon me, my fosterfather my preceptor. Do I then look like such a very bad being, such a spirit of the nethermost regions? Believe me, I am only unhappy, and you will one day discover it; and, although perhaps not here upon earth, yet hereafter, assuredly, in the light of heaven. Will you not believe me, and you all, who have been so affectionately disposed towards me?" And Siri rose, and entreatingly stretched forth her hands to all those who were present in the room. And the hearts of all beat with sympathy for her.

Again she turned to the Professor, and said:

"Have you not observed during our interviews, my reverend master, that I was eagerly seeking after truth, that your instruction was dear to me, and that there was a something dwelling in me that was not rejectable. Can you believe that these are lies? You then thought something of me, and now . . . is it possible that I should all at once have become unworthy of being your little Siri, your dear girl?"

These fondling appellations, which the Professor had frequently so pleasantly applied to Siri, now touched his heart. He turned aside. After awhile, he said, in a milder tone, indicative, however, of the excited state of his feelings:

"Siri, I will believe that you are innocent; providing you do not voluntarily deceive us. But you are deceived; thus much appears certain to me. And that you persist in taking your destiny into your own hands in defiance to the anguish and the entreaties of those whom heaven has given you for your parents, in de-

fiance; to all that is right and proper; that is criminal and culpable."

Siri bowed her head, and was silent.

"Do you persist, then, in that which you have expressed and in your purposes?" once more inquired the Professor.

"Yes, I must!" answered she.

"Then I must tell you," continued he, "that I cannot allow you to approach the Table of the Lord till you have in every respect cleared yourself from the darkness, which now rests over you, or till by confession and penitence you have rendered yourself worthy of forgiveness."

This seemed extremely painful to Siri. Mute, but imploringly, she stretched forth her folded hands to the serious instructor, and then covered her face.

"And since you have lost our confidence," continued the Professor, severely, "and since I am responsible for you before God and men, so—I tell you beforehand... you will come to this in future—to be watched."

Siri quickly looked up.

"And who is to watch me? who is to become the prisoner's keeper?" said she, bitterly; and the spirit of defiance seemed to rise again in her.

"I!" said Olof, stepping forward; "I, if my father will allow it."

"So be it," said the Professor. "You shall be responsible to me for her."

Siri slowly turned her eyes upon Olof, but he firmly met her dark looks.

"Olof, then is my keeper?" continued she; "and I his prisoner. But my judge is none other but God!"

"Do you see," added she, with a laugh of wildness, bordering on frenzy, "now I am in a similar case with the girl that was placed under the 'judgment seat of God'—and like her I am innocent, but do not wish to live any longer."

And with these words she rushed, in violent excitement, out of the room. Olof followed her.

About a hundred paces is the distance of the Silja Lake from the parsonage of Mova. A green field, recently planted over with young trees, composes the bank, and across this little field, Siri now hastened forward with wild flowing tresses, towards the lake. She sprang, as if she wished to plunge into the cool stream. But on the strand of it, she was caught up by a pair of arms, which held her fast. She looked round: it was Olof.

"Is it you—my keeper?" said she, bitterly, "you keep a pretty sharp look out upon your prisoner. Let me go; I hate you!"

"I knew that," said Olof, "I know it now that you do not love me; but that you hate me is cruel."

There was in Olof's voice a tone of such noble, such deep-felt grief, that it even at this moment made an impression on Siri. Milder, but sensitively, she asked him:

"Why have you taken upon you to become my keeper?"

"That, you may know," answered he, "that you have always a friend attending you—a friend, who will ever love you, although you love another."

"You wish to be my friend and my keeper at one and the same time?" said Siri, "and if I were to decide you—"

"You dare not!" said Olof, steadfastly and frankly looking at her; "I don't know how it is, Siri, but I cannot think aught bad of you. There is something of innocence about your forehead and in your eyes that cannot deceive me. What reason can induce you to act as you do, I cannot understand; but one thing I know, and that is, that I am determined to protect you, and therefore I have requested to be allowed to watch over you."

"That's the reason, Olof? You are a noble man.--I shall not deceive you."

"You have done so after all!" thought Olof, within himself, "or, more correctly, I have deceived myself, when I fancied....ah! absurdity! absurdity!" and Olof suppressed a tear in his eye. His first love, his happy dream, his youthful imagination, were also crushed. But the stars of heaven have never glittered over a more innocent, youthful soul, than at that moment over Olof's.

"My head burns and labours so violently," said Siri, laying herself on her knees by the shore; "take some water in your hand, Olof, and moisten my forehead."

He did so.

"Ah, that is delightful!" said Siri, "that just feels as if you were pouring moonlight, mild, serene moonlight, over me. Your friendship it is, Olof, that gives such a mild effect to the water. I thank you, good Olof!"

"Yes, my friendship is moonlight, but the love of another is sunshine," thought Olof, yet somewhat bitterly.

"Olof," said Siri, seriously, after having collected

himself had risen: "do you hear, to-morrow night I must see him again!"

Olof felt as if bitten by a serpent.

"I must!" repeated Siri, "do you hear; my own life's happiness, and that of *others*, depend upon it. I must see him and speak to him, but for the last time for a long while to come. At Tingesnäs* I must have a *rendezvous* with him; I have given my promise to do so. They may hinder it by shutting me up, but then—I shall turn frantic!"

"I shall accompany you!" said Olof, briefly.

"But you . . . you dare not . . ."

"I comprehend," interrupted Olof, "I dare not some night, I dare not hear. . . very well! I promise you—for that time, to keep back at some distance, as long as I have—you in sight, but if I lose sight of you, then . . ."

"You shall see me. I do not wish to flee, or hide myself from you. Heaven grant that I may be able to tell you all, and exhibit myself to you as I am inwardly, in my heart."

There was an expression of truth and innocence in these words of Siri, which at this moment overcame all suspicions, all doubts, in Olof's heart. Fraternally he laid his arm round Siri's waist, Siri rested her head on his shoulder. Whoever had seen them wander thus towards the parsonage, so young, so beautiful, so united, could scarcely have anticipated that they now felt themselves separated from each other for eternal ages.

* A neck of land studded with fir-trees, near the efflux of the Dalelfe into the Silfa.

Olof escorted Siri into her chamber, and was on the point of leaving her, when the door was violently sent open, and Madame Ingeborg entered, apparently in a very highly excited state of mind. She went up to Siri, clasped her powerfully to her breast, and said:

"My girl! my child! For heaven's sake, for your sake, for my sake, consider, consider! Your mother was once obstinate as you are; fancied herself innocent and strong, as you do, and did—what she had bitterly to repent of all the days of her life! Your mother—Heaven forgive me!—I hardly know what I am talking about; but if you do not wish to kill me, then—do not make yourself unhappy!"

Siri wound herself out of her arms, which had held her convulsively clasped, and stood still a distance of a few paces from Madame Ingeborg; pale, silent, and fixing a dark inquiring look on her.

"Have you not a word, . . . not a good word . . . not a single, single word of comfort to give me?" asked the latter, with a heart-rending expression.

Siri was silent. She was as if transformed into marble.

"Oh, dear heaven!" said Madame Ingeborg, looking at the mute girl for another moment, entreatingly, and full of anguish, then silently wrung her hands, and—went away.

"Siri, you are terrible!" said Olof, regarding her affrighted, and almost shuddering.

"I am under God's judgment," said Siri, slowly, "and none other but *him* has the right to judge me. Leave me now, Olof, to-morrow night about this hour, I shall expect you near the shore."

And saying this, she turned away. Olof went with

His mind in the most violent commotion, and with secret rage at the power, which he felt the strange girl exercised over him. On coming down stairs and passing by the door of his stepmother, he was powerfully drawn to go in to see her, and have a little interview with her: softly he opened the door. She was sitting within alone, silent; the most profound grief depicted on her countenance, and her hands pressed against her bosom.

Olof advanced towards her, fell on his knee before her, and said:

“My mother, speak—speak to me. I cannot endure to see you in this state.”

Madame Ingeborg took his head between her hands, looked long into his large fiery eyes, and said:

“OH! if heaven has denied me a daughter, it has yet given me a son!”

She kissed the forehead of the youth, and looked again into his eyes, long and impressively, as if she were reading in the deepest recesses of his soul. She then pressed his head softly to her, and said:

“We must endure, my son, we must bear it! It cannot be helped. You shall assist me.”

And near the heart of the mother peace suffused itself over the soul of the youth. He felt his spirits suddenly strengthened and invigorated. He felt himself understood—and felt himself loved by her. They spoke no more; but beautiful and exalted was that hour to both.

In the following night a little boat glided over the waves of the Silja, from the banks of Mora, across to the neck of land of Tingestnas, which with its black

fir-trees darkly extended into the silvery clear moon-illuminated lake. Silent were the oars which cut through the calm mirror of the lake; silent and pale were the two young people who were sitting opposite each other in the boat, with downcast dark looks.

An hour later the same boat glided back over the lake from Tingesnäs to the shore of Mora. And the two young people, who were sitting as it were, as before, silent and pale as the shades of the ancient Hades, when they were conveyed to judgment on the quiet waves of the Styx.

MISCELLANIES.

The following day Siri lay in a burning fever. She fell into a short, but violent, illness, which made her family to be apprehensive of her life, but collected them affectionately around her sick-bed. For several days past her mind was in a high-wrought wandering state, and would then frequently repeat those words: "I lay under God's judgment!" But there was a serenity, sometimes a heart-touching joy resting over her countenance, which more than any thing else confirmed the belief in her innocence, and flung a grateful veil over the last past scenes. To this must be added, that Siri, during her illness, and when the dangers of the same were overpast, appeared quite a changed character. Now she was mild, affectionately kind, and grateful, for the least service rendered, for the most trivial proof of solicitude about her. Never had she been more amiable; hereby all constraint involuntarily vanished; all mild sympathies were awakened; but joy had disappeared from the family.

"I cannot conceive what it is that is going on within me," said Brigitta, one day. "I feel so strange, so dejected. My soul really lies then quite upset. I must cheer myself a little with my Adjunct. But the misfortune is, that when he looks at me with his honest,

innocent eye, I am quite put out of my jesting key. How, indeed, is any being in this world of unhappiness to find any exhilaration? Even you, *Lease*, appear to me quite soft, just like a boiled haddock or salmon soaked in water."

But just then came the Adjunct, walking up with an uncommon good-humoured and animated countenance, and approaching Brigitta, who said:

"Well, that is *apropos*, indeed, to look as pleased as a wedding inviter, (i. e., a man going round to invite to a wedding, when all the family is mournful and down-cast.) I cannot endure it any longer in this world, Godelius! I will shake it off altogether. I feel that I shall have to go to a convent. I shall become *Sancta Brigitta the Second!*"

"Then you must first have eight little children, my dear little Britta," said the Adjunct, humorously smiling.

"Well, I do declare, that really is too bad," exclaimed Brigitta, "to make such ridicule of the feelings of a human being. And who has asked you to call me, 'Britta?' My name is not Britta! I flatter myself with calling myself Brigitta. I am much obliged to you for Britta; and wish, least of all, to be your Britta,—do you hear that? I shall break off from you altogether, Godelius! I wish to be a nun. I am going into a convent. Yes, most assuredly!"

"Well, to be sure, how good-humoured my little woman is to-day."

"Little woman! Am I your little woman? If you tell me any flim-flam, why... you may depend the consequences will be dreadful! But now I do n't wish to have any thing to say to you. I now want to be off into a cloister!"

“That you may do, my heart's child!” said the Adjunct with the utmost composure; “if you only first read this letter, and tell me how I am to act with it.”

And saying this he handed a letter to Brigitte, which contained the intelligence that he had been nominated lecturer of the Greek and Hebrew languages to the Gymnasium of Westrasa, accompanied with the desire of his entering upon his situation this present autumn.

On Brigitte having read this letter she clapped her hands together, and said:

“And you ask me what you are to do! Heaven has really endowed you with an immense deal of sense—is there any thing to ask about here? Accept it, I say; accept it with hands and feet; accept it in every shape and form; I will assist you, you lecturer of Westrasa; and I will be your adjunct, your tutor. I shall soon get just as quick and extraordinary an expert in Greek and Hebrew as I am in Latin. Oh, you and I will soon set up a professor's institute together.”

And Brigitte danced about for delight with her lanky Adjunct; who, reflecting, observed:

“But I thought you wanted to go into the convent!”

“Yes, I shall consider about that by and by. At present I have no time to think about it. At present I have to think about your lectureship, your change of residence, your establishment there, and . . .”

“And about our wedding!” added the Adjunct, archly smiling.

“Yes, to be sure, and about our wedding—next spring; for before that time I don't intend to be married. Don't look so very sad, my dear, little, old fellow—I shall tell you the whole of my plan; but at present I am so delighted, that I have no time to think either of

it, or of myself. Just before I was as heavy as a raven, and now I am as light and happy as a lark. And so must you be with me. Heaven keep us! what a long face! Is that the look of a lark, think you? Heaven keep me from such a lark's physiognomy! Ah! thank goodness, now it begins to brighten up a little! That's right! Ah, Godelius! how good and gracious our Heavenly Father is, is he not?"

"That he is—that he is! But you, Brigitta, you are bad! Why do you not wish to be married the coming spring already, and come with me. . . ."

"That I will tell you, my dear little old man! The reason is, because I—you see that I cast down my eyes—because I am wanted in the family. Aunt wants me, Siri wants me, and I dare not leave them since. . . ."

"But I—I want you too, Brigitta, and you are my espoused wife; and it is written in the Bible, the wife is to leave all, and follow her husband."

"Oh, indeed! how cunningly you learned folks misquote the words of Scripture. It does not stand written in the Bible as you say, but there it stands: 'A man shall leave his father and his mother, and cleave unto his wife.' That is just as it stands there. Be so good and refer to your Bible in Genesis, the 2d chapter. But, listen to me now, Godelius, and exercise your wit. The state of the family here is any thing but good; that you will perceive as well as I do; and I feel that sooner or later some great calamity will be the issue. I cannot leave my heavenly aunt, and my little Siri—that detestable girl—in that awful state of mind and confusion, which at present prevails here. I must first see things clear up again, and must do my utmost towards the accomplishment of this end."

“ Meanwhile, however, I shall sew and prepare a number of things for our house-keeping, and against spring . . . Why, then I fancy that things will in some way or other have gotten a little settled again here; and that I shall then be able to leave them with a better conscience. In the meantime I shall accompany you in the autumn to Westeraas; for I must see what sort of a position you are going to occupy there; and I intend to harangue the bishop and the consistory of the place; and, perhaps, if I take it into my head, the whole body of gymnasiasts, complimenting them on their excellent choice, and that they might get thoroughly to understand what a famous clever fellow you are, and what a pearl of a wife you have got. Then I must look out too for a lodging for you over the winter, and a house for us against the spring. Ah, Godelius! it must only be a small one of three rooms; for your aged mother must have one of them, or else we should have enough of two—three rooms and a kitchen towards the sun-side, and a little garden, if it be ever so small, where you may sit in the fresh air beneath the shades of green trees, and smoke your pipe; and when I can rear a few flowers and a little vegetables for family use”

“ Hear, Brigitta!” exclaimed the Adjunct, as if struck by a sudden thought, “hear what I am going to tell you! We shall get married in autumn, and—we’ll take Siri with us into our new home. She must get away from here; and when she is once away, every thing will be peaceable again in the family—that will be the best thing for all.”

Brigitta stood there quite amazed.

“This much is certain,” said she at length, “that

you sometimes get hold of ideas, of which I believe you draw down from the moon, or rather from the sun, for they are really luminous; and the more I think about this one, the more clearly do I perceive it to be—the wisest and very best that one could think of. Now for this, your kind consideration of Siri, I must give you a kiss! Of course it will be attended with some trouble and labour to get every thing in order so quickly; but if every thing will not be quite in order, why then it must remain unfinished; but the thing must be made practicable, for it is so very excellent. Give me your hand, my dear little old fellow! If Siri will . . . then it shall be as you wish.”

The Adjunct jumped up delighted, and looked—not exactly like a lark, but yet, as the happiest man under the sun. Meanwhile Brigitta and he determined that not until Siri is perfectly recovered, should their proposal be communicated to this and the whole family.

On Siri being on the way of recovery, joy again began to raise its wings in the family of Mora; excited thereto by Brigitta and her brother: the latter, who, during Siri's illness, hardly ever left her room, had completely lost his good humour; and in fact to such a degree, that he never once sang his favourite air in weal and woe. But scarcely was the crisis of danger turned, and Walborg again seen among the rest, when Lasse put on his sister's nightcap, hung her about him, squeezed himself into a sofa-corner, and lamented,—

“I don't know what is the matter with me, I feel so strange. Most gracious Walborg! deign to cast but one look upon me—I am certainly very dangerously ill . . . I have either the galloping consumption or . . . the ague!”

With this the pretended patient burst out into a violent laughter, of which he again declared that it was a very dangerous symptom—that it proceeded from a “laughing-fit,” and that it necessarily called for Walborg’s particular attention and care. Walborg, however, smiled, proposed several medicaments, of which Lieut. Lasse declared that they were perfectly inapplicable, and left him without the slightest sympathy.

Certain too it is, that nothing in the case of Lieut. Lasse called forth this feeling, and least of all his love; for that was a sort of farce with which he entertained himself and others; he manifested the same by quibbles, by violet bouquets, with dancing with the most pathetic *pas des basques*, and one could not help laughing most heartily; and Walborg, no doubt, amused himself a little, but was not in the least affected by a feeling that obviously wore an aspect of little heartiness.

While Lieut. Lasse was dancing and sighing, and the rest laughing, Olof went about silent and gloomy; rambled about woods and fields in quest of petrifications, and reading of “Plutarch,” in order to invigorate, steel, and fortify his mind. And when he felt too melancholy, too heavy-hearted, he then sought peace on the bosom of his mother, and pressed her hands to his forehead and his breast: never yet had she been so dear, so precious to him.

But Madame Ingeborg too was now no longer the same she was before: her brisk lively spirit of activity was gone. Either she went about, impelled by some painful disquietude, or was absorbed in crushing gloomy reveries.

One afternoon she stood at the window of the sitting-room, which has the prospect towards the Silja-lake, and contemplated a huge black cloud which was rising over it, and seemed to extend a pair of giant-long arms towards Mora. Gloomy images rose more and more powerfully in her mind,—when at that moment she felt herself gently embraced by her husband, who in a mild voice inquired,—

“What is it that renders the countenance of my dear little woman so gloomy, and takes away all her lively spirits?—The girl, I suppose, is it not so? But my dear Ingeborg must not allow her spirits to sink thus. Have we not agreed between us how we would receive the matter, and that we would no more brood over the past? And does not Siri’s present state of mind promise us every possible good for the future?”

“Ah, Gustavus!” answered Madame Ingeborg, “I do not know how it is, but I can give no place for any hope in this case. Since that dreadful day I feel as if I had some heavy weights pressing upon my breast. Do you see that cloud yonder which is moving up so threateningly towards us?—Since that time I constantly see such a cloud impending over us; and an auspicious foreboding never leaves me.”

“And what if a cloud does rise over us, and if it even come down upon us . . . what is there then that is so dangerously appalling?—Have we not passed through so many trials together many a day of heavy affliction, many a bitter sorrow; and do we not still stand here together, heart to heart as on our wedding-day?—Clouds? my good spirited, free hearted wife, must not allow herself to be disquieted by clouds now any more

than before. "Let us only keep up our spirits and not trouble ourselves about threatening clouds, and then you will see that all will pass over."

Madame Ingeborg was silent—a violent conflict was passing within her breast; but her husband did not observe it, for in his, too, all was not tranquil. After a while he said,—

"I was sorry, very sorry for the girl, that I confess. I was very fond of her, and I . . . had confidence in her. And she—has deceived me,—she as many others. This experience was painful . . . I have so often had faith in men, and have so often been deceived, that without the grace of my Lord, my mind would perhaps be—embittered. But in his goodness he gave me a friend,—a human soul in which I can repose—in whose streams of purity and love I can bathe my mind, convalescent again when wounded from contact with life and the world. Oh, Ingeborg!—my wife, my love!—if you knew what a feeling it is, with a character like mine, with experiences such as I have made, still to know and to be conscious of possessing a friend in whom there is no guile, no deceit; to whom one may go, and into whose hand one may place one's soul; against whose heart one may lay one's heart, and where one knows that it is a surrender to one's better self; a friend with whom one rests as secure as in the bosom of God! Oh! it is a heaven to be able to say to any body,—“Though the whole world should deceive me, yet you assuredly will never deceive me!”

With ineffable affection and warmth Nordenwall pressed his wife to his breast. A burning hot tear fell upon his hand. There was a something in that tear

that made him look up into her face, and with consternation he beheld in it an excruciating pain.

"Ingeborg!" said he, alarmed, "you are not well!"

"No," said she; "my old complaint of paroxysms of the heart!"

"Come and walk out with me into the fresh air!" said Nordenwall. "You have been sitting too long in the house with your disquieted thoughts—I ought to have thought of that before. Come now, my little woman, let us go together to see the harvest; and—you told me a short time ago, that you would show us a fresh piece of land that you have begun to put into a state fit for cultivation: let me have a sight of it to-day!"

Madame Ingeborg smiled feebly; and more to accommodate herself to her husband than in the hope of any sort of diversion for herself, she accompanied him out into the field.

On the way the Professor spoke about Olof's prospective journey to Fahlun, where he is to stay over the winter, and proposed to his wife to accompany him thither, and there to stay a few weeks in order to see Olof comfortably settled, and at the same time visit several friends there, and others who are living in the vicinity of Fahlun.

This proposal gave Madame Ingeborg much pleasure, for she saw in it a salutary diversion for all; and this journey, which was to take place the latter end of October, became a lively centre-point for the conversation of the two consorts.

In the meantime they passed by some fields where the golden rye was set up in sheaves by vigorous

labourers. Gladsome and pleasantly the latter saluted their esteemed reverend master and their mistress of the Parsonage; and Madame Ingeborg felt many a pleasure in seeing these sturdy good people, and the extraordinary fine harvest.

At length they arrived at the new piece of ground. Here the iron of the plough tore up the turf in long furrows, and turned its earth side towards the top, which smelled as fresh and pleasant as any fresh succulent earth could do. And now when Madame Ingeborg came to mark and point out the excellent potatoe field which was lately flourishing here, her countenance became quite animated, and she scarcely perceived the light summer-shower sprinkling down over her field, while she and the Professor were standing under the shelter of a leafy tree. The rain soon ceased.

“Where is now the threatening cloud which just before so alarmed you?” asked Nordenwall.

Madame Ingeborg looked in the direction of the lake, but the cloud had disappeared, and a brilliant rainbow vaulted itself over the mountains, and reflected itself in the stream of the Silja. The sun shone warmly and penetrated the fresh smelling earth at the feet of the conjugal pair

And the cloud had for this time passed over.

We will now cast a glance into Siri's sick-chamber, and there we find, early and late, day and night, Walborg, who had undertaken to be her attendant; and who as such, proved himself one of a most particularly good quality.

In all circumstances where people come in contact

with each other, there arises a secret romance, in which changes from good to bad, from approximation to distance, are going on, all in proportion to the dominion which the good or evil spirits acquire over the mind. Between Siri and Walborg was passing what we will here discuss.

Immediately on Siri's being taken ill, Walborg approached her, and with secret anxiety followed the increase of the disease. One night, when the disease was checked and the danger over, Walborg was watching by Siri's bed-side without observing that she herself was the object of her reflections.

"You are very beautiful, Walborg!" said Siri all of a sudden; of whom she fancied that she was asleep. "Is it a pleasure to see you! And you are very good to have the patience of thus attending on a poor outcast creature as I am."

Walborg blushed, but said nothing. A little while after Siri felt a kiss and a burning tear on her hand, which languidly hung down over the edge of the bed, and heard Walborg saying,—

"Siri, forgive me!"

This from proud Walborg! Siri with astonishment raised herself up in bed, and said:

"What... what, indeed, could there be that I should forgive you?"

"It was I who had first seen your meetings with the strange man; I who betrayed them; I who accused you!"

Siri was silent, and then softly said:

"You believed you were acting right. You suspected me of evil!"

"Yes; but now... now I no longer believe it. Can you—can you forgive me?"

“Oh, with all my heart!”

Walborg sank into Siri's open arms, and a bond was silently formed; and two hearts, which hitherto were closed against each other, now mutually opened their life's-springs.

“From the home of fire sparks flashed forth and fell into that of cold; then warmth gave life to cold,” such is the description which the most ancient northern mythos gives of the origin of life, and as the ocean lives in water-drops, thus arose from the life of two young maidens the truth of the ancient legend.

During Siri's convalescence Walborg read to her aloud out of books, prepared her dishes, which at such a season are so well relished, and which to give afforded so much pleasure. And for every flower of convalescence on Siri's cheek, blossomed one of joy on Walborg's heart, and imparted to her entire demeanour a vivacity, an expression of feeling and comfort, which all, and even Olof, observed, when conversing with her on the subject of their mutual solicitude.

As soon as Siri began to be able to walk out, she was supported by Walborg's arm; their growing confidential intimacy was remarked by every one in the family. Lieutenant Lasse called her “*les inseparables*.” Brigitta said she was jealous of Walborg, and in a fair way of getting melancholy about it, if she only had *time* for it. On the one hand her brother was now perpetually about her, singing:

“Though life may be short and be dull,
Yet amusement may lighten the way.”

On the other, she had now also taken upon her Walborg's domestic duties, and this gave her many

things to think about, and many things to attend to. She now made the discovery, that it was by no means an easy task to fulfil Walborg's place; and that Walborg, with her quiet, almost unapparent activity, possessed a particular gift, in attending to and superintending every thing, and that with as much prudence as circumspection. The habit of being attentive to others had developed a real talent in her, of giving satisfaction to all. She was like the hidden spring in the movement of a watch. But people seldom think of this. They look at the hands. Madame Ingeborg, however, had long since done justice to Walborg's quiet merit; and Brigitta now said:

"Talking about Walborg! she will positively put us all to the blush! Some fine day or other she will come flying forth like the butterfly out of its chrysalis. I now begin to find out that she has wings, although they were lying folded together."

But with Siri, too, there was a great change going on about that time. It was as if the woman had sprung up in her all at once. The childish girl which she was in the early part of her illness, as it were vanished. She was quieter, milder, more thoughtful, and a sort of mournfulness—a disposition, even in jesting, of having tears easily starting in her eyes, a glance, an expression, a most affectionate smile for all who were near her; in addition to which, an agreeable exterior development. All this rendered her charming in the highest degree, and to Olof more dangerous than ever, when he had looked at her long. But he saw her as seldom as possible, and was almost constantly on little journeys about the country.

The Adjunct's and Brigitta's plan, on which they

had calculated with so much pleasure, in reference to Siri's journey with them that very spring to Westeraas, foundered against her determined will to remain in the same connection in the family in which she now was. On the other hand, she expressed an evident satisfaction with regard to the proposed journey to Fahlun, and frequently gave utterance to her pleasureable desire of being able to descend into the large, famous copper-mines of Fahlun.

Brigitta shook her head at this longing, and the Adjunct pulled a longer face than ever, when his hope of marriage and domestic arrangements was for this autumn thrown overboard. Brigitta, however, comforted him with the prospect of the new approaching journey, and with :

"Spring is coming,
Trees are budding," &c., &c.

After they had agreed that they should meet together in the middle of the month of October with the Mora family in Fahlun, Brigitta with her Adjunct, and her brother of Mora, departed to Westeraas in the early part of September. Brigitta, who was preparing to harangue the Bishop of Westeraas in "Babylonish," composed and practised on the way her orations, and Lieutenant Lasse assisted her in it, in order to counteract the "horrible melancholy" which his farewell of Walborg inspired him, and of which he foresaw that it would follow him to the grave, or to—Westeraas.

On the departure of the cheerful members of the family a stillness entered into Mora, which became far more salutary than all mirthfulness. Siri no longer gave occasions of uneasiness. She was no longer from

home late in the evening or at nights, while on the other hand, she was out a great deal during the day with Wallborg. The hours of instruction with her paternal friend became ever dearer to her, just as he also from day to day grew more satisfied with her, so that his love to her re-occupied his heart. Not a word more was spoken in the family of that which had marred her peace. All seemed to be concerned and to make it their business to divert and cheer each other. The angel of peace spread his wings over the family of Mora, and beneath their shadow Madame Ingeborg re-awoke to her former sprightly vivacity, and to her wonted spirit of activity for every body and every thing around.

And autumn advanced, the days became shorter, and fires were kindled in the stoves. Dark grey impended the black clouds over the earth, and water and land assumed that leaden hue, which is peculiar to the northern landscapes as soon as the sun is gone. Autumn in the north has a deep, calm melancholy, but the ever green pine and fir-trees which crown its mountains and hills, and which murmur as fresh as if the birds of summer were playing in them, or as if their branches were quivering in the north wind; and black crows encircle their tops; these woods betake from sadness all paleness and sickliness, and give it the stamp of high and deep-thinking gravity. Beneath the veil of morning one feels the old Vatan. And thus days also come glorious days, when the thrush sings in the bright set morning, when the high clouds stand in purple and gold array over the dark-green hills, when the air is transparent and light as flying bird, and the body and spirit of man is vested, as it were, with wings; days when the sun shines in purest brilliancy

over the chequered earth, where the foliage glows in gold, and the grape near the rare *espalier*, where in the evening the *aurora borealis* flames, and then it is glorious in the north.

On a beautiful day of September sat Walborg and Siri after a long walk, resting in the wood by the side of each other. She had spoken about home, her youthful days, her parents, and her communications had not been of cheerful description, although Siri's narrations about her many performances and adventures had called forth many a hearty laugh. Walborg's relations could not produce this. A more joyless, more uniform life than hers one can scarcely conceive, and the spirit-prison in which she had passed her childhood, may in part, account for her reserved, quiet character. Her parents had married merely from worldly motives, without attachment, without serious consideration of the union into which they entered; and thus their life became a series of little asperities and great provocations. The daughter, who became the offspring of this marriage, received no admittance of sunshine of affection over her cradle. The selfish and much craving parents gave her no warmth, but demanded obedience from her, and a rigid fulfilment of duty towards them. Frequently the question crossed Walborg's mind, whether a marriage of this kind, though rendered lawful by all social and religious forms, was not one of the greatest sins against the order and appointments of the blessed God upon earth. But she kept silent with this question as with every thing else, in proud bitterness. Inclined by nature to reserve, she was by her education made, as it were, to a mummy. Thus she had passed her days without living, till the rapid consecutive death of

both parents unbound her fetters, and conducted her into a new and brighter sphere of action; but, a habit of two-and-twenty years' standing, combined with a character naturally not easily accessible, had, as it were, produced a sort of petrification of her whole character, and it necessarily required several violent shocks before it could make her susceptible of the mild influence.

The two young maidens had paused awhile, when Siri suddenly exclaimed:

"Walborg! I'll be bound to say, you have never been in love yet. You are too sedate, too sensible!"

A low, quivering, "Ah!" from Walborg's lips answered Siri's questions, and a glance from her large, beautiful eyes, seemed to open an abyss full of secret fire. Siri became alarmed at this expression in Walborg's look; and on seeing the still rising flame of redness vanishing from her cheeks, then a light rose in Siri's mind. She fondly embraced Walborg, and whispered:

"Walborg, you love—you love Olof! I have at nights, when you were asleep, heard you repeat his name!"

Siri felt Walborg trembling; she felt her cold lips upon her cheeks; but Walborg spoke not a word. She sat there pale and mute.

"Have I pained you?" whispered Siri. "Oh, be not angry with me!"

Walborg made an attempt to speak. A bitter feature of pain crossed her otherwise so placid countenance. At length she said with emphasis:

"Siri, promise me by all that is sacred to you, that he shall never even think what you believe. Never! no, never shall he learn what I feel."

"But, Walborg, he loves you too!"

"No, he does not. I have never been loved by any body, nor shall I ever be so. There is a veil hanging over my character which dooms me to solitude and retirement; an iron hand fetters my mind. Oh, Siri, you who are fascinating the hearts of all, you who are sporting in the sunshine of general favour and satisfaction; you who are able to reduce whom you please from laughing to weeping—you cannot know nor feel what a situation it is to be thus secluded! To feel yourself condemned, never to be understood, never loved; and this because—you are not amiable, because you are still, because the life of the heart, the tongue of the heart has been bound by cruel hands!"

And Walborg wept bitterly. Siri had never seen her thus. And how eloquent was she now in consoling Walborg, in order to enumerate all her advantages, all her beauty, her generosity, her noble-mindedness, and to assure her how amiable she was, and how amiable she must *appear*, if she would only herself have proper faith in her gifts; and how they were already noticing the change that was going on within her, and how Olof, too

But here Walborg interrupted here, saying:

"Ah, Siri! Do not speak about that! I neither will nor can deceive myself. If I were a flint, a cloud-image, or your shoe-string, I should be of more worth, and greater interest, than I am now. I cannot be so blind, nor you either, not to perceive that his whole heart, his entire affection, is exclusively yours."

Siri was silent for a moment, and then said:

"The heart may change, and his *must* change, for he wishes it, and I wish it too."

"I have never loved any one in the whole world except him!" said Walborg, whose heart, once awakened, seemed to feel an urgent desire to unbosom itself. Already, since we were children and played with each other in the court-yard of my parents, I felt myself drawn towards him, and every time that I saw him my attachment for him increased. And now that I saw him developed to a man, so complete, so handsome! . . . Ah! how poor and how bound have I not felt by the side of him, and . . . of you! Yes, I have been exasperated against you, and have hated you on account of the exasperation which I felt. But since I have become fond of you, every thing has become so altered. It seems to me that I could now gladly see you happy with each other!"

"But *now*," said Siri, "this is more impossible than ever, and—Walborg! It is my impression that Olof will yet love you, and that you will be happy with him."

"No, no!" said Walborg, shaking his head; "yet I shall know how to endure his indifference, and I believe that this will be easier to me for the time to come. But, Siri! we will never speak on this subject again; promise me this. And that nobody, not a creature will suspect what you know! I do not wish to be pitied by any body, and least of all by him. Rather would I go down alive in the abyss of the earth. But you, Siri! how is it possible that you . . . do not love Olof?"

"I do love him," said Siri, "but that is, from all that I know of that feeling, not that love. Perhaps I should have loved him thus, had not my feeling been so greatly engaged other ways. The giant of the South-berg—as you know!"

"Siri, how can you be jesting about this matter, and that at this present hour?"

"Forgive me! I meant no harm. I am inconsiderate!"

"I have imparted to you the inmost secret of my soul, Siri, and you—you will not give me yours!"

Siri suddenly turned pale, and said:

"It does not belong to me, Walborg, or else it would assuredly soon be yours. But the happiness, the life of others is dependent on its remaining secret; and a solemn oath binds me."

"Well!" said Walborg, breaking off. "We will, therefore, not speak any more about it. Let us now go to our patients."

And the two young physicians pursued their way to the lonely huts, into which official medicine seldom or never makes its way.

In the evening, when Siri was alone in her little chamber, she took up a portfolio, which contained many loose papers. Many a lonely morning and evening hour had she bedewed these leaves with her tears, and so also it was now while she was reading the following:

NOTATIONS.

Sixteen years ago sat a certain prisoner, condemned to death in Smedjegaard. He was secretly visited by a friend. It was on the evening previous to his execution. He was already in the chamber appointed for the condemned before they are led to the place of execution. This chamber is near the church of Smedjegaard. But what a church! desecrated by a reckless and unchristian spirit. The chamber of the condemned was not any better: dirty, bare, awful! A large paint-

ing hung in it,—Christ on the cross—though the most horrible daub—a frightful picture. Was it the compassionate Saviour's design, that from his cross nought but dread and horror should go forth upon the sinner who looks up to him for comfort? I looked around me, wondering if I should not find something in the room that could raise the mind, or give evidence of a kind attention and a feeling of compassion; something that could make a salutary impression on him, who there was to be prepared for his last hurried journey to eternity. But no, no such thing was there. The minister, who was there in pursuance of his official duties, a well-intentioned, but weak-minded man, was incapable of awakening repentance and better feelings in the prisoner, who was then sitting therein. Nor had the latter any thoughts of dying; he was young and tall, and strong as a giant; he thought of . . . wrestling in the last hour with the executioner, and making his escape. The friend who then visited him was to aid him in this his purpose. With several wild, turbulent fellows, he was to come to the place of execution, and there await the moment. The culprit and his friend, who was equally as great a criminal as he himself, but more favoured by Fate, for he had the good luck of escaping the arm of justice, were then coming to an agreement as to the scenes and parts they were to act.

It was late in the evening. The next day in the morning twilight the prisoner was conducted out of the prison, followed by an innumerable crowd of people. He carried his head high, looked fearlessly down upon the people, and said, that "they would get to see a jolly dance."

The friend with his men followed, well-dressed,

mingling with the thronging multitude. It was a beautiful day in October; the sun shone brightly; clear and dark-blue glimmered the water; the trees near the shore glittered in autumnal splendour; the rocks lay there irradiated in the light of the morning with their cliffs, their fir-woods, so fragrant and fresh; and all this was seen while the procession moved through the interminable Göth-street. And the friend of the condemned one thought: "If, now, this were my case, if it were I who had to see this glorious earth for the last time, if it were I who was going here to be hung?"

When he was yet a little boy, and rode with his mother from her little farm-yard in the vicinity of Stockholm to the city, through the toll-bar near the *Skan*, there was a place on the road, a little way outside of the bar, where the boy every time looked into the wood both with inquisitive and anxious eyes. For from within the wood, over the tops of the trees, three lofty, white poles, peered forth. "Chimneys," said his mother, but he knew that they . . . were standing on the gallows-berg, that they were pillars on which criminals were hung. And whenever the boy saw them he felt awe-stricken, and he shuddered, and never looked at the Swedish paper-money containing the inscription: "Whoever forges such notes shall be hanged," without being reminded of the white pillars in the wood. At an after period in his life he was to get a nearer view of it.

The procession went forwards through the Göth-street. The name of that street originates from the name of the first criminal who went this way to the place of execution. Near this street lies a cellar into which the condemned were conducted, in order to take

a glass as a sort of cordial on the way. So also was it in this case, and the condemned did not perform his task at all badly. The procession then moved further. A little way beyond the toll-bar of Skan it turned off to the left, and then came to a vacant place in the wood, where all at once a large rotunda, with three high white poles, cross-beams and hooks appeared, and towards the lower parts an iron-door, in which some one in devilish derision had written in large characters: "Göth's Garden."

And into this garden went the condemned one through the iron-gate with the gaoler, and vanished from before the eyes of all, while the people were grouping themselves on the hills round about. But nearer and nearer moved the friend with his men, and awaited the momentous crisis.

Soon they heard within the garden violent blows, furious curses, and shouts; the sentinel rushed in, all grew still, and the prisoner came not out. Notwithstanding his friend saw him immediately again, but *above* the wall then he fled as if chased by furies!

He fled from his home and from his father-land, and lived for many years in foreign countries an adventurous life, now as a soldier, now as a performer, or in the depth of mines.

But a dear tie still bound him to his native country and having caused the rumour of his death to be spread abroad, he wrote to her whom he had and whom he still loved, to tell her that he was yet alive, and would only live for her. But he received no answer. Years passed, and he was on the eve of returning to his home in order to seek for her . . . when a traveller from that part of

the country where she lived, conveyed to him the intelligence that she—his espoused bride—had become the wife of another.

From the shore near which he already stood the fugitive turned round. Ten years he again roved about as before, but still more unhappy than ever, when again he felt himself powerfully drawn to his home. He was a father. In his father-land grew up his daughter. This thought rose so vividly, so mightily in his breast. He must see her, lay her on his breast, hear her calling him father! . . . This longing desire drew him, as with strong iron-fetters, towards his home; it tempted him to bid defiance to the bonds of imprisonment—nay, even death! He did so; he saw the soil again, and kissed it where his cradle stood, but where he was not to find his grave! . . .

In Stockholm he went the same way again that he went sixteen years before: he saw the blue sea, the trees, and the rocks again. As he was thus walking, the bells of the city were peacefully ringing: it was Sunday. He saw the large rotunda again with the scornful inscription. Now it was still and silent within—the sun shone in from above—the grass was verdant and fresh within, and the golden dandelion nodded pleasantly in the wind on the step of the stairs on which so many a death-heavy footstep has been taken. A little way from it fresh traces of a spade were seen; and upon a fresh newly-laid turf red flowers were blooming: even to the grave of the criminal love finds its way.

Not far from here, by the side of the high road, lies a cottage; in it lives a shoemaker, and his son of thirteen years of age, who opened the gate, and readily re-

plied to the inquiries of the wanderer respecting the execution of a pair of wicked murderers which had recently taken place in the wood.

People often speak of the strength of criminals; ah, it amounts to nought! Sick at heart with abhorrence towards men and human society, he went away from this place.

And he wandered from here to Dalecarlia in order to seek his child, the innocent angel, who should reconcile him to mankind and to life!



In Dalecarlia, near the mines of Oester-Silfberg, it was said, was the place of her residence. But she no longer lived in that part of the country: for the last two years she was in Mora with her Oh, gracious heaven!

He tarried a day in that neighbourhood, kept back by his recollections. There it was—there in the neighbourhood of those proposed silver mines, where she, the,—the former beloved one,—lived and bloomed, beautiful as the wild rose. There it was where they formed each other's acquaintance—there where she walked about lonely in the still summer evenings, while fire-coloured butterflies there fluttered about mutely; and the *Selene noctiflora* opened their odiferous chalices before them. They too drank a chalice—that of love—of first love, young, strong, impetuous.

Her brother-in-law and guardian were opposed to this attachment, and especially to the lover, whose then already somewhat involved circumstances he in some measure knew: he forbade him his house. But *for* him was his wife, Ingeborg's fantastic sister; and the latter entered into the plans which love and

revenge suggested to him. She supported the pride of the lovers, which was mortified by the despotic procedure of the brother-in-law. They came to an agreement as to secret alliance, which should not be made known until certain circumstances permitted it, and *that* could be attained by force what then was refused. But what was understood by this, he alone only knew; not the innocent, implicitly confiding woman who placed her very fate in his hands, which he would govern and render happy, while by shrewdness and cunning, he fancied, he would be able to subject the laws of society to himself, or set them totally at nought.

In the neighbourhood of Säter he succeeded in winning over a young fanatic preacher, who was a stranger in the place, to his plan, which he represented in the same confused light in which he saw it himself.

The Superintendent-general * went on a journey. Every thing came to meet the views of the lovers. The priestly ordination took all scruples from the ladies, who had very little notion of legal matters; besides, he knew how to quiet them in every possible way.

One summer's evening the two lovers met together in the old chapel, near those mines. With syringa from a grave in the church-yard, he adorned his young bride, and conducted her into the chapel, where the preacher already awaited her, and betrothed them in the name of the Highest. A more beautiful and purer bride has never stood before that altar.

On their stepping out of the church, black tempest-clouds rose in the sky, and darkened it; but he paid no regard to it. By and by, when the thunder rolled in the clouds, and the lightning flashed across them, he

* A dignitary in the Lutheran Church.

clasped the beloved one to his breast, and earthly love celebrated their triumph amid the sound of the heavenly trumpets.

That was life.

• • • • •

A corpse-colour lies on the sulphury-green water which fills these destroyed pits, surrounded by steep mountainous precipices. The whole circumjacent country is an awful marsh. There, in the very midst of rocky cliffs and water puddles, lies the chapel, a relic of catholic ages, where *she* once stood so beautiful,—now for many years past, forsaken, open to man and beast. An awful murderous history is connected with these groves, and with that black dilapidated chapel; and the spirit of it seems secretly to rush over the whole region. A pale mournful shade also wanders there about,—the shade of a powerful love—of a great but a short felicity. He there seeks his former paradise, and finds nought but groves,—but ruins.

To be sure the syringa-bush still stands there in the church-yard, but the flowers were already long since withered away The fool! who, when plucking them for a bridal wreath, did not think that they stood upon a grave! He went again into the open chapel. It was far more decayed—the walls were far more sunken than before—the wind passed freely through the several saturnine windows. The altar before which *she* and he stood sixteen years ago was ready to crumble together; and the horrible pictures over it seemed to threaten him with a downfall. On the floor lay loose leaves from hymn-books scattered about; and he took up one of them, anxious to find a word of comfort in it, and read,—

“A prayer for those who are about entering into the state of holy matrimony.”

There is a satire frequently passing through life, which must be a scourge in the hand of some evil spirit.

In the forepart of the chapel stood a half-open chest: he opened it and found the remains of a shattered stone image.

All was dark and loathsome—and dark it was in the mind of the wanderer when he went away. He went to Mora!

Near the South-berg, in a lonely hut at the foot of the mountain, he took up his abode. She was at that time not in Mora; she was in Sollerö, *she* and his child. From thence he intended to make excursions as fisherman, and frequent the holms. He felt a desire to pirate his girl in a Viking-like manner! . . .

* * * * *

And he found his daughter again—his child! pressed her to his heart; and he still glows in love, in joy and sorrow at the recollection of this. A chance, or—why not take it as such?—A Providence called her into his arms:—he was on the lake—heard a cry for help, and rowed in the direction whence it proceeded. He saw an overturned boat and a young maiden on the point of sinking: she was in a state of insensibility, and blood streamed from her temples. He took her into his boat and rowed towards his habitation. Her appearance, her age, a mole near her left eye, a feeling that glowed through all his blood, altogether told him that she whom he had saved was his own flesh and blood,—his child! Having brought her to his dwelling-place and to life again, he ascertained her name. It was his daughter! What a scene then followed!—what a

drama in the space of a few hours, within four narrow mean walls! He made himself known to her; read the letter of her mother to her, containing the announcement of her birth, and which mentioned the mole about the eye, which the child had like his father;—he showed her the same about his eye, and she could not but believe him. In consternation and anxiety the poor bewildered maiden first stood there; but soon he gained influence over her mind, and the love of the child received fire from his. A wondrous life arose, full of light and darkness commingled; but soon the father led her from light to darkness, when he bound her to the strictest secrecy; nay even commanded her to swear, and gave her to suspect that her own life and death, and that of others, depended upon it. The name of the mother she did not ascertain. She was anxious yet—to spare that mother. She had little to say to her—little reason to condemn her before he had formed a resolution in reference to her.

One night and a day he retained the child with him: then she was obliged to part, but . . . they met again! . . .

* * * * *

Twice he saw his child again—a glorious nature!—pure as the new fallen snow, and warm as the eastern sky;—an open lively soul!—Every word was comprehended,—every lightning-flash kindled! What a delight to be able to maturely cultivate this spirit, and warm oneself on this heart! This must be her father's right; but . . . but he must away and work for his bread! King Magnus Smeck has commanded that the copper mines should be a place of refuge for criminals,

"who have not been guilty of too heinous offences:" the wanderer had, therefore, in this way a sort of royal permission to sojourn there.

In the spring he will return to Mora.

In the Copper Mine, Mora, January.

Here, one hundred and eighteen fathoms under the earth, in a hard glittering mine, where all is still, cold, immoveable, beats in disquietude a glowing heart. It longs to be hence—it longs after Mora, near the beautiful shore, where another heart beats,—a young, warm heart, the dearest I have in this world. In the mines of Tyrol I stood it better. Now I have seen paradise and long to be there and suffer. When will spring come? Then I am rich—then I can for a time rove in liberty. My child! From the depth of the earth I bless thee!

Mora, April.

Once more at the foot of the South-berg, again near to the light curly-headed girl—to all that I love! And near to *her*, who has almost excited my hatred. I feel myself altered for some time past. I know not what desire of revenge moves in my bosom. Wherefore shall *she* be happy when I suffer so boundlessly? She certainly bears the blame of the worst in my fate! Burning bitter feelings!

• • * • •

The bells of Mora! The bells of Mora! Oh, their sound is charming. They have made me purer, the gall boils less bitterly. But over me lies melancholy, dark and ponderous as the eternal night. My beloved

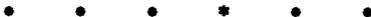
child! Didst thou lay on my breast, could I look into thy blue eyes, kiss thy golden locks, then it would be better with me. But in vain do I stretch out my arms after thee—thou durst not, thou canst not come.

It is growing dark, clouds cover the sky, the lake heaves and rushes impetuously, and the still, gloomy banks seem to approach nearer to each other. Such, it is said, is the precursor of an approaching storm. Thus loving beings approach each other, when calamity, when danger threatens, in order to seek protection from each other, in order to hope together, or die. But who approaches thus to me? Whom have I in all the wide world to whom I could flee in this manner?

How the banks of Mora seem, this ruffled evening, to approach to me! I see, quite distinctly, the church, the green trees, and now—the house in which my daughter lives....it advances nearer, even nearer.... eternal powers of love! Is it not a wonder, a work of the genius of my child?

No, it belongs to the powers of scorn, of raillery. They would let me see the shade, in order to rob me of it afterwards. But....

This very night yet *will* I press my child to my breast!



My arm wound itself convulsively, but her head reposed on it, and—it was mild. I gazed on her sky-blue eyes, and the dark hell in my breast became illuminated. Her love and her sweet disposition made me soft and mild.

May.

Again and again have I seen her. But there is a bitterness in this delight, a poverty in this wealth, a thorn about this rose of joy, which I cannot endure. For truly we have to part again, and what—what is to be the end of this? Why should the dove of innocence approach the criminal? He can only destroy her peace; perhaps—in the eyes of the world—stain her white pinions.

• • • • •

I went on that stormy evening into the neighbourhood of her residence, in the hope of getting a sight of a shadow of her. I saw her, the beautiful woman, my.... With increased intensity of heat boils my blood since that time! I was constrained to hide myself, but—I shall show myself again.

“Not yet, not yet!” so peal the bells of Mora, and entreat for her. Well, well then.... not yet! But I must away out, out and wander.

June.

I wander about the whole day, I walk myself tired, weary, and yet find no sleep at nights. This want of sleep is strangely consuming. How weary am I to see the sun rise in his beauty!

• • • • •

Is it possible indeed, that a single action, in which there was not even a decided bad intention, can produce such a calamity? Such was the question I sometimes asked myself, and then a wondering, a doubt, whether it really was so, whether all was quite over with me on this earth, with me, who was so highly gifted, so evidently called to play a grand brilliant

part in the world. She thinks it must be a bad dream from which I shall awaken, when I shall have had my full sleep out. And then I try to sleep, but an invisible, tormenting mask forthwith rouses me, and when I succeed in sleeping awhile, I then behold myself again as before, a lost wanderer, flying from before the sword of justice....

* * * * *

I had me rowed across the river this morning. The morning was windy and cold, but my blood glowed violently after the sleepless night. We rowed through a whirlpool. It had a dangerous aspect but I was not afraid of the draught of death. The one bitterness may be as good as the other, nay better, for it brings an end with it. But then my sweet Siri stood before me; I felt impressed with a desire again to see her blue eyes, and rejoiced in that I lived. I roved about a long time among the mountains, and in the interminable fir-woods, and I felt myself weighed down to the earth. The sun stood behind the cloudy veil, like a pale, joyless face. I had no other clock. How slow it went! I went into a boor-hut in the wood, and asked for a little milk and bread; I then fell asleep upon an exuberant flowery meadow, near the shore, and awoke refreshed, wonderfully strengthened in body and spirit. Thanks to thee, thou verdant, pleasant bank!

* * * * *

Oh, that what was done could be undone! But how should it? How should the deed be compensated and the stain be blotted out? What once has occurred has occurred: what once was done of course is done; no power of heaven or of earth can alter that, and this is—the curse!

What occasioned my misfortune? Perverse notions of society, lusting after riches and honour, love to... the faithless one. When she became mine, I wished to be rich and mighty, in order to be able to keep her in peaceful possession. The means were illegal, of that I was aware, but... I wished afterwards to be the benefactor of society, and....

"The road to hell"—some one said—"is paved with good resolutions," and that road was mine.

* * * * *

My soul is an agitated ocean, and I do not know myself. Sometimes I am religious; sometimes exasperated and wild. Sometimes I am ready to forgive all; sometimes I am bent on dreadful revenge—and with this my soul wearies and torments itself, without forming a resolution, without attaining to any peace and order. The one hour upsets what the other has reared, and all is uncertainty and torment.

Happy, happy are the children of these valleys; the sons and daughters of these mothers! They know nothing of this misery of soul. Fresh and great is their life, as that of the river near which they work. I have contemplated their labours throughout the day, and in the evening, when I approached their huts, I have heard, how with an energetic and mild voice, they were singing hymns and spiritual songs. How wretched do I feel by the side of these men!

• • • • •

July.

To-day I arrived at a lake, whose banks are black with fir-woods. It was the Ore-lake. Dark, but mirror smooth, it lay beneath the vaulted sky, between its desolate wild banks. The melancholy picture pleased

me. The sun then shone forth, and reflected his rays on a little towerless church, upon a neck of land in the Ore. I saw the people assembling together around it, and I remembered that it was Sunday. I went up: and on the way, before my inward ear sounded a little air, which, many years ago, I heard a Dalecarlian boy sing, in an agreeable, mild melody :

“ And as I the seven-mile-wood came near,
The sound of the bells fell plain on my ear.

“ And tell me, thou bell-ringer, chimer, say,
For whom dost thou sound this peal to-day ? ”

“ Oh, I toll for a blushing rose-bud bright,
Which is laid in the earth by death's dark might ! ”

Such is the announcement conveyed to a young bridegroom of the funeral of his bride, to whom he is just returning after his completed term of peregrination.

On coming to the church-yard, I saw men and women, who followed a coffin to the grave. I inquired who it was that was to be buried ? (I thought of the young bride, who was taken from the bridegroom, in order to be united to earth), and they answered me a young country girl of * * *. They said that she had lived and died “like an angel of God ;” that to her last moment she had spoken the sweetest words of comfort to her parents, and brothers, and sisters.

While I was listening to this narration and looking upon a few white clover blossoms at my feet, which, beneath the weight of the rain-drops, pleasantly raised their little heads a feeling of peace came into my soul. The clods of earth then rolled hollow over the coffin, and the minister began his “earth to earth, ashes to

ashes, dust to dust." But scarcely had the second shovel full of earth been thrown into the grave, when a heavy fall upon the coffin, and the call was heard: "Let me die with thee!" It was the deceased's young sister, who had cast herself into the grave and there lay, clasped around the coffin. She was taken up again in a state of perfect unconsciousness.

And for all that the girl had never read any tragedies or romances!

* * * * *

Near my ferrying place I saw to-day a peasant's boy, of about nineteen years of age, who, from want of caution in the ringing of the bells, had his leg and foot crushed, and that so dreadfully bad, that the physicians considered it impossible to save his life without amputating his leg. In the mean time, they had lingered with it as long as possible. The youth was carefully attended to and fostered, in the parsonage; his youthful strength and vigorous vitality came to the aid of the physicians; the fractured parts grew together again, the lad could after four months from that time walk again, and was in a fair way of being perfectly restored again. I asked him:

"Have you not suffered an enormous deal of pain?"

"I have thanked God so heartily that I could keep my legs," was his answer. From all his sufferings he had only learnt "to thank God heartily."

In Serna-wood, July.

Now I have seen the mountains, where the porphyry and the giants dwell. I have been in the regions where quicksilver is obtained in winter. I have

seen the solitary dwellings of Finmark,* and have lived with those remnants still existing in Sweden, of the strong but melancholy people, whose most common adage is:—"Happy is he who dies in his third night!"

And I have said so too. I have wandered about in the desert, in solitary gloomy regions where nature is untopped and human creatures scarce and almost barbarous. I have fought with gigantic nature, and frequently with hunger. Now I will away from here; yet, thou desolate retreat, receive my thanks: thou hast refreshed my spirit and strengthened my body. Accept my thanks also ye exuberant banks, ye fresh waters, ye still beautiful valleys!—ye have given me moments of recreation,—seconds of enjoyment. But that which I *need*—that ye could not give me, no *Lethæ*, no hope!—Therefore farewell! Now I will away again to Mora.

What do I want?—What does the storm want when it rises against the wind to the bright sky? It wants to discharge itself and its lightnings,—its consuming fire: it follows an inward necessity.

Mora.

I stood upon the Bell-mount, near the Elfe, and looked to the mountain on the other side. Thunder-showers had fallen on that day. Now all was still, but heavy clouds covered the sky and hung over the tops of the mountains. It gradually began to grow dusky. All at once I saw white spectre-like forms rising out of

* Several parishes in Dalecarlia are called Finmarks, i. e. a remote little cultivated circuit, when the descendants of the Finlanders live isolated in distinct communities.

the valleys and disappearing between the dark mountains. There I saw a roe pursued by dogs,—here hosts of human spirits, who with out-stretched arms were running up the mountains, as if they were bound for the sky; and one part was taken up in the clouds and vanished,—one part was left behind and sank back into the black abyss. Pale awful beings appeared and were lost again between the mountains.

Thus the spectre-work went on for a long time, and for a long time my looks followed this phantasmagoria of vapours, as I was well aware, but which now formed themselves into a hieroglyphic language before my mind. And now, from the foot of the Lek-berg, a boat came slowly gliding along hitherward, in which two persons were sitting. They were sitting beside each other, and appeared to have come out on a pleasure trip. A wind then arose which overturned the boat, and separated them both from each other, who transformed themselves into confused masses. But these also transformed themselves again: the one assumed the form of a dragon, and the other the form of a woman,—delicate, transparent, of inexpressible maiden-like charms; and the young maiden gently inclined to the dragon, which lay there immovable with his head turned towards her. Attracted as if by some charm, she came nearer and nearer to him—her head inclined, as if in love—her knees bent, as if adoring before the dragon. After a few minutes she vanished in his jaws,—only her bust appeared over his head, but distorted: as it were dying! . . .

Behind them there came out of the clouds something, which resembled a bier, and upon the bier lay a form, like that of a young woman. She moved in an

oblique direction down the mountain. And on her coming up higher the corpse slowly raised itself up; it was the former maiden-like form again; but she had a crown then upon her thoughtful looking brow, and her bier was changed into a shell, which was borne into the clouds, and there disappeared.

The dragon lay upon the same spot as before, but was also changed. High, swollen, uniform, he lay there like a nameless wonder. Later in the night, when the apparition ceased, when the vaporous hosts of spirits had gone to rest, this form still lay there near the mountain. It seemed to me as if it lay also upon my breast. Then I heard Siri's flute and hastened to meet her.

* * * * *

She has disarmed me—at least for the present. She has spoken of her virtue, of her kindness towards her. Should the mother be innocent,—only deceived? And—why should I destroy that family—a home where a child enjoys fostering care and affection—the only one that she possesses in the world?

If I were to destroy myself, myself vanish.... ?!

But.... I will, and will not....

All is uncertain to me....

(Here ended the wandering annotations. They were enclosed in a letter, of the following contents:)

“BELOVED CHILD!

“The hand of necessity interferes with our fate in separating us, and you wish it, wish that I should flee and conceal myself. I therefore withdraw myself—for the present!....

“These papers I leave with you, that they may give you some account about your father. I have long since

already thought to write to you, in order to give you some information about me and my fate, but—I have not been able to do it. I have not interest enough for myself for that; neither have I sufficient peace of mind for it. But still you must know something of me. I will not corrupt your tender mind, and—I have need of your angel-look into my heart. If, after I have removed the veil, you can still look into it with love, then I will believe that mercy and joy may yet be found for me.

“What you here receive, are—fragments from a broken heart, a destroyed life, began in the hour when your lovely image drew nearer to me, and when I felt the need of collecting myself before it; continued in moments when, without distraction or occupation, the mind is tormented by disquietude and pungent thoughts, and I endeavoured to disburden myself by a written effusion....

“Evil actions, things of a loathsome nature have I here laid open before you, you most innocent creature. Turn not away, my child. Do the manifested evils on earth become less, indeed, because we turn away our eyes from them? Ah! learn to regard every thing with a firm, stedfast glance. Only then will you understand what is the main question here upon earth; only then shall you be able to be truly merciful. It is well for you that you are a woman, and that your position on earth is among the humble. No arduous vocation is imposed upon you.

“Gladly would I have been longer together with you; fain would I now, that I am obliged to leave you, have given you something that might have been of value to your life. Ah! to have given life is little,—

what do I say?—it is a cruelty, a crime, not to give more!

“Oh! a thought, by which the mind may grow strong and great, reach ever higher and higher by youth, by old age, by pleasure, by distress, even to the highest heaven, which could warm thee in life and in death, and could make thy days, thy existence, a quiet paradise—if I could give you this, oh! then I should have been a proper father, a father who had given *life in life!* Then I should have saved you from the grave of material threads, with which common-place, with its low standard of efforts, its paltry enjoyments, and petty cares, will seek to ensnare your mind. Then I should believe that a happy thought might be visiting my death-bed. There have been moments when such thoughts have not been unfamiliar to me. They still sometimes visit me, but just as spirits revisit the abode in which they had formerly lived, and where they died. I am myself almost a mere shadow of what I was. My strength is leaving me, continually more and more; bitter feelings have undermined it. I often seek light, which I formerly had, and cannot find again. Darkness is continually increasing within me! Yet, perhaps, for your sake, God will yet vouchsafe unto me a ray, a spark. My life has been abounding in errors, but I have also wandered through regions, have had intuition of brightness, which not very many are favoured to see.

* * * * *

Mankind! my child, if you can refrain, then bind yourself not to any man in great affection or admiration. They deserve it not. Of all men, one only deserved it, but his feet no longer tread upon earth. Love

them as God loves them, from *compassion*, nor demand of them any other love. Your mother—be not hard-hearted towards her—my daughter! She *may* be innocent, perhaps, and merely deceived. We shall one day get to know it. Stand by her, in the mean time, as an angel, as you stand by me. She may need your succour.

Farewell, beloved, adored child!—my heart is awaking oh! that I must leave you thus!—When you come to Fahlun, and there some day go to church and hear prayers offered up for those “who labour in the deep and dangerous places of the earth,” then pray also for

YOUR FATHER.

THE FAMOUS COPPER MINE.

AUTUMN was on the eve of transition to winter; already severe night-frost had sheeted the Silja with a thin ice cover; and the people said of the troubled lake: "It's going to rest!—it's going to sleep!" At present the fields are hard as a stone—the wood-covered mountains stand there, darker than before, with snow flakes on their black breast. Now the genii of frost rise out of the deep in order to combat with men, who wrestle with them and their skill, as in all conflicts with great powers if they do not sink under them.

The last October, which was fixed upon by the family of Mora for the tour to Fahlun, began with a cold morning; the fields were white with hoar frost, and the trees stood there snow-powdered and beautiful: the air was calm, rose-tinted clouds lay like a veil of gauze over the sky, and reflected themselves in the one night's old infant ice of the Silja.

Such was the aspect towards sun-rise, when Siri was looking out of her window in the direction of the lake, and a moment after exclaimed,—

"Walborg,—Walborg, come and see!"

And Walborg came and saw, and then softly and fearfully said,—

"Good heavens!—what is that?"

They saw a procession slowly passing over the Silja

—they saw horses, carriages, and men; but they had no appearance of any thing real, but of awful shade forms.

“That is what is called, *Hägring*,*” said Siri. “More than once have I seen this, but never yet so as at this time. I always feel a sort of awe at the sight of such apparitions, although I am aware that they are of no signification. Can you tell me what this is intended to represent,—a funeral or nuptial procession? If a wedding procession, then it is a prophecy for you; and if a funeral procession, then it is for me!”

“Siri, you must not speak so!—A funeral procession for you!”

“Do you see!—do you see? it is moving on towards the church of Sollerö!—The little white church! always whenever I behold it I feel such a pain about my heart. I would fain lie there in the church-yard, and you and the maidens of Sollerö should scatter flowers over my grave. But the bells of Mora should toll for me: the bells of Mora are so beautiful!” . . .

“My little Siri! you are not aware how deeply you

* *Hagringar* is a common phenomenon on the lakes of Dalecarlia, in frosty winter mornings, and exhibit either sailing vessels, or magnificent edifices, armies, or moving processions of the kind, such as Siri here describes. The Dalecarlian, who reluctantly speaks of those dark powers, though he believes in them, neither makes mention of the *Hagringar*, not even when he sees them; but he takes care when passing over the lake in winter, not to follow the shades which he thus sees moving over the ice. A minister in Mora one morning, pointed at a splendid *Hagring* to a Dalecarlian, and said,—“Do you see that?” The Dalecarlian contemplated the spectacle awhile, and said,—“Yes, I see it!” turned himself round and went away.

pain me when you speak so," said Walborg, almost irritably. "You know not how empty the world would be to me were you to depart from it. Ah! not until I began to be fond of you have I began to think that life can have any charm. And I have thought that we might become increasingly happier and more happy together: and now you wish to die!"

"No! then I will live!" exclaimed Siri, and clasped Walborg ardently in her arms. "Walborg, what you say makes me happy; we will henceforth live together as sisters, and follow each other in the funeral as well as in the nuptial procession,—shall we not?"

"Yes," said Walborg, and laughed and kissed the still pale cheeks, so that they again bloomed afresh. "Yes, we will never separate from one another!"

"Only think," continued Siri, merrily, "only think if both of us were to get married on one day! But no; such will not be the case; but *you* will get married, and *I* will come and live with you and your husband! He shall be my friend and my brother; and I will play with your children and take them out into the fields and into the wood. Ah! we shall spend an unspeakably happy life together!"

The spectral current of vapours moved farther and farther, while the young maidens were weaving their rose-dreams for the future—it resembled far more a funeral than a nuptial procession. At length it disappeared behind the church. Meanwhile the morning had lost its beauty; the roseate clouds were changed into grey, and a thick frosty mist enveloped heaven and earth.

Madame Ingeborg's agreeable voice was then heard in the court-yard, where she was cheerfully making

preparations for the journey; and the young maidens made haste to get themselves ready for it, as it was purposed to set out immediately after breakfast. On such occasions it frequently happened that there was a noise,—a calling and running to and fro,—a racketing and hammering in the house, so as to render the day of departure a complete day of turmoil and torment. But here the harmonious character of Madame Ingeborg exhibited its power; for with such ease—such a liveliness and happy manner,—she knew how to give directions to her people, that all trouble seemed to be a pleasure, and their labour mere play work.

“If in heaven there be any journeying, then I am sure it will be conducted in this way,” said Olof, quite enraptured at this manner of procedure on the part of his stepmother, and the cheerful and orderly movements in the house at the same time. At ten o'clock in the forenoon they were seated in the carriage and, as if intending to give his blessing along with them on the journey, the sun broke through the fog, and shone upon the departing travellers.

And “Grandmother of Dalom” cast a loving glance on her endeared Mora, and with cordial expressions and smilings she saluted the maid-servants, who had collected round the carriage. She rode alone in her own carriage with her husband. Walborg and Siri rode in another, hired from the provost of Sollerö, and whose fate it was to be perpetually going about the country on hire, which made the dull provostess wonder that it could hold together so long. This marvellous vehicle was driven by Olof. And the carriages rolled rattling along over the frozen road towards Rättwik, along the shore of the Silja.

"What is it you are looking at so intently?" inquired Walborg of Siri.

"I am looking to the South-berg," answered the latter. "See, how it throws off its fog-mantle and hangs one of gold about it,—see, how solitary and proudly it rears its prominent head with a crown of clouds upon it, and with what majestic silence it overlooks all the hills round about. Farewell, thou glorious, wonderful mountain, farewell!"

"I believe, Siri," said Walborg, smiling, "that you think more of that mountain than of any human being."

"Not so much of the mountain as of its mountain spirit," answered Siri, likewise smiling, but heavy-hearted.

The party went to Rättwik, and from there to Leksand, where the travellers were received in the several parsonages with open arms and covered tables. And the universally-beloved Madame Ingeborg, of Mora, was every where honoured and hailed as "Grandmother of Dalom," and never had she a greater stock of playful words and amusing riddles for her friends.

Near Leksand, the travellers left the Silja and its romantic banks. Their way to Fahlun was through a country, whose dreariness and desolation can scarcely be imagined. Here you find the stony Dalecarlia, and in Dalecarlia you find the unsightly as well as the beautiful with *modesty*. Yet the former is found in a less measure than the latter.

It was in the afternoon when this part of the journey was made. The weather was foggy, but not cold, and the grizzly air rendered the country still more dreary. About a mile from Fahlun the scenes grew a little more

agreeable in aspect; green fields became visible along the roadside. Soon, at a little distance from one another, white columns of smoke were seen rising out of the earth; this was the smoke of the copper-mines, near Fahlun, which perpetually surrounds the city,—which gives a dark colour to the houses in it, and which frequently, especially in the winter, renders the atmosphere so thick that you cannot see even three yards before you. This smoke imparts a melancholy appearance to the city, and is frequently observed at a distance of many miles, according to the state of the weather.

With intent curiosity, mingled with fear and disquietude, sat Walborg and Siri, while the carriage rolled over the terminated road, through the so-called Miners' Town, to Fahlun, which road greatly resembled that of one leading to an abyss. Precipices and mountains of dark-brown dross rise along the road, and near the side other roads and mountains exhibit themselves likewise of scoria; you ride through a town of scorified metal: the road is black with it—all that you see is black with it; wherever you look you fancy you see the region of darkness before you. Yellowish green water flows through various parts of the town, and straight before you, where the road terminates, you see brimstone-coloured flames rising. From the sound of the carriages you fancy you are riding upon undermined ground; and so it is too, for the copper-mines pass right along underneath. It is so awful, as to be—amusing, when people are in good spirits. A hypochondriac must never think of going there. The town then rises to view from out of its smoky curtains with its church-steeple, on a back-

ground of dark green acclivities. On the left side of the town, (i.e. towards the mines,) a cloud-cascade had carried away all trees and plants; the mountains lay naked there, with their rolled masses of stone and pools; only the straw of a species of grass, with scorched corymbus, grows here, and between the bare stones, which are here and there spotted by the black Fahlun Moss. Any thing more unsightly and desolate cannot be imagined. But on the other side of the town the mountains are green and wood-crowned and have enchanting beautiful landscapes, with romantic lakes. And in the town within you get to see regular, even-formed streets, and pleasant, neat-built houses, and you soon get accustomed to the smoke, so that you hardly notice it, unless the wind happens to blow in the townward direction from the mines.

Our travellers put up at the hotel, which is situate at one end of the town, not far from the mines. And who should stand here at the entrance gate to receive them, but Brigitta with her Adjunct, (we shall call him "Lecturer" in future,) and Lieutenant Lasse, who all three raised a trio of welcomings, in which bass, tenor, and treble joined together in the most cordial harmony.

Brigitta had made every arrangement in the inn for the expected guests, and in the large saloon of the upper storey stood a large coffee-table covered with a variety of pastry and confectionary, around which the little party soon was found happily assembled.

Here Brigitta related how she and her "dear little old man" had been looking around in Westeraas; how they had there taken a house for the spring; and how they intended to arrange matters there. As by this

arrangement they did not wish to run into any debt, and as they scarcely possessed aught wherewith to furnish it, it was intended that it should be confined to what is most necessary; and therefore they wished to live in the beginning in unfurnished rooms in the newly-built wooden-house which they had selected.

But all these arrangements, and all this economy with the necessaries in eating and furniture, &c., turned from Brigitta's lips to something so remarkable and humorous, that soon not one of the company was remaining who was not obliged to laugh right heartily. The lecturer lay spread out with half of his body over the coffee-table, so that, in fact, his face was not to be seen, but yet it was observed that his body obviously shook with laughing. By this he was thrown into a violent perspiration; and he himself observed, that after this explosion—and another yet which we shall communicate after—a better state of health had entered with him both as regards his body and spirits.

While the spirit of alacrity had risen to the highest degree at the coffee-table, Siri went to a window and looked out searchingly. Behind and above the low-standing houses in the middle of the street rose the walls and the mountains of the mines; and further in the distance coloured flames were seen rising out of the black crowded masses, which unevenly and wildly were blazing up, and sending forth glittering bouquets of sparks and flames towards the livid sky. These flames proceeded from the houses where the copper is melted. They seemed as if beckoning to point out to her the way to the mines. Softly she walked down the stairs and out of the house, spoke in the court-yard to a little boy; who, upon her request, promised to ac-

company her to the mines, and speedily hastened forward on their way thither.

It was getting fast on to six o'clock in the afternoon, and already deep twilight. Light as a rose Siri hastened over the black streets through the miner's town, and sometimes looked round timidly, as if she feared being pursued. Not a creature appeared upon the dark paths, but an awful rushing of waterfalls and lively flames followed her the further she advanced forwards, and left the smelting-houses and the dross-hills behind her. It was not to be wondered at if the countenance of the young maiden was pale upon the solitary road in these strange, gloomy, surrounding parts; more wondrously appeared the beautiful, but fearful joy which beamed in her countenance, while through this region of death she hastened to the mines. And now she was there where a subterranean giant opens his jaws, like a monstrous mouth which for centuries past has vomited immeasurable treasures of precious metal, together with those mountains, those roads, that town of Scoria which now surrounds his borders. Siri could not in the twilight overlook the gulf, the so-called "Stöten," the vast, manifest opening of the copper-mine, nor did she dare give it a thought. Her heart bore her down into the dark, mysterious depth, and she leaned over the low railing which surrounds the opening, and looked down with a searching glance; but all that she saw was an unfathomable abyss, and from out of the depth beneath she heard the reports of shots, and a hollow echo reverberate the sound; she heard stones falling, and felt the earth tremble beneath her feet. Dizzy, and almost bereft of thought, she looked down into the dark abyss, when suddenly she saw a

Little light shine in the depth below; soon she saw several, which were moving slowly and in a horizontal direction. It was some time before Siri could distinguish that these lights were being carried by little, living forms, and that these forms were human, of men who with burning lights were coming up from the interior of the mine, or from some still deeper places.* With intent attention she watched the objects which the lights gradually illuminated. Among these was a hut, and not far from it a little green bush. At sight of this she became glad, and fancied herself almost at home there. She then saw how the light-bearers, slowly walking one after another, began to ascend a zigzag footpath which led to a door in the mine, through which they gradually disappeared. It was just about the time when the labourers who did not work during the night in the pits, went up in order to betake themselves to their abodes. Conducted by the boy, Siri then repaired along the brink of the opening to a little wooden building which lay before it. The doors of it stood open, and from within a large fire, which was burning in a great chimney, hailed her with its brisk flames. Thence was the descent to the mine. Thither she went, and after a while the miners were seen coming up the dark stairs in their black costume, and with miners' lamps in their hands.

We now return to the inn to the cheerful coffee-party, which for some time yet continued to enjoy them-

* The scene which Siri here beholds takes place in a depth of four-and-forty fathoms—namely, at the bottom of the "Stöten," which opening has for the most part been formed by eruptions. At the side in the walls of the mine are apertures and doors leading into the hidden depths of the pit.

selves there. But Olof and Walborg had noticed Siri's withdrawal, and as her return was lingering, Walborg went out to look for her. But she in vain sought for her in the house, and as with secret uneasiness in her heart, she went down into the court-yard, Olof met her in the doorway, inquiring after Siri. Walborg told him how she had sought her, but could not find her. From the domestics they learned upon inquiry, that a young lady, a little while ago, had set out on her way from the inn to the Mines. And soon Walborg and Olof, silently, and arm in arm, repaired the same way.

"How very awful it is here!" said Walborg once as they passed the Miners'-town.

"Are you timid?" asked Olof, and pressed her arm to him.

"Ah, no, I am not! But Siri has gone this way alone."

"Walborg! I believe you think a good deal of her?"

"Yes, more than I can express."

"Ah! love her evermore! Remain a guiding friend and a sister to her. She needs such an one. Perhaps I may some day be a brother to her, but at present—I find it difficult. However, I shall part from her with an easier mind, now that I know she has you to attend her."

Walborg made no reply, and they had not gone many paces further, when they got sight of a shining female form, lightly moving between the black hills. Siri always wore light-coloured material for dresses, and from this, as well as the light, quick gait, they concluded that the luminous form must be Siri's, and therefore went direct towards her. This, however, seemed to make her uneasy, for she went out of their

way, first to the right and then to the left, and then suddenly disappeared behind a dross-hill.

"Excuse me! Wait a moment for me!" said Olof, hastily leaving Walborg, and running after the fugitive.

Siri—for it was she—fled with increased rapidity. Anxiety and fear furnished her with wings. Olof they inspired with other feelings.

Oh! how comes it, that that, which flees from us—if it is a beloved object—becomes so inexpressibly dear to us, dearer than ever before, so that we could sacrifice all to attain it and hold it fast? So it was now with Olof. Besides this, he felt a tormenting fear, that Siri, in her inconsiderate flight, might fall into one of the ditches filled with water, which in various parts crossed the Miners'-town. With the rapidity of lightning he pursued her; within a few minutes he had overtaken and recognised her, and with a vehemence which, at that moment, quite overwhelmed him, he held the trembling maiden fast, while at the same time he pronounced her name.

They were not far from a smelting house: a bouquet of wild sparkling flames scintillated forth out of it, and brightly shone upon them. But wilder yet was the enraged fire which sparkled out of Siri's dark eyes as she turned her face towards Olof; but on her eyes meeting his, the expression of them suddenly changed. Cold and quick she said,—

"Olof, it is you! Thank heaven!—I was afraid it was some other person. May I take hold of your arm?"

"Why do you expose yourself to such a danger?" said Olof. "It is wrong—it is an unjustifiable conduct both to yourself and towards us." Her coldness

caused a feeling as of an ice-cold steel to run through his breast.

"Forgive me!—Be not angry!" said Siri, almost meekly to Olof and Walborg, who had just overtaken them. "I came from *Stöten*. I was seized with such a desire to find it out myself, and never considered for a moment that it was attended with danger. But a little boy who served me as a guide, related to me some stories which made me timid, when I got sight of you from the distance, without recognizing you. I was just about returning then."

Walborg and Olof said nothing; they were displeased with Siri, and silently they reached the inn. But on finding there all the family inquiring after them, they merely said, that they had all three been visiting the neighbourhood about the mines. Siri thanked them for this forbearance towards her with looks full of the most cordial expression; and with many child-like pleasant marks of devotion, Olof was constrained to leave the room: he felt all at once that he was both fond of, and angry with the girl at the same time.

A sort of feverish fire shone in Siri's eyes that evening—she laughed, she smiled, and passed a thousand different kinds of little jests, which put the Professor's heart in high glee. but her humorousness was more overstrained than natura.

Brigitta murmured a little, and said,—

"Now I am sure we shall have such a running and jumping after that mine as to be quite unbearable and then Siri, I am quite sure, will turn crazy completely, if she is not so already. I fancy to myself that she will fall in love with the mountain king, or copper

king at the bottom there; and then some fine day or other she will in full earnest become the miner's wife, and never come to daylight any more."

"But you, Brigitta, shall come down there to my wedding!" said Siri, wildly: "I shall prepare a feast for you, and treat you with a verdigris soup, a roast of scoria, and a copper cake, which shall be quite delicious, I promise you."

"Much obliged to you!—You may be so good as to eat your awful copper dishes yourself; and as to going down into the mine, that will never voluntarily suit me, at least as long as I live."

"That I still hope you will!" said the Professor smiling; "for next Monday, *i. e.* the day after tomorrow, we purpose going down into the mine and have a good look over it; and then I hope that you will not leave us to ourselves. You too, Ingeborg, I hope will join us?"

"Yes, to be sure, dear Gustavus!" said Madame Ingeborg; "I quite rejoice in anticipation of it."

"Yes, but I should like to see the man who could induce me to climb down into the mine," said Brigitta, with a sort of expression. "No, I shall never get there; because I would not, no not for all the butter there is in the world."

"Ah!" said the Professor, "Godelius shall persuade you to it."

"He will be wise enough to let it alone," said Brigitta; "for else I shall be parted from him. I don't wish to see that horrible pit. I have heard people say that they have known instances of persons who have lost their senses merely from looking down into it; and the little I have I certainly should like to keep as long

as I can. No, no my dearest best uncle, let me remain quite undisturbed upon the earth above; that suits me best, and is best too for others; for below there I certainly never shall be any better or more excellent; that I can feel within myself.

"Ah, you must for all that acquiesce," playfully said the Professor; "for we are a strong majority against you; and do but hear Brigitta,—all that you will lose if you persist in your obstinacy,—do but merely hear what I have lately read:" And the Professor read the following extract from a work of Hammerström, entitled, "Curiosities of the Great Copper Mine."

"From the Diary of Carolus Olgerius, in the year 1694."

"We were affrighted when we came to the mouth of the mine. With what features are we to sketch a picture of such an extraordinary and truly marvellous prospect? From out of the earth a frightful wide and deep gulf opens, which is surrounded by a railing, that no one from a want of caution may rush precipitately to the brink, and from fright of the monstrous depth, turn giddy and fall in; and though you lean on the railing, yet it darkens and glistens before your eyes. When you are looking towards the bottom, and if then you venture to look in more minutely, you perceive in the depth men who are creeping to and fro, forwards and backwards like birds, or rather like ants, for such is their diminutive appearance. Wherever you look things present themselves to your view, which each of themselves are equally as wonderful as in conjunction with one another; every thing is there mixed up together,—warmth and ice, light and darkness: one might fancy it to be the primitive chaos. On a more

watchful attention you get to see all sorts of colours, of copper, brass, vitriol, and sulphur—the one is pale, the other green, another red, and another again yellow; and just as the arms of all the gods were made in Æolia, so it might be maintained that at that place the rainbow is made and kept there.

“Do you hear, Brigitta, you must after all said and done, get to see the process of rainbow-making,” pursued the Professor; but Brigitta’s answer was interrupted by the entrance of two strange gentlemen. The Professor jumped up and embraced two good old friends—Falk, the governor of the mines, and Björk the inspector of the same,—who had left their country seats and come to town in order to pay their respects to him and his family.

The former was a man of about forty years of age, with keen eyes and strong eye-brows,—vivacious, precise, energetic, with metal in tone and demeanour; a strong and fresh nature, apparently created for breaking through mountains and surmounting all impediments by strength and perseverance. The other was a noble but weak man, who had experienced many adversities, and suffered himself to be depressed by them. Both frequently disputed together, but still always seemed to cling to one another. Both thought highly of our Professor, and bade him a cordial welcome in the “copper-land.”

During supper the conversation fell on Dalecarlia and its people; and many observations were made, all tending to characterise this people. The Professor and Ingeborg having regarded them in the light of love, spoke accordingly; the governor of the mines, on the other hand, viewed them more in that of contend-

ing energy, and as a characteristic feature of the mind and spirit of the Dalecarlians—that of their women he thought he was less familiar with,—and of the manner in which that people ought to be treated, he related the following :—

“ Colonel Vegesack was, during the Finland war, in 1809, commander of a battalion of life-guards, consisting of Dalecarlians. One day he was to take possession of a fortress, and addressed his people in that quick and animating manner which cannot fail to inspire courage in an otherwise naturally brave people. The Dalecarlians made the attack with the utmost bravery, but encountered a no less powerful resistance, and were repulsed with loss. Vegesack again remustered his people, and addressed them in the following manner :

“ Listen to me, my boys ! We have been unsuccessful this time, but you do n't look as if you intend to allow yourselves to be thrashed by the Russians ! If you are of the same mind as I am, we will now give them a sound lashing for having wished to lash us. Follow me ! we will exert ourselves with all our might, and then I'll warrant you, that within half an hour, we shall have their redoubt and canons in our hands. Forwards !—march !”

But not one man of all the host stirred.

The colonel looked around him with severe glances. “ Yes, yes,” said he slowly, “ I now see how the matter stands. But I will also tell you the consequence of it. Once more I intend to give the command of forward, and the first man who will manifest the least sign of disobedience I'll shoot him to the ground. You all know your duty, and I know mine. Forward, march

But the troop never stirred.

The colonel seized his pistol, levelled it on a man in the foremost rank and fired. The soldier fell dead to the ground.

Once more the colonel commanded, "Forward, march!" and all followed.

The attack, which was made with stormy impetuosity, was crowned with success. The fortress was taken with all the canons, and the number of prisoners made exceeded that of the assailants. The conquest was complete. But in the refractory and spite-bearing mind of the Dalecarlians brooded bitterness and desire of revenge against the man who had killed their bright comrade, and who had led them into the battle by force.

They deliberated together on some revenge, and on a plan of assassinating the rigid commander. He was informed of it, called them together, and addressed them in the following words:

"I hear that you have grown angry with me because I have shot one of your comrades, and that you are bent upon revenge. Very well, then, you shall have an opportunity to gratify your desire.

"You know that two sentinels generally guard the entrance to my tent. This evening I shall dismiss them, and will lay me down for fourteen nights without a guard. On the table near my bed, however, two loaded pistols shall lie. Whoever of you is disposed to come and fight with me is welcome."

The Dalecarlians listened to these words with gloomy countenances, and were silent.

Fourteen nights the colonel lay unguarded in the midst of his mutinous troops. No one disturbed his sleep.

After this trial his men followed him, whithersoever he wished, and were devoted to him even unto death."

They likewise discussed the answer which a Dalocarian gave to Armsfeldt, when the latter in the forest of Tuna received a troop of thirty thousand Dalocarrians, who voluntarily had quitted their valleys in order to serve their king in war, and promised to give them honest and brave men for their leaders :

"Yes, that's most sensible, indeed, for if we should find out any one who does not stand by us like an honest man, why then the bullet shall be levelled against him rather than against our enemy."

Amid narrations and conversations of this kind the evening quickly passed over. It was late when the two friends took leave of each other, yet not without having first urged the promise of a longer reciprocated visit on the part of the family of Mora to their country residences.

The day after was a Sunday, and the family of Mora repaired to the old copper-mine church. After the sermon, and after the minister had read the usual prayers, he paused for a moment, and then began again with a warmer and more heartfelt expression :

"We thank thee, merciful God, for the abundant gifts, and the manifold blessings which thou hast bestowed upon this place out of the depth of the earth and from the hard stony cliffs, and we pray that it may please Thee to vouchsafe unto us the continuance and preservation of these precious gifts furthermore, and to grant us grace to use these thy blessings with thankfulness of heart: all to the glory of Thy holy name. Preserve, oh God! all those who labour in the deep and perilous places of the earth from hurt and dangers,

and all evils, and give them grace, that they may have Thee ever before their eyes; commit themselves body and soul into thy hands; ever be mindful of the dangers which are impending over them; and be so fully prepared whensoever any danger should overtake them, as to depart hence savingly and everlastingly blessed, through the merits of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.' "

For centuries past has this prayer been read in the mining places of Dalecarlia; but never yet, perhaps, had the words of it laid such hold upon the heart as at this hour. Walborg saw Siri tremble as she sank down upon her knees; but he had no conception of her deep emotion.

On divine service being ended, and our travellers walking about to take a nearer view of the church, they were directed to a tomb in it which was connected with a touching example of faithful love.

In the year 1719, while digging in the Maardskinmine, in a depth of eighty-two fathoms, a body of a young man was found who was in a perfectly good state of preservation, but had changed into a sort of petrification. He was brought up into the open air, and great multitudes of people collected together to see this phenomenon. Among these was a poor old woman, who on getting sight of the dead man exclaimed: "It is he!—That's Mat. Israelson!" They then remembered that in the year 1670, some part of that mine had given way, and that on that occasion a miner of the name of Mat. Israelson had disappeared. Soon they ascertained as a positive fact, that he it was who was just found again, after he had lain buried by the overturned earth nearly fifty years in the depth of

the mine. The old woman had recognised the betrothed bridegroom of her youth again, and begged that it might be permitted to her to bury his corpse.

In the evening of that day the family of Mora were invited to one of the most wealthy miners in the town. Lieutenant Lasse danced long before anticipatingly in his mind, and played with great power on the piano in the large saloon of the hotel, *Les Plaisirs de Fahlun, grande valse composée par J. W. Flagge*. In the midst of this course, the young maidens came out of their rooms dressed for the festivity of the evening, and Lieutenant Lasse left *Les Plaisirs de Fahlun*, in order to compliment his sister and cousins, and to make his observations on their toilet. They proved very good for Walborg and Siri, but less so for Brigitta, whose head the Lieutenant considered specially as "over-oval and globular." She ought to put up a few flowers, or at least a bow of ribbon, was Lieutenant Lasse's opinion.

Brigitta was constrained to agree with him in this, but—she had no ribbon, and she was obliged to make shift without a bow, just as it was.

"Ah, I can help you to a bow, I dare say; you can have one this evening of *me!*" said Lieutenant Lasse, and hastened out.

"A bow?" exclaimed Brigitta; "how does he come by a bow?—That thing was not gotten by fair means; we shall find out that he has taken it from somebody. I mean to look sharp after him. See there he comes with a magnificent ribbon-bow!"

"From whom have you gotten it, Lasse; that is to say, from whom have you taken it?—Is it from Mimi Oesterdal, in Westeraas, before whom you figured so mightily at Domprobstens? It appears to me as if

you are blushing—most probably your conscience smites you a little. It would be a very good thing too, if I could get to know whose bow this is.— Besides, you shall have many thanks, my little Lasse, You may depend upon it that you will never get a sight of it again.”

“It dropped from her in the dance,” said Lieutenant Lasse, in self-defence, and with some embarrassment.

“Yes, to be sure, and you took it up and pressed it to your heart,—was n’t that it? The blessed courtiers! —the cavaliers who turn the young girls’ heads, and steal their bows from them, and make them believe that they wish to have hearts along with them; and who then afterwards care very little for either or both! Of a truth, they ought to be locked up. In the mean time I shall return Mimi’s bows to her myself.— N. B. After I have made use of it one or two evenings, and she shall get to know who”

“No, not for all there is in the world”

“Yes, for all there is in the world,—that’s the very thing she shall get to know; and we will have a good laugh over it. Mimi Oesterdal is a sensible girl. Don’t you think that she would much rather have her bow than your heart?—Such a splendid bow,—there are at the very least, three-quarters of a yard of silk ribbon in it!—I’ll warrant you that she will be highly pleased to get it back. I only wonder what white sash or neckerchief, or bow, you will appropriate to yourself here in the town. Heaven keep me! what a troublesome office I have gotten in this world, of watching over all the propensities of a brother, and of taking care of all the lost articles of dress for all my little sisters-in-law.

I really wish the proper sister-in-law would only come, in order to put all things in order. But this evening I mean to keep my eye upon you, Lasse; that you may rely upon."

Lieutenant Lasse disengaged himself from a little embarrassment of a sharp lecture, which was thus delivered to him by Brigitta in Walborg's presence, by a hearty laugh, and then threw himself with a sort of phrensy anew into "*les plaisirs de Fahlun*." Walborg and Brigitta began to waltz together. The new lecturer waltzed solo behind them. But now Madame Ingeborg came, and called them to get themselves ready for the real ball.

Of this we will merely mention that Lieutenant Lasse divided himself there between three beautiful young ladies, and that Brigitta often followed with inquiring looks her three new "little sisters-in-law," as well as the "divided heart," as Lieutenant Lasse was called that evening, in consequence of his divided, but vivacious courtings.

Walborg distinguished herself by her beautiful dancing and Olof performed more than one dance with her. Siri sat still, would not dance, excused herself on account of a pain in her foot, was pale, but pleasant and cautious, and sat a good deal beside her foster-father, casting up to him from time to time a charming, modestly inquiring glance, which seemed to say: "Are you fond of your Siri?"

Brigitta was constantly in the dance, was delighted and interested, and soon became a great favourite with the whole company.

So much for "*les plaisirs de Fahlun*."

The following day the mine was to be visited. Al-

ready early in the morning Lieutenant Lasse greeted the young ladies with the following song :—

“ Up, brothers, the miner's taper light !
Forward, while duty leads us right !
Dark is the way, but as we go,
Brighter will seem the depth below.

And though through shafts obscure it lead,
With cautious step we 'll onward tread ;
And be it far and be it long,
Yet longer still shall be our song.

And while the mountains open stay,
Shall hope, renewed, pursue the way
Which leads us to a world more grand
Than 'neath the sure sky doth stand.

And that wide world is ours alone,
And far and clear her fame is known,
Thousands of years have passed her o'er,
And she shall be for evermore !

Above 't is glorious and sweet,
But nobler splendour here doth meet
The eye below in our dark land,
Where endless riches round us stand.

Such joy can nought on earth bestow,
As from the metal prize we know,
Where shining from the depths of night,
It greets us with its dazzling light.”*

This cheerful miner's song (which contains more verses than we have quoted here,) and which at one time resounded day and night, and still resounds in the

* Song of the Miners of the famous copper-mine of Kröningsvård.

depth of the copper-mine, Siri was most particularly taken with, and soon she vied with Lasse in singing:

“Up, brothers, the miner’s taper light,” &c.

The words of the song contributed in inflaming her otherwise already excited imagination by the “eighth wonder of the world,” as the copper-mines of Fahlun were called. Her eyes beamed with longing desires to inspect different spots and places there which she had heard mentioned, and of which she remembered: the *Jewel*, the *crown*, the *copper-drake*, the *black-knight*, *Odin*, *Loke*, the *Mitgaards-serpent*, the *imperial globe* (with a cross on it, as an emblem of imperial power,) the *North-star*, the *Silver-plate*, the *King’s-saloon*, the *Prince of Peace*, and so forth. She felt especially curious to see the copper-drake, which she fancied to be the genius of the copper-mine, and moreover imagined to herself as awful. For the fiery soul of the young maiden sported images, grand and marvellous, as those which ancient northern legends had exhibited to her in the fantastic hall of the mountain-king.

Brigitta mean time firmly adhered to her resolution not to descend into the mine—yea, not even once to look down into it. She sat herself down to write a letter, and let the others all go away after she had charged them, and most especially Siri and her lecturer, to be sure and take care of themselves. The rest were all in a particularly gay and curious mood. Madame Ingeborg went as to a merry feast, and nought but jestings and humorous remarks were heard on the way through the gloomy Miner’s-town, and through the smoke of the clay furnaces, which resembled gigantic clouds. Through this smoke not one, however, went

unpunished; for tears ran from the eyes of the one, others sneezed desperately; others, again, were ready to choke with coughing, for the wind blew right across the way; and with the lecturer it settled on his chest, so that he almost turned sick with it

“Heaven grant that the smoke may never cease!” was the expression of Queen Christina, on visiting the mines of Fahlun, on some concern being manifested of the smoke becoming troublesome to her.

The Professor reminded the lecturer of this, but the latter expressed great contempt for the Queen and her taste; and Lieutenant Lasse thought that the Miner's-town and the smoke, belonged to the “*de plaisirs de Fahlun*,” and was studiously engaged with the composition of a new waltz on that subject with strong smoke effect. He had no doubt of its suffocating power, just as “the Abbé Vogler so faithfully imitated the tempest on the piano as to turn the milk in the cellar sour by it.”

Into the Miner's-hall, a beautiful building with a tower and clock, which was about fifty paces distant from the large opening of the mine, and lay straight before the main entrance of it, the travellers turned in, in order to array themselves in the miner's attire, as is the custom with all the visitors of the mine. This costume consists of a black blouse embroidered about the shoulders, a leathern belt with buckles, which is clasped round the waist, and a kind of beaver hat with a broad brim. Thus one is considered as sufficiently secured against the smoke and soot in the mine, and the dropping humidity in the passages.

“Dear bless us! how singular you look!” exclaimed

Madame Ingeborg, as she gazed on Walborg and Siri
"but, I dare say, I don't look much better."
... A hearty laugh then succeeded as they were all eye-
ing one another.

Accompanied by two leaders in a similar dress, who looked as if they were of the race of giants, the mine-visitors now repaired from the miner's-hall, over the stone-paved way towards the little lodge near the mouth of the mine, which is called the *Shaft Descending-room*, as the descent there begins. There in a large chimney burns a fire, which is called the "everlasting," for there it continues to burn from time immemorial; they do not remember the day when it was kindled, nor any more the day when it was extinguished. Through the countless centuries in which the mine was worked, this fire has also continued to burn. Even at a time when the mine was almost entirely fallen in, and no work was going on in it, the miners would not allow the fire to go out in the descending-room. It seems as if it were looked upon as the mine's vital principle.

At this fire the leaders lighted their miner's-lamps, which were composed of long fir-chips, fastened at the bottom by a copper ring. The other men also, together with Madame Ingeborg, had each their miner's lamp in their hand. Lieutenant Lasse sang :

"Up, brothers, the miner's taper-light," &c.

And then began the descent over a dark staircase, which with breaks, winds down spirally to a depth of four-and-forty fathoms into the mine.

During the descent the foremost leader called the

different stulms* by their names,—as for instance, the new landing-storey, the nether-furnace, the slieking process, the Lübecker's magic-hall, Tilas, *Ubi Sunt*, and the peasant's-room, where the peasants formerly had a sort of stable for their horses, which they brought down for working in the mine. And here our wanderers saw daylight penetrating through a door in the mountain; through this door they came out into the *Stöten*, saw over their heads the azure sky, and themselves in the midst of the giant's jaws, whose width from north to south is one hundred and twenty, and from east to west eighty-six fathoms. Here you contemplate the layers of undefined metal and species of stone which in large sheets, red, yellow and green marbled, form the walls of the mine-crater. Olof gave some explanation of the names of the undefined metals and species of stone. Siri meantime contemplated only the little forge in the centre of the *Stöte*, which she had perceived on the evening previous, and the green elder by the side of it, which stood there so fresh and pleasant in the hard metallic mountain.

After they had contemplated the *Stöte*, and breathed the winterly air which wafted towards them from the never-melting ice-layers of the Ambrus-shaft, they went back into the mine in order to form an acquaintance with its bowels.

There have been learned men who have traced back the origin of the copper-mines of Fahlun to Tubal-Cain, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," who is spoken of in the first book of Moses, called Genesis. Certain it is that their mining-work extends back and is lost in the legendary age, when

* *Min. T*—stream-works; horizontal works of a mine

the ingenious race of dwarfs forged in every mountain, and when the nations of the south looked to the north, as to the country of treasures and mountain-goblins. Upwards of twelve hundred men, at one time, were formerly employed in this subterranean world, which, in its monstrous labyrinth of passages, shafts, chasms, and halls, represent an undermined nether-world, an ideal of the palace of the mountain-king. They say that it takes eight days to walk through all these places from the *Stulm* "TERRA NOVA" to "where?" which, in a depth of nearly two hundred fathoms, composes the bottom of the mine. The manifold and picturesque names of these rooms and halls proceed from all periods of history, from the region of fancy as well as of reality, and contribute in imparting to them a romantic existence to the imagination. Almost all the kings and queens of Sweden have visited this mine. Charles the IX., whose heart seemed to have much of the nature and character of the mine—except that it beat so warmly for the tender woman, his beloved first consort, to whose honour and memory he founded, and after whom he named, the two cities, "Marienfried," (Mary's peace) and "Marienstadt," (Mary's-town)—Charles IX. was extremely fond of this mine, frequently sojourned there, and called it "Sweden's fortune," just as it was his wish that the large *Stulm* should be called "God's-gift *Stulm*." And his noble son, Gustavus Adolphus, on entering into one of those halls of the mine, where the copper-ore glittered from the walls, the roof, and the floor, exclaimed :

"Where indeed is a potentate to be found who has such a palace as that in which we now are !"

But notwithstanding all this, Siri could not here

find the palaces, the beautiful nether-world, of which she had dreamed, and which seemed to respond to the name, "*Jewel, crown,*" and so forth. There was ever and ever the same darkness, the same vaulted passages, the same spacious, empty halls and shafts, from which eternal night seemed to peer forth; there was everywhere the same damp cold air, the same humidity dropping down from above, which frequently rendered the floor slippery. True, the mine-walls glittered brilliantly, when the miner's lamp shone upon them, or was hung up upon them, and ejected sparks, but there was a cold, colourless magnificence, which left the mind and soul cold and frigid. In the passages miners were frequently met, with their lamps in their hands, in black garments, and with serious, pale, and blackened faces, slow, heavy steps—the life in the mine did not seem to be a happy one; and with every moment Siri's eyes became more dim, her heart more compressed; she would not have been surprised if any one had told her that the most awful of all the diseases of men—*insanity*, was one of the most prevalent among these subterranean labourers.

After the company had seen, near the "*Adolphus-Frederic* Shaft," the "*Princely Crown,*" which formerly was one of the richest working stulms in the mine, but was now just as black and empty as the rest, they went through *Tunkart's Experiment*, past *Prince-Oscar-Path*, to the *Fisher*, and from there past the metal excavations of *Grasike*, *Kraftklon*, and *Göse*, and the shaft of *Louise-Ulrike*, to the *Hummer*.

"Here is the *Hummer!*" said the leader, as he halted near the opening of an immense rotunda. "Here, formerly, a small bridge or staircase, with a

railing, went along the wall, so that you could walk right round it. But the chasm is choked up with earth which has covered the greater part of it, so that you cannot now go forward many steps in it. Yet the room is splendid! I have caused the walks which lead into this room, to be lighted up, that the company may get a good view of the vault. Look yonder, over our heads, where the three lights shine—that's the way across to the *Abbores* and the *Gösen*. The distance from it is twenty and odd fathoms. And here in the depths beneath us, where we see the glimmering of the lights, that is the bottom of the *Kraftklon*, to which the distance is fifteen fathoms."

"And the little bridge to the left, which seems to be pendant over the abyss, is it dangerous to step upon it?" inquired Madame Ingeborg.

"Ah, no!" answered the leader, "a little way forward you may venture, never fear." And so saying, he went a few paces on the bridge, and turned about his lamp, in order to exhibit it to light. Madame Ingeborg followed the same example, as she stepped forward to the opening of the rotunda. The strong forth-flashing reflection quickly dissipated the shades—as the lightning parts the clouds—and illuminated at the same time the form of a tall man dressed in black, who was standing alone on the narrow bridge, near the partition of the filled chasm, and turned his pale face to the entering strangers. At this sight Madame Ingeborg gave utterance to a faint, awful shriek, staggered and sank insensibly to the ground. The dark figure, however, was enveloped again in the shades, out of which it had for a moment stepped forward.

In the interim of this, Brigitta was sitting at home in the inn, and wrote letters full of relations and commissions, to her three best friends in Stockholm. She was herein interrupted by the governor of the mines, Falk, who came to inquire after his friends of Mora. When he learned that they were all most probably in the mine, he said :

“ It seems I have just come too late. My intention really was to dissuade them from a visit into the mine, at least for a few days. On Friday, when I was below, I heard a few groans, which I did not like ; for when the old heathen, the copper-sprite sighs and shakes himself, why then he is not to be trusted altogether.”

“ Why, good gracious Father in heaven ! ” exclaimed Brigitta, violently, throwing the table from her and jumping up, “ how can you come with things of this sort now ? Why that is most dreadful, I declare. They are all lost, lost ! Ah ! that abominable mine ! They will all perish together. My Adjunct, my Lecturer, my modest, charming, estimable Godelius ! My heavenly aunt ! My uncle ! Siri ! And Lasse, my poor boy ! Oh, gracious heaven ! I will away thither immediately ; I will set heaven and earth in motion ; I will go down myself into the depth of the earth ; if I can only fetch them up again alive ! ”

“ But heaven keep us ! Do not be so uneasy, pray, my gracious friend ! ” exclaimed the chief of the miners, vexed and yet at the same time amused at Brigitta's warmth. “ It is not so dangerous,—certainly not at all dangerous, inasmuch as nothing whatever has been heard in the mine since Friday last ; and since that which was heard was as much as comes to nothing. Certain it is, that before any thing serious

occurs very different presages come ; it was merely an over excess of precaution, which But I will escort you to the mine—the copper-man and I are old acquaintances, and I understand all his ways very well. I am not afraid of him.”

And soon Brigitta and the governor were on their way to the abominable mines, which Brigitta had never wished to see.

“Only don't be so uneasy, pray, my most gracious friend!” exhorted the governor on the way ; “and don't run so that you might fall, or perchance get into a consumption. I declare to you that there is no danger there at all at present. For many years past every thing has been quiet in the mine ; at least no considerable downfall has taken place since that serious one in 1853 ; but that was really a remarkable occurrence. It was on a Friday in the month of February, when shocks and groans were heard, and in fact so violent that it was readily perceived a considerable tumult would be the consequence of it. Hence all the men were accordingly ordered out of the mine, and on Saturday not a living soul was found in it. But as every thing continued quiet in the mine, no fall took place, and nothing more was heard than a little cracking, two labourers stole down on Saturday to bring their ore nearer to the shaft where it was to be taken up, and continued thus occupied till late in the night. But that very night, the night between Sunday and Monday, the great fall took place which again filled up a great part of the mine. At that time I lived in the miner's hall, quite close to the mine, and there below it rumbled and thundered as if the subterranean streams were in commotion. The doors in the house sprang

open; the window panes rattled, and some split in pieces: the same occurred in other places in the town. Many people never closed an eye that night. But those who fared the worst were the two labourers in the mine below. When they heard that the fall had commenced, they wished to rush up, but they found the ladder above them broken, and saw round about pieces of rock falling down. They then wished to go to some part where they thought there was less danger, but even there the steps were destroyed; they were therefore obliged to take refuge in a trying-place* called the *Ocean*, near the *Adolphus*-shaft, and there they remained the whole night without a light, for their miners' lamps were gone out, and while it roared and thundered in the mountain as if hell itself had been let loose. At length in the morning the noise had ceased, when the people at the top, at the brink of the mine, heard cries of distress through the *Adolphus*-shaft, and they consequently let casks down. They happily succeeded in drawing the two men up, but more dead than alive: the one was half raving, and both were very ill for a long time after'

"Ah, dear heaven! those are indeed frightful stories which you have just related!" interrupted Brigitta in her anguish of heart, "and that just at the present time, when Why, dear bless me! who is that? Is not that my Adjunct who is coming there, running up to us through the dross-town?—Is it his ghost, or is it he himself?"

Saying this, Brigitta sprang towards the Adjunct

* Such is the literal meaning of the term in the original, applied to a place which has no outlet, but is excavated like a cell in the mine.

and the Adjunct towards Brigitta, and both met together in a thick *rust**-smoke, which lay over the road. Brigitta, however, took no notice of it, but exclaimed,—

“Is it you!—Are you alive? Have you kept all your limbs, body, and soul together safe and sound? Why do you come here so alone? Where are the rest? are they alive, or are they all dead? Why don't you speak?—speak, speak, speak, I say!”

“Apstshaw!” was the first sound which was heard from the lips of the Adjunct. “I come . . . Apstshaw! in order to . . . Apstshaw,—Apstshaw!”

“God help you and us all!” sighed Brigitta. “Only say whether they are alive, or all dead?”

“They are alive!—Apstshaw! Apstshaw!”

“All—uninjured?”

“Yes, yes!—Apstshaw! that confounded smoke!—Apstshaw!—I shall choke—I shall choke!—Apstshaw! Apstshaw! Apstshawkoi—a—a!! . . .”

“Then pray do get out of the smoke, Godelius!” exclaimed Brigitta, who then also began to sneeze, “or else we shall both choke, and the comedy will turn into a tragedy. Yes, that's right! here we can breathe freely! Now tell me are you quite sure that they are all alive, and that no pit has fallen in?”

“Yes, I am quite sure!” assured the Adjunct.

“And they have all come out again safe and sound, from out of that Leviathan's jaw, and are again upon God's green earth?”

“Yes; but . . . aunt has fallen into a swoon at

* The Swedish word *rust*, signifies a layer of ore, with wood and coal; in order to expel by means of fire the solid particles from it.

the bottom of the mine, and is now suffering a little from the effects of it. I am therefore come to request you to go to her; for no one understands so well how to go about with her as you'

"Ah, my dear heavenly aunt!—What has she been seized with?—That abominable mine!—I wish it were in Blaakulla!"

"Yes, yes, and the rust-smoke along with it!—I am in such a perspiration, in a"

"Ah, that will do you a deal of good, my little old man! Ah! thank heaven! now then we are at last out of the nuisance."

Brigitta found Madame Ingeborg in the miners'-hall. Siri had been conducted into the miners'-court, a beautiful room resembling a gallery with different likenesses. She had just been bled, and had also recovered from the swoon, but yet not to perfect consciousness. With wild staring looks she asked:

"Where am I?"

"You are in the room of the miner's-court," answered her husband; "you are with your own family."

"In the chamber of the miner's-court!" said Madame Ingeborg, raising herself up, and apparently trying to recollect herself, "in the miner's-court? Is it not here where the criminals are tried? Am I brought here to be tried?"

"Ingeborg! recollect yourself. Look at me; do'n't you know me again?"

"Yes, you are my Gustavus!" said she with a heavenly smile, "my only friend, you shall defend me. But hush! (*whispering.*) Who is that standing there?"

And Madame Ingeborg's eyes fixed themselves with

a timorous glance on a full-length portrait of Gustavus IX, in that dark dress, with those harsh features, that rigid, immoveable expression, and that singularly trimmed hair, which forms a cross on the forehead, just as they are found every where on the portraits of that king.

On the name of the picture being mentioned to Madame Ingeborg, she said:

"Oh, indeed! I took it for some other person. Tell me . . . tell me, did any one of you see down at the bottom of the mine . . . on the bridge over the precipice, a dark-looking man? Did nobody see him?"

"No!"

Nobody had seen him. (The leader and Madame Ingeborg, who stood in front of the opening, had most probably screened the figure from the rest.)

"It was a delusion," thought the Professor; "the black depth turned you dizzy, and caused you to perceive realities in mere shade forms. Such things are not of rare occurrence."

Madame Ingeborg was silent.

"Yes, it is very strange," said she after awhile; "and here in this place it is very strange, too; but I dare say I am a strange being also."

"Aunt ought to sleep—should try to get a little sleep," said Brigitta, then pressing herself forwards: "Do n't you think so, dear uncle? We will lead aunt into the adjoining little room, and then I will relate to her the drollest stories that I know, or I will also set myself opposite to her, and continue yawning until she either falls asleep or laughing; and both will be very salutary to her."

Madame Ingeborg was obliged to smile, and the Adjunct . . . that is, the Lecturer, cast a glance at Brigitta, and said:

"Yes, yes, she gets some famous ideas into her head, that she does."

It was done as Brigitta proposed. Madame Ingeborg, who had now almost come to perfect consciousness, was conducted by her into an adjoining little private-room in the judgment-hall, and there Brigitta remained alone with her in order to be able to carry on her somniferous arts undisturbed. The rest remained in the hall, and the young people amused themselves for a time with the contemplation of the portraits of the Wasa-kings, and different presidents of the College for Miners and Metallurgists who graced the room, and who with wise and sharp visages seemed to look down upon the young folks who were contemplating them. Olof, who kept himself silent and gloomy for a long time, revived again with the contemplation of the beautiful collection of minerals, which were preserved in a glass case in the room, and was soon busy in pointing out and explaining to his friends various curiosities. Such is the nature of youth; the fresh water springs up under a pressure,—and it is well that it is so.

But the Professor stood there silent at a window, and looked out of the room. A leaden, heavy cloud, had overcast the sky, and lay gloomily over the opening of the mine over the black Dross-town around it, and over the naked, desolate mountains on the right hand. And it seemed to him as if the cloud, of which his wife had shortly before been speaking, had now been realised, and impended, pregnant with inauspiciousness, over

their heads. He had not seen the cause of her fainting in the mine; no defined object, no distinct image hovered threateningly before him; but he felt himself oppressed by a burning uneasiness, by inauspicious forebodings, for which he could not clearly account, and which he in vain endeavoured to combat.

In this state of mind it was very agreeable to him that his two friends, Falk and Björk, came to him. He sent the young people back to the inn, in order to dine there, and stayed with the two friends. He himself after a while led the conversation to the thought which now occupied his mind, to the *disaster*, and the share which the accidental fate of a man and his own guilt have in it. Melancholy Björk laid the blame almost exclusively on fate, and was inclined to say with Solomon the Wise: "It happeneth unto the righteous as unto the wicked."

"Fate!" exclaimed the governor, "I know of nought more empty than that word, and no power more impotent than this, namely—if strength of will rests in the breast to wrestle with it. By patience and perseverance every thing may be overcome; that is a doctrine which the copper-mine preaches here, in rivalry with the great man who at this place took fate into his power and forced it to his side, into his service, after he had long been haunted by his caprices, and had been obliged to experience its hardest blows. Contemplate Gustavus Wasa in his period of misfortune, see him a captive, deprived of his father and friends by the massacre of Stockholm, and afterwards of all his property; see him a fugitive in his own father-land, wandering about in the disguise of a peasant in the valleys, solitary, pursued by tyrants; compelled to

to hide himself soon under a cut-down fir-tree ; soon under the earth ; under bridges ; in straw, and even there wounded by the spears of the enemy ; see him despised, betrayed, perpetually threatened with destruction ; and with all this perpetually rising up again with the same thought, the same mind, the same purpose ; namely, of collecting Swedish people for Sweden's deliverance. See him combatting with the pusillanimity or coldness of men, never to be weary in warning them ; and finally, see how he gains the people's ears, wins the people's hearts ; see how they join him, and devote themselves to him as his life-guards, and attendants in life and death ! Hither to Fablun it was, where with his four hundred men he marched from Mora ; here it was where he first became the conqueror of his enemies ; where he for the first time raised the banner of Sweden's liberty ; here it was where he commenced his career of victory, which did not stop until he had made his father-land free, and raised himself upon its throne by the free choice of the people. See, that is a conflict with fate which clearly shows of what signification is its power. No, not here in this country, before the men of the copper-mine, is it proper to speak of the power of *fate* : here we ought to speak of the power of the *will* !”

“That's all very fine and glorious ! and we may read all that in Swedish history by Geijer and Strinnholm, and in that by Fryxal ; indeed, we have often talked about it already,” said Björk, not in the least strengthened by the patriotic outbreak of his friend ; “but I am of opinion that our history is a little in want of examples to the contrary as that of any other country. I mean to say that we can also show forth more than one martyr

of purpose and noble efforts, whose endeavours terminated in a total failure of success. Virtue, good-will, and perseverance, may be equally great with two persons; but the one triumphs over adversity, the other sinks under it; that is, the one has luck, the other ill-luck: that's the great difference between them; and when that manifests itself sooner or later in a man's life, it does not at all alter the circumstances. Engelbrecht, for instance, was an equally, if not nobler man than Gustavus Wasa; he struggled for the same cause and in the same manner, and he fell by the hand of an assassin before he had completed his work."

"But he had, at all events, laid the foundation for the superstructure which was afterwards reared," said Nordenwall. "As for the rest you are right. You are right in this respect, that earthly fortune does not always engage in the service of justice that *blind fate is a power upon earth*. But above it stands *Providence*, with justice for its balance, with eternity in his hand, and continues where its power ceases, and finishes what is left unfinished. The power of earthly fate extends as far as death; the doctrines of religion, which have opened to us the path beyond this earthly one, have also shown us the prize of victory on yonder side, both for man himself as well as for the good cause of his warfare. And no man is so strong as he who lives and fights in this consciousness. Hence Gustavus Adolphus the great is a far more pleasing and nobler pattern to me, than Gustavus Wasa. It is indeed a glorious picture to behold, how he with prayer and sword, and with his war-song: 'Fear not, thou little flock!' goes forth with his little band against half a world, contending for the liberty of faith. And the joyous spirit of heroism,

which ever caused him to be foremost, and in which he answered: 'The Lord God omnipotent ever liveth and reigneth!' whenever he was entreated to spare his life; see, that is a spirit which I admire. It is a pleasure to see how even derision—a weapon so dreaded by many—becomes itself turned into ridicule before his gravity. What sport was not made in Austria of his design; how did they not mock and laugh about him at the court of Vienna, where they applied the epithet to him of the 'Snow-king,' and so forth. But the Snow-king went forward, and grew and increased until his avalanche made the imperial city and crown tremble. He died in the very midst of his victorious career, and in this way succumbed to his earthly destiny: but—was the victory on that account any less perfect? He himself was removed from the power of earthly fate, and the protestant world honours him to this very day, as their deliverer. The fault with us is, that when we judge of a life and its efforts, we generally take a too low standard of measurement."

"You are quite right, my brother," said the governor; "but you must not deny old king Gösta the hope which you commend in his grandson. Of him too, we know that he built his house upon a stronger foundation than his own strength, just as he has expressed it in his own hymn:

"Oh, Swedes, on God implicitly rely.
And evermore pray too him fervently!"

"Brother Nordenwall, compose me this hymn, and then I will endeavour to prevail upon the miners to sing it during their morning worship. That will

strengthen them in a more salutary manner than the brandy-potation, of which they are so excessively fond."

In the room adjoining, Madame Ingeborg had just said to Brigitta :

"Open the door a little, Brigitta. I hear Gustavus's voice, and that voice is dearer to me than the finest music. Hush! Now I can apprehend his words too."

The visit of the physician interrupted the conversation of the friends. He found Madame Ingeborg better, but still in an excited state. He prescribed several soothing medicines, and with it the utmost external and internal quietness.

In consequence hereof, it was determined that she should quietly remain over-night in the miner's hall, and the Professor with her. Madame Ingeborg herself was very well satisfied with this resolution. When the young people, however, on their return from the inn, were informed that they were to return to it again for the night, they were quite confounded, and each one said: "May not *I* remain here?"

"No, not one of you," said Madame Ingeborg, pleasantly, "nobody except my husband. My night will perhaps be uneasy, and this night I will not disturb or trouble any one else, excepting him. A pretty proof of affection!" added she, with a sorrowful but love-replete smile, to which her husband responded with a cordial—"That's just as it should be!"

But Siri meekly bent her knee before Madame Ingeborg's couch, laid her head on her feet, and said: "Let me stay here for the night!"

The voice with which she entreated had a something in it irresistible. The Professor said:

“Let the girl stay here with us, Ingeborg! I'll take all the responsibility upon myself.”

And so it was decided. Not long afterwards they all took leave of one another for the night, as they were anxious to let Madame Ingeborg get to rest as soon as possible. Olof lingered a little longer than the rest, for he wished to bid Siri good-night, or more correctly—though he would not himself concede it—to see her for a moment alone, and obtain a kind word, a pleasant look, from her. Ah! the poor heart, in which love dwells, is as the source of Iceland, in whose depth, invisible flames are boiling. In the middle of winter, out of the midst of the snow, its water-spouts spring forth with volcanic power. And though they spill their tears on hard rocks and cold snow, and hurl their stones, yet pay they no regard to it—they still continue to spout and to boil.

Siri was not in the room just at the moment; he saw somebody, who stood there as if waiting for some one. Who was it? Ah! he had no occasion to inquire. The first motion in his heart had, more than her light form, proclaimed Siri. He stood still. Wild and painful was the tempest in his breast. She too moved not, and he only heard her voice, penetrating as it were into his breast, as she said:

“Olof, are you angry with me?”

Olof made no reply. A momentary change was going on within him. Siri's mysterious demeanour, all that he had suffered for her sake, interposed like a dark body between them, just at the very moment when she approached him so meekly, so penitently, and hardened him against her. A desire for revenge was working

in his heart. When generous hearts come to such-like feelings, it is sinful of them.

Again he heard the mild voice :

“Olof! you are angry with me. I am not surprised at it; notwithstanding, I have a favour to ask of you.”

Siri went up to him, handed him a sealed letter, and said :

“Take this letter, and—take care of it. Take care of it, as if the keeper of the most precious treasure. But on some future day, when I shall give you permission, or, when—I am dead, then break its seal; read it, and when you have read it—*burn* it; let no one then know what it contained. For therein is recorded—my secret. I have written every thing down. But no living soul shall know it except *you*. But you Olof, shall one day know, that she whom you have protected, towards whom you have been so generous, so kind, was not unworthy of it. I now resign into your hands that which is of more importance to me than my life, and—feel no scruples in doing so. So great is my faith in you and your honour, I know that you will act strictly in conformity with my request.”

Olof took the letter, but continued silent. This seemed to pain Siri. She gazed on him, mournfully inquiringly with her beautiful, remarkable eyes, with her touching feature about her lips, and said :

“Olof! I have so joyfully looked forward to this moment, from whenceforth I should no longer stand before you wrapped in darkness. . . . Soon we must part, and heaven knows, how and for how long! It would be a comfort to me, could I believe that you, of whom I shall ever think as of my best friend, also think

friendly of me and entertain the like feelings towards me. You once, when we used to play together, called me *sister*. This name is so dear to me. Oh! can you not give me this name again, and that in earnest? Olof, cannot and will you not receive me again, and love me as a brother, now and ever? It seems to me as if then my way would go on lighter; I believe that life would then be easier to—us both!”

There was a something so simple, so earnest and cordial at the same time, in Siri's manner and expression, that Olof became, as it were, penetrated by a new, fresh feeling. It dropped like a soothing dew on the wild glow in his soul, where love and disaffection were in conflict together. He felt himself again changed; and when now he once more pressed the young maiden to his heart, as a beloved sister, and her head fingered again on his breast, so mild, so full of confidence, just as the first time it was done in pain and cordiality, his heart raised itself up anew; he felt himself strong over his own weakness, and renewed the vow of being her brother and friend.

With a hearty “God bless you, my sister!” he inclined over her—and hastened away. Siri looked after him. Her eyes sparkled in a suffusion of tears, but joyously, as when one has seen something noble and beautiful.

She then went softly into the room, and after bidding her foster-parents good-night, withdrew into the smaller chamber, where she was to pass the night, on the sofa. The only window in that room went to the mining-place; and timorously and full of misgivings she dwelt near it.

The two married people were in the large room.

Madame Ingeborg, owing to a considerable rush of blood to the heart, could not endure a lying posture, and therefore sat up in a large easy chair. Now every thing around her was still and silent. The night-lamp burnt with a steady, but dull reflection, and beside his wife sat the Professor, watching over her with the eye of faithful affection. Notwithstanding, Madame Ingeborg got not a moment of repose.

Ever and again she fearfully raised her eye towards the portrait of Charles IX., as if in him she had seen the precursor of a chastising judge, some avenging fatality. And yet that dreaded king was himself almost a touching example of the power of a punishing Nemesis. He who made so many hearts tremble, nay perish, in tormenting fear of death, who caused so many heads to fall under the axe of the executioner, he the inexorable, the mighty in will and power, he stood in his old age before the imperial states of Sweden, and could do nought but point at his sore-stricken head, and stammer: "God's judgment!... God's judgment!...."

GOD'S JUDGMENT.

AND night came on ;—the half-moon shone forth out of the clouds, and illuminated the giant's mouth of the mine, and the black masses of dross with that dreary reflection which is peculiar to it. In the town, which lay behind the Miners'-hall, all was still,—all had gone to rest ; but in the mine below they were at work that night, and from time to time hollow mine-shots were heard from out of the depth.

Madame Ingeborg, who was under the influence of some narcotic medicine, which was yet not able to give her any rest, awoke every time at such a shot, and stretched out her hands avertingly, as against a secret threatening danger. Her husband contemplated her with disquietude, and was extremely dissatisfied in his own mind about the night-quarters they had chosen, without having thought of the unquiet neighbourhood of the mine. He himself had disengaged his mind from gloomy impressions by the conversation with his friends. He was strong again and full of confidence as usual, and merely wished to be able to impart his tranquillity to the beloved being who, apparently to him, was a prey to hidden sorrows.

Seeing that there was no change in her—that under a state of the most fearful anguish she continued to be tormented by gloomy dreams, he kissed her eye-lids, and said,—

"Ingeborg awake!—speak to me; let us talk together! Walk about the room a little with me; that will do you more good than that sort of sleep."

"Who calls me?—Who says, speak?" asked Madame Ingeborg, looking around her with wondering eyes. "Oh, Gustavus! is it you?—Thank you for waking me; my soul was in hell. Yes, you are right, I must speak now or never!"

"What do you wish?—What do you mean?—Why do you speak so perplexedly?"

"Those were glorious, heavenly words, Gustavus, which you spoke last evening, of the triumph in death or beyond it,—of the power that is stronger than misfortune,—than fate! Nay, do not look at me so, I am in full possession of my senses; I know what I say, and what I wish. Fate impels, conscience admonishes, and God commands; and you, who have given me strength,—you, be you my judge!" And Madame Ingeborg fell in violent emotion on her knees before her husband.

"Ingeborg!—my wife! what are you doing?" exclaimed Nordenwall, and wished to raise her.

"Let me be!" she exclaimed, determined and gloomy; "I am where I ought to be,—where I ought to have been long since. Hear me! I have committed a crime!"

Nordenwall sat down and covered his face with his hands, so that he could not see her.

"I have committed a crime!" continued she, resolutely, "in having, during an interval of ten years, concealed from you the greatest misfortune of my life, and my most important secret—not having disclosed to you that I, before I formed your acquaintance, was

united to another ; and that Siri . . . is my daughter !”

Madame Ingeborg paused for a moment and pressed her forehead against the knees of her husband. He sat there immoveable, and she continued,—

“I was of the age of Siri, when I was loved by a man of affluent but dangerous talents—he bewitched me as it were, and won over to his side my sister too. But my brother-in-law opposed our union with violence, and endeavoured to separate us by force ; but defiance and love laboured against him. He, whom I loved, persuaded me to a clandestine marriage, and a minister of his acquaintance wedded us one evening in the chapel of the Silver-berg, in the presence of my sister. A prospective change in his pecuniary circumstances was, as he said, soon to put him in a condition of publicly announcing our affiance, and to demand me as his wife. Ah, that hand which was tied in blind enthusiasm, was soon fearfully rent asunder. He to whom I had united myself was soon afterwards implicated in a crime, and fled the country. My situation was dreadful. The secret of my marriage had to be disclosed to my brother-in-law. He violently raged at first, but afterwards he felt pity for me, and promised me his aid upon a vow never to let the world know of my alliance ; of which I then learned with surprise, that it was perfectly invalid by the Swedish laws. My sister and my brother-in-law travelled with me out of the country ; and on our return Siri passed for their daughter ; but she was *mine*, and yet I was obliged to leave her in strange hands in order to separate from her, to watch over my reputation and over my dangerous secret, which I was obliged to do for her sake also ; for the brow of the innocent girl must not be

branded with a stigmatized name. Notwithstanding I wrote to her father, whose place of refuge was then known to me, and announced to him the birth of his daughter; from him I received no answer, but on the other hand from my sister and my brother-in-law the intelligence of his death. And his perfect silence during a period of five years gave me no reason to doubt it. Long since had his image become darkened in my mind . . . His crime! . . . One no longer loves what one is ashamed of. Oh, Gustavus! can you comprehend that when I got to know and to love you, with the assent of my entire better self, with my entire spirit matured by misfortune and reflection,—can you perceive that precisely then, the love, the profound respect with which you inspired me, tied my tongue when you desired my hand; so that I did not communicate to you the secret of my past life? Ah! I did not wish to be lowered in your eyes—I could not bring over my mind to show myself as the wife of a—disreputable one. A feeling of duty and conscience called upon me to speak. I tried to quiet myself with the thought that my confession would serve no other end than to make us unhappy, and that no harm could arise from it to any body; for my child was happy with her foster-parents and was warmly loved; namely, by the General, who would never have consented to part from it. Can you comprehend how these thoughts,—how the fear of losing your affection, and your confidence,—the fear that you would be angry with me, have caused me, during the last ten years, to be mute on this matter, while the consciousness of my wrong towards you and towards my child, inflicted on me inexpressible tortures? But now, at this moment, I no

longer feel any fear. There is a something higher over me—a something that tells me the hour of my death is not far distant; and before it arrives I must at least stand in clearness before you with my sins, that I may have rest in my grave,—that I may meet you on yonder side without a lie branded on my forehead. Gustavus, for some time past I have seen a form which has caused my blood to chill in my veins! I saw it once pass by our gate, on the road before Mora; another time in the woods of Elfdalen, but that time I did not see the face, and persuaded myself that my imagination had deceived me. But yesterday in the mine, on the small bridge across the abyss, I saw the same being again, and then saw his face—then I could doubt no longer; it was he, it was Siri's father,—it was Julius Wolf!"

"Julius Wolf! that villain!" exclaimed Nordenwall, with pain and indignation.

"The unhappy one—yes! And now, Gustavus, hear me! Either that which I have seen is a ghost which comes to call me away from you, or Julius Wolf is alive, and I am—a perjurer! But—oh, gracious heaven! in the depth of this darkness I see a ray of light. If he is alive, Siri may be innocent; and the stranger with whom she has been seen was her father. Not until this moment has this foreboding, this consolation come over me; and—I stand in need of it. Gustavus! you now know all. I have not a word to add in palliation of it, except—my love for you! Often was the confession on my lips, but you were so happy in your confidence of me, and I was silent. Judge me; here at thy feet will I lie till you have pardoned, or condemned me."

Nordenwall's face was serious and pale as he turned it towards the confessing penitent, and serious but mild was the voice in which he said:

"Ten years full of faithfulness and love plead for you, and my own consciousness of wrong. My violent, my harsh temper, have daunted you from attempting it. Poor Ingeborg! how many torments might have been spared, how much of happiness gained, if . . . if you had laid your daughter on my heart! Oh, that man . . . however, the past is no longer ours—ours only is the present. Rise, my wife, and forgive me my fault, as I forgave you yours, the only one against me. May the Lord forgive us both!"

The conjugal pair rose up, and as they thus stood there, heart to heart in mutual embraces, the power of love came over them. Ten years of love and faithfulness—all the vivid, all the bitter recollections of what they had survived, what they had suffered and enjoyed together, rose like angels out of the floods of the past and cast light upon light, flame upon flame into life. It was burning warmly within them. Never had they loved each other more ardently; never felt thus the immortality of their union.

"Oh!" said Madame Ingeborg, "is it possible that I should have dreaded and evaded this moment for ten years past? Where is now the danger—where the direful calamity?"

"Here!" answered a hollow, grave-like voice; and from the shade at the end of the saloon a figure stepped forward: it was the same which Madame Ingeborg had seen in the "*Hunimer*." It was even now clothed in the black miner's-dress, and the hair put back from the sides of the pale-pined face.

Madame Ingeborg gave a loud shriek, and convulsively seized the arm of her husband.

"Hush!" said the dark figure, "the direful calamity is here, but it shall not fall on you. I have heard enough in order to be convinced of Ingeborg's innocence, and to know that she had not received the letter, which under cover of her sister was addressed to her. For I wished to be dead to all the world, except to her only. But what should she do with a man so infamous? And now, since I have seen my daughter, since I can restore her to her parents and her natural rights, since I have freed her from unworthy suspicion, and her mother from . . . her fear of ghosts—now the performance of my part on the stage of earth will soon draw to a close. And that shall be done now. Watch over my glorious child! Her happiness will I one day require at your hands. Farewell, Nordenwall! Remember that it is that 'villain' who presents you with this wife and that daughter, to whom he has a right, who flies to avoid destroying your happiness!"

And with a look of mingled pride and bitter pain, the dark man hastily left the room, and went with rapid steps across the place towards the mine, and into the Descending-lodge.

But here it was no easy task for him to withdraw himself from the fair-headed girl, who, like a moonbeam, followed his course across the square, and there embraced him with the power of that spirit, which renders the weakest arm strong as an iron band.

"You shall not go away from me!" said she. "Into the bowels of the earth I'll follow you."

"My girl!" cried he with painful emotion, "my

child! Is it you? Oh, then I am once more permitted to press you to my breast ere we part from each other for ever!"

"We shall not part from each other," said she. "No, never! . . . I will go and bid farewell to those in the house. I will kiss their feet; but after that, I am yours only, and follow none but only you."

"Ah! that cannot be," answered he. "This night I shall yet pass in the mine, but to-morrow I shall go forth into the wide world, and have no home, no stay to offer you there on which you could recline your head . . ."

"Have I not your breast, my father?" answered she; "and have we not both the earth for our pillow, and the canopy of heaven for our roof? Oh, believe me, with you I shall be happier in the desert than with the rest in peace and affluence. Be not anxious about me—I am in health, and accustomed to live in unbounded nature, in abundance and in want, in calms and storms—I love it. Father! let me accompany you. Let me share your bread and your want with you! For you I will labour, for you I would beg, if our want should be great, just as I now crave of you at this moment. Think you that the people will deny me their bounties? I shall always be happy! I will sing something to you when you are sorrowful; and if you should be cold, then I will warm you with my love near my heart. With you will I wander around the whole world, and we shall never suffer want. See what I have saved together in one year from the little pocket money which I have received. See, father—all is yours!"

And with beaming eyes Siri drew forth her little treasure.

"Oh!" said he with an expression of the most bitter joy, "it is a treasure, indeed, to possess *you*, my child, and your affection; and that I have forfeited. Receive my thanks, you dear, dear child! But what I have said is decided. We must part. It is my wish. Remain in your home; remain with your mother. Give her the affection of a child. My foreboding of her was the truth. She was deceived, and bore no blame. Make her happy, and forget not your father. Pray for him! Poor child! Now a storm will pass through your life. The young tree will be bowed . . . but it will erect itself again, and the heaven over its crown will be a bright one. Live, my child, in order to expiate the crimes of your father; live for the beautiful order of which he dreamed, without rightly comprehending its basis; live in order to promote the amelioration of the misery of the world!"

"Hear!" and the fantastic man, who, while he spoke, got further and further into the fire, stood all at once before the young maiden in prophetic magnitude, illuminated by the flames of the "eternal fire," and spoke as if in broken flashes: "Hear me! I will present you with a keepsake! Here at the margin of the nether world, I will bequeath you a doctrine relative to the upper one. Let it burn in your heart as an eternal flame; let it shine through thy short existence, and through all the mists of life and of nature. My child! thy vocation is a high and glorious one, be your lot ever so humble, be the confines of your dwelling never so straitened. No sin, no crime binds you—your way is yet free: may it be worthy of your aim. Hear! in your world above, they will talk to you of the causes and effects of nature, of the definiteness in their ad-

justment, manifested in the course of life and death, of the laws of war and destruction, which sets the brutish tribe in hostility against each other, making the one the murderers of the other; they will show you in very confusion itself the harmonious arrangement of the Creator, and in nature an eternally operating, self-annihilating, self-regenerating creation, whose final end is—death and corruption! But *I* will speak to you of a more profound doctrine; of a doctrine, which the legends and bards of your father-land proclaims, of the life of nature, of the creation of the vocation of man. What is the tenor of the ancient legends? What do the dwellers of the mountains, of the rivers, of the wood declare in them, where the light of revelation penetrates into the north, and forces its way through the depths, and unties the tongue of the life of nature? Hark you! they sigh for deliverance; for a life of greater freedom and beauty; and they call upon men to emancipate them, and to redeem the world into which came thralldom, and by it infectious misery! They call upon them, they admonish them to raise themselves to the “glorious liberty of the children of God,” and to the glories for which they were created. Oh, my child! never be deaf to this voice, those gentle aspirations of nature, which groan in all mortals, in all the wretched, all the fallen; and which remind you of your heavenly calling. And, therefore . . . They will tell you: ‘be pure in the eyes of *day*, be pure in the eyes of the world!’ But I tell you: ‘be pure in the eyes of *night*, be pure in your most secret thoughts, and in the imagination of your heart!’ They have tied their threads of life in the very depth of the life of nature. You must lower it, or raise it with you. Live

in nature ; but, like the bird of Paradise, without soiling your wings in the dust. Then shall you raise it to the primeval Paradise ! ”

“ I consecrate you to a life where the every-day joys—the every-day sufferings are estimated low, but where the least is to be subservient to the highest. I consecrate you to a vocation of peace and beauty,—your days to a quiet *day of creation* ! Live for ‘ a new heaven and a new earth ! . . . ’ ”

“ Happy you, that you were born in a land where deep aspirations still run through life. My child ! be a blessing to the land that gave you birth ! Here stand tombs which contain the remains of your forefathers—here are primitive mountains and springs which preserve traditions of the ancient times, when the human spirit was as profound in its forebodings as now in its clearest conceptions. In this nature you were born : here shall you live and labour. Go—but in all humility—strive for a crown of glory ! Nature will one day be glorified in the beautiful light of holiness ! ”

“ This is the last testament of your father, his last message, his last words to you. But now my sun is gone down. Now my child ! . . . my only joy . . . my daughter . . . farewell ! ”

And he clasped her vehemently in his arms, and impressed kisses full of blessings on her forehead, her hair, her eyes, and lips. He then hastily left her, lighted his lamp at the “ eternal fire,” and disappeared on the staircase of the mine.

Stunned, Siri stood there ; the spring of life as it were stopped in her, stopped, but hearkened as it were to the voice of an eternal existence. When she saw her father vanish in the dark abyss, a sort of reflection

passed over her pale countenance, her eyes beamed with life and resoluteness, and—she followed him, as the enchanted follows the eye of the enchanter, as the steel the powerful magnet, as love the traces of the beloved object, whom she fears to lose for ever. Softly as a spirit, softly as a child, she followed the traces of her father, from staircase to staircase, from place to place, after the guiding light; but at as great a distance as possible.

He went slowly, and as it were lost in thought; the lamp burnt flickering in his hand. On the pathway, called the "Crown-prince," where the stairs begin to be steeper, he went down to the stulm of the "Copper-snake," in which he entered. In this he went forward to the excavation of the "Copper-dragon," he suddenly stood still as if he were awaking from a reverie. It was as if he had gone in a dream, and did not now rightly know where he was. He looked around him, and turned the lamp about in order to have a better view of where he was; he illuminated the dark labyrinth, but illuminated at the same time also the fair-headed girl who stood in the raven-black jaw of the "Copper-snake." The eyes of the father and of the daughter met each other. Then the light was wildly whirled about in the air, sparks scintillated down from out of the depth, but the depth smothered the light and the sparks; Siri heard a sound, as of a heavy fallen body, and—all was still and dark * * *

And never has a blacker darkness enveloped a human being, than that, which here broke in upon the youthful maiden. Siri had seen the abyss swallow up her father, and herself threatened with the same fate. But she now had no thought for herself: her only thought

was her father. She cast herself upon her knees, and feeling with her hands before her, she crept forward towards the place, where she had seen him vanish. Soon her hands missed the bottom, and then moved over the abyss. But in the depth of the same she saw a little light gleam, and followed it with a scrutinising glance.

All at once it blazed up more brightly, and illuminated at the same time a mountain-wall, to the right-hand, running in a slanting direction, which commenced from the height on which Siri stood, and terminated at the cavity beneath, precisely where this lamp was shining. This was the tail of the "Copper-dragon," and speedily the young maiden hastened down it, with a wild, throbbing heart.

On her reaching the bottom of the "Copper-dragon," she took the lamp and snuffed it. The reflection of it illuminated a body lying a few paces from her. The face was turned upwards, and Siri recognised her father. His eyes seemed dull, he lay stiff and immoveable as a corpse. Siri laid her hand upon his heart. It yet beat. She called him by his name; he answered not, and manifested no symptom of life. With a feeling of mental agony she rose up and looked around her for help. Ah! she stood alone in the depth of the hard mountain, and without a guide in its monstrous labyrinth of paths and passages. She knew, however, that there was to be some work going on that night in the mine, and that therefore there must be some men in it. And with the miner's lamp in her hand, she began to go forward and to search, taking at the same time particular notice of the way which she

went, so as to be able to find it again, and raising from time to time a cry for help, which re-echoed from the margins, or died away in the hollow passages and shafts. Sometimes she stood still and listened, but she only heard the falling of the ever-dripping humidity; then she proceeded further, and at every advancing step the glittering crystals everywhere met her eye chilly and wildly, like demon looks from the mountains. Cold drops fell upon her forehead. All at once she felt a warm breath upon her hand, she looked upon it. It was the flame of the lamp, which the draught of wind drew down—the light was almost burnt out. Ever stranger, ever more perilous, became this wandering; wild was the pulsation about her temples; her steps became more and more accelerated, but even more and more vacillating. And now she had to stop altogether, for the way was intercepted by a vast black precipice, crossing right before. She looked down into it, she saw no bottom, no light. She looked up again. The mountain vault was gone, and over her head there was nothing but an immeasurable dark empty space. She looked amazed before her, and was visited by a sort of frenzy. It was a moment in which the vacuity above and beneath her also seized her mind, when horror caused the vital spring to freeze, when she had neither thought nor feeling. But insensibly the eyes of the wanderer were fixed by an object that was passing right across the height and depth, that was gently moving and became discernible in the reflection of the light. It was a cord, a line, and Siri's eye mechanically followed that line till it disappeared in the depth beneath. But out of the depth now echoed a distant

song, and hollow, but distinctly, resounded the miner's song:

“Up, brother's! the miner's taper light!
Forward, while duty leads us right.
Dark is the way, but as we go,
Brighter will seem the depth below.”

Siri recovered her senses again. It was obvious to her that she stood near a summons-shaft, and that the people who were at the bottom, must also be able to hear her calls. And she called; but as yet the singing continued. She called again and again, and the song ceased: they were listening to her in the mine. She renewed her calls, and now the line moved; and after a while she saw a light shining in a depth below, gradually soaring upwards, and continually advancing nearer and nearer.

“Siri! Siri!—Let me embrace my child,” cried Madame Ingeborg in the hall of the Miners'-court, evidently struggling with death. Her husband opened the door to the little side chamber, but it was empty; the window, which was not high from the ground, stood open. Siri was gone.

“That is right,” said Madame Ingeborg, with an annihilating expression. “That is no more than right! Oh, my heart! my heart!”

“Be calm! be still!” intreated her husband, cordially. “Recline on me! am I not near you?—Is not your child mine? Believe me I shall find her again—I shall one day lead her back into your arms.”

“Oh! you beloved comforter, you faithful one

Yes, I will abide with you and repose in God's mercy: you were my joy in life and death—you are my stay. Gustavus! one request; let me rest in Mora's earth—in the tomb where you one day will rest by my side. Thanks for all your affection! It is growing so dim before my eyes I cannot see you any more but I shall see you!—Lay your hand upon my head and give me your blessing, that for the last time . . . I may yet . . . once more . . . hear your voice!"

He did so—his voice faltered not; but on seeing her eyes about to close in death, with the last affectionate gaze fixed on him, his knees trembled,—he sank down and laid his head on the heart of his wife, which now ceased to beat.

There it yet lay, and burned with heat, when that heart had already chilled in death; and the morning sun entered into the room and mildly shone upon the conjugal pair.

He did not raise it until a small piece of paper was handed to him, on which the following lines were written by a trembling hand:

"A dying man desires to have the sacrament administered to him. Foster-father, come with the peace of God! Thus prayeth from the depth of the earth,

Yours,

"SIRI."

Then Gustavus Nordenwall arose, dried the cold sweat from his brow, and followed the leader who had brought him the message, and carried with him what was necessary for the performance of the sacred rite. On coming into the fresh air,—into the cheerful light

of the sun,—he stood still, looked around, and was seeking as it were. His eyes were dull and his sight not as before: he seemed to have grown several years older. Only with unsteady but afterwards firmer growing steps, he then followed his attendant down into the mine. The leader related:

“He fell from the stulm of the ‘copper-snake’ down into the shaft of the ‘copper-drake,’ *i. e.* about eleven fathoms deep, so that it is not to be wondered at his breaking his skull; for the doctor says that it is the brain-pan itself which is cracked, and that he cannot live many hours longer: for all that he speaks yet, and is in his full senses. We tried to carry him up, but he could not bear it, and so we were obliged to take him into the ‘Kings-hall,’ and leave him there. There he now lies, and with him there is a genteel young lady who seems to be his daughter, and who mourns and wails in such a way as is quite heart-rending to listen to. Through her the people were first called to the place where he lay; but how she has come there in the pitch-black darkness, heaven only knows. Now you see, we are in the ‘Duke of Dalecarlia,’ and there before us we have the ‘King’s-hall.’

A strong but dismal reflection met Nordenwall as he entered one of the large halls in the mine. Miners’ boys stood there with burning lamps at a distance, surrounding a group on whom every eye was directed. A man lay stretched out upon the earth, evidently grasped by the hand of death, though not disfigured; and by his side knelt a young maiden, to whom his words and looks were directed. Of these the following words were heard,—

“I did not wish to do so. . . . could not have wished

it, when I got sight of you. But an invisible band—God's judgment.... hurled me down."

On Nordenwall's entrance the looks of the dying man were turned on him with a fixed bitter expression, and he said;—

"What has Gustavus Nordenwall to do with Julius Wolf? What does the happy one want with the unhappy?"

"An *unhappy* one it is who here comes to his brother!" answered Nordenwall, quiet and gloomy.—"Unwittingly I have robbed you of the joys of life,—unwittingly you have snapped mine asunder. I come from the death-bed of my wife!...."

Julius Wolf almost sat upright at these words.

"Is she dead?" exclaimed he; "then.... then I have given the fatal blow! That was yet wanting.... My measure is now filled up. Minister of God! depart from me!—I do not want you—I know my sins and doom."

Nordenwall advanced nearer.

"Do you know also the power of God? Have you fathomed the depth of his mercy?" said he, in a voice and with a look which seemed perfectly unearthly.

Wolf had fallen back—his countenance changed—mutely he lifted up his folded hands, and fixed an inquiring look on Nordenwall. Nordenwall stooped to him, laid his chin near to his side in order to speak to him in a low tone, and to hear his answer. His countenance, full of fervour and tender sympathy, shone brighter; and when he rose up, he stood like an apostle of love and of comfort before the penitent, and administered to him the most profound and best gift of life

The congregated miners sang in a low chorus :

“ Oh Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world ! ”

A breath of that peace which the world cannot give came like a bright reflection over the countenance of the dying man. The tears of the young maiden ceased to flow. The sting and the pains of death were resolved in a divine life and heavenly hope.

They pronounced the benediction over father and daughter.

Soon afterwards the lips of the daughter rested on the death-chilled forehead of the father.

“ Blesed are they that sleep ! ” said Nordenwall, in a low tone, as he, supporting his weary head, observed the serenity in the features of him who had fallen asleep. He then stooped down lower, embraced the half-insensible girl, and rose with her.

A GLANCE INTO THE REMOTER TIME.

"Once more renewed
 He beholds and sees
 The earth from the flood
 Rising gloriously.
 Sees the streams flow by,
 And the eagle high
 In ether soaring——"

SUCH is the strain in which the wise Valan celebrates in the dark, cloudy age of antiquity the rising of the world out of its last conflict. And—blessed be God—this resurrection, of which he sings, this renovation, this fresh blooming, this new winging of life, that we also see—we, who are yet dwelling in the "shadow of life,"—in many beautiful revelations of nature, in the life of the heart, of the mind, and of society. It is a beckoning intimation and a prophecy to us. . . .

We here sketch in rough outlines merely a miniature portrait of it in the history of the man and the child, whom we have just left, surrounded by mourning and shades of death. As was their attachment to each other at this moment, so they inclined to each other

ever more and more cordially. His heart, his life, his family blossomed afresh through her. A more beautiful connection than that between this father and that daughter it is impossible to conceive. At a later period, when he was reposing in the earth of Mora, beside his beloved partner, who had gone before him, after whom he never ceased to feel a quiet longing, then Siri kissed the turf upon their graves and quitted Mora, in order to follow a happy conjugal pair, Olof and Walborg, to their home, in the iron-works of Westanfors. As a beloved and loving sister she lives there with the latter. She attends the sick in the iron-works and the mines; she takes a lively interest in the children of the destitute, and has thereby a widely extending and benevolent sphere of usefulness. This, the intercourse with nature, with her sisterly friends and the children, inward thoughts and feelings which bear her through the world on invisible wings, render her happy in the noblest signification of the word. Ever in health, ever happy and contented, it is as if one eternal summer was lingering over her, as if a secret fire in her heart prevented her from growing cold or weary, and kept old age distant from her brow. Thus she pursues her onward course. Her pilgrimage through life is easy to her. The lively, loving glance moves not from its point. And while she thus wanders as one of those who, "passing through the valley of tears make it a well,"* one often hears the peculiarly beautiful tones of her flute resounding through the woods—tones of the song of deliverance of the spirits of nature which she heard in her earliest youth—or her fresh voice sings a "Peace of God" over Dalecarlia, in the spirited

* Psalm lxxxiv. 6.

words of the ancient Dalecarlian song—in which her grateful heart unites :

“ God strengthen and comfort the people who dwell
On the shore, on the heights, and in *Dalom!* ”

THE END.







